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JUNE 1997

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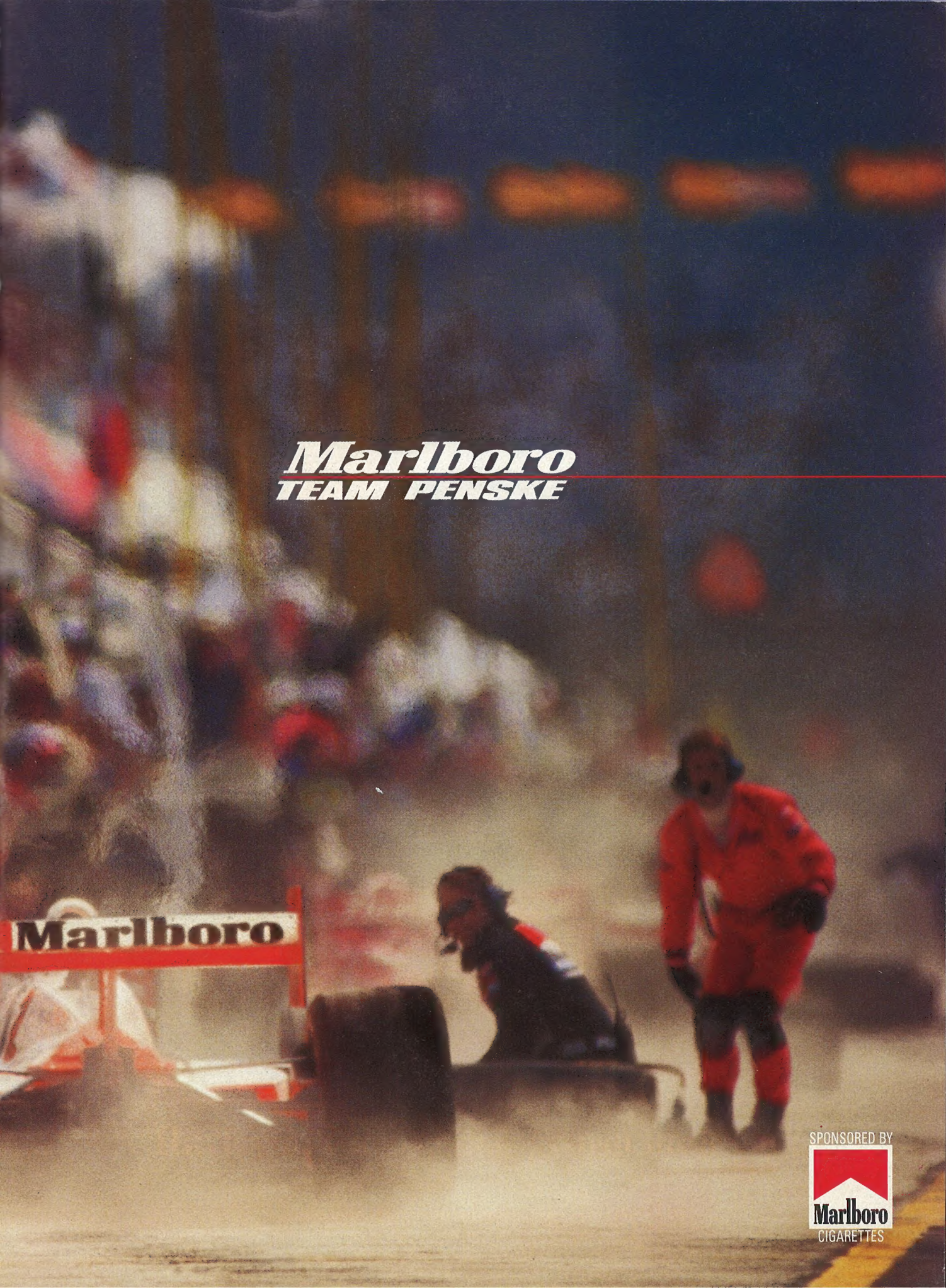
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The International Magazine for Men

June 1997

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JUNE HOUSECALL

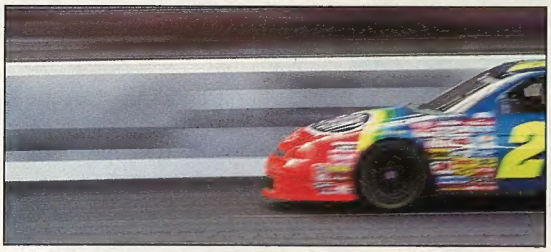
This month's issue features the World's Oldest Teenager, the World's Biggest Gang Bang, and our Play-Off for the World's Best Beauty Contest.

Scandals

As we go to press, Senior Editor **Gerard Van der Leun** has obtained an exclusive interview with **James Sanders,** whose new book, *The Downing of TWA Flight 800,* published by Zebra/Kensington Books, offers chilling insights into this national nightmare.... An *international* nightmare is exposed by investigative reporter **Douglas M. Bloomfield,** who reveals that the peaceful little country of Switzerland is far from being a simple land of cheese, chocolate, and cuckoo clocks. Bloomfield's interviews with historians and others looking into Switzerland's true role as a "neutral" in World War II show that Heidi's little landlocked homeland was actually Adolf Hitler's most important ally.

Ragin' Cajun

Anyone who takes **President Clinton**'s former political consultant, **James Carville,** at face value is making a big mistake. His clowning veils a sharp, sophisticated intelligence that has mastered the art of high-stakes politics. Political commentator **Joe Conason** sits down with the tough, down-home Louisiana native and former Marine and gets some outspoken, plain-speaking views on the Clintons, the Whitewater investigation, political fund-raising, **Newt Gingrich,** and the role of the media in politics.



Music Man

Fifties rock 'n' roll might have only been a 15-minute fad if it weren't for a man named **Dick Clark,** host of a Philadelphia television show called "Bandstand." The Dick Clark our parents grew up with on TV was only 26 years old back then, but he was a visionary entrepreneur who presaged a revolution in music. Special Features Editor **Allan Sonnenschein** met with the eternally youthful Clark, who supplies first-hand insights into America's unwritten history of music, drugs, race relations, and censorship.

Star Tech

"Right Stuff" features a selection of high-tech products sure to take you into the twenty-first century, as reported by **Ken Sander,** TV's "Cable Doctor," who provides our regular "Technomania" column.... Speaking of high tech, don't miss "Love at First Byte," a cartoon by editor and publisher **Bob Guccione,** illustrating how far we have (or haven't) come in our computerized age.

Rolling Thunder

According to our sister publication, *Stock Car Racing,* in 1996 nearly 5.6 million people attended the 31 events on NASCAR's Winston Cup circuit. What's fueling the frenzy? Some say the excitement, others the competition, but driver Ken Schrader, four-time winner on the Winston Cup circuit, simply says, "Stock-car racing is just plain good ol' entertainment." Sit tight as reporter **Bones Bourcier** brings you the story of NASCAR and its fast-paced rise in popularity.... Not all the excitement is taking place on land these days. Surfing has also gone through a number of cycles and fads over the years. But if the style of beach culture ebbs and flows like the tides, one thing remains constant: The ultimate in surfing is riding the monster waves. Writer **Geoff Tabin** captures the experiences of pioneer beach bums and surfing stars, as they share their wins and wipeouts while mastering waterwalls of 25 and 30 feet.

Makin' Whoopee

We're pleased to offer a special portfolio of the work of renowned photographer **Jean Rougeron** (photo left, middle). Born in France, Rougeron now lives in Southern California, and in addition to his fame as a photographer has made his mark as an erotic-video producer.... **Jasmin St. Claire** made her mark in a different arena when she set a new world record in "The World's Biggest Gang Bang II" extravaganza last year. **Anthony Haden-Guest** brings you right into the middle of the action to witness what was truly a "one for all and all for one" proposition.... That world record isn't the only title being vied for this month. The Pet of the Year Play-Off is under way, and we need your vote. Will it be **Lexus, Diane, Julia, Sabrina,** or **Paige** who will succeed our lovely 1997 Pet of the Year **Elizabeth Ann Hilden**? The decision is up to you. We've got a whole new selection of sizzling photos here for your perusal. Enjoy them along with our other pictorials—they're bound to keep you in a sunny disposition all summer long.

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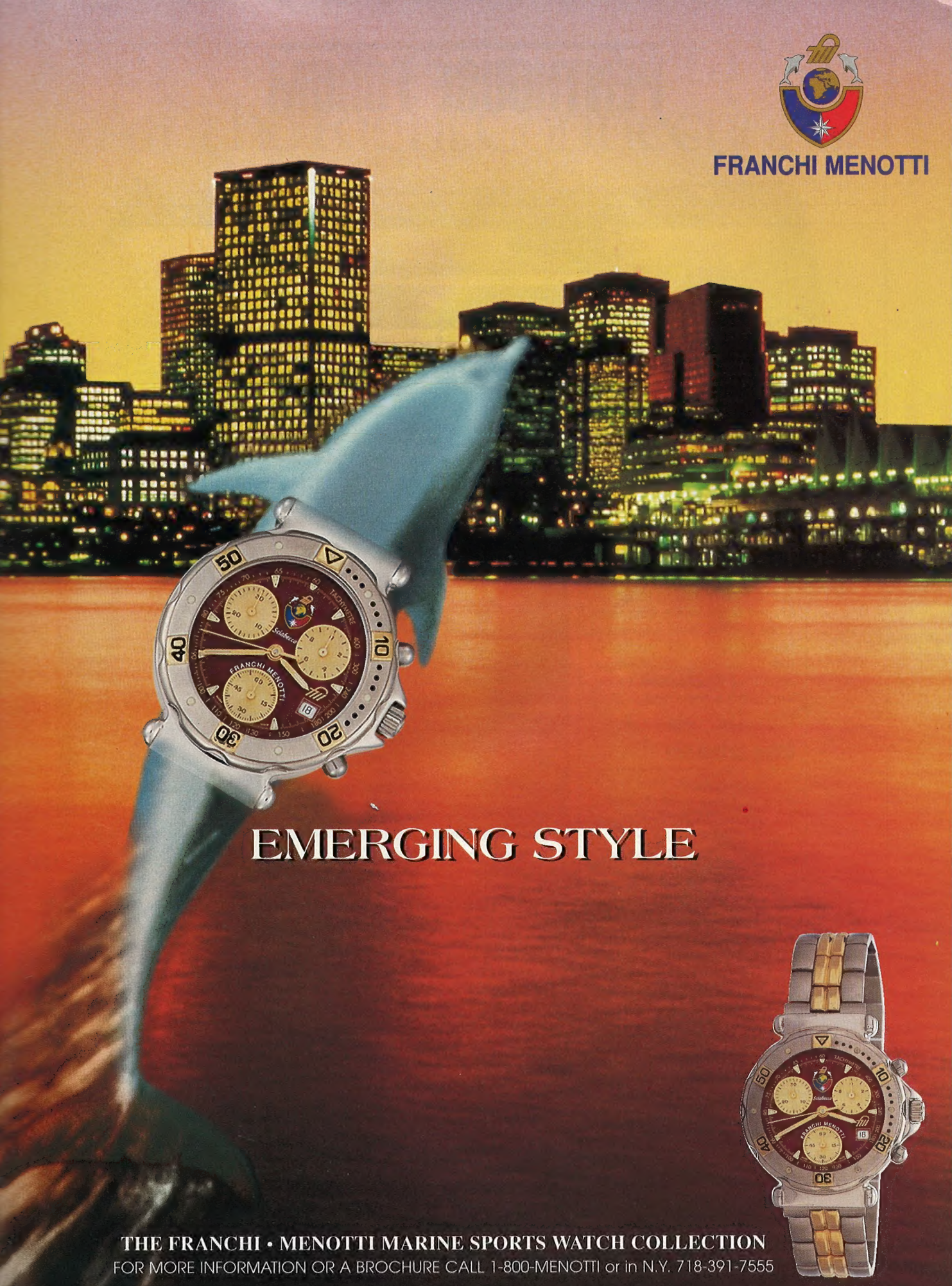

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

Strain Reigns

Glory, hallelujah! Julie Strain back in *Penthouse*! I've been a loyal purchaser of your fine magazine since September '95, and I was beginning to think that I had seen it all. Not so. Upon seeing the lovely brunette in a girl-girl pictorial in the March issue, I realized that I could now die a happy man. I have seen several of Miss Strain's films (*Dark Secrets* remains my fave), and I hope and pray to see more of my favorite Pet in issues to come. My hat is off to Mr. Bob Guccione and all those who sweat blood daily to make *Penthouse* the upstanding adult magazine that it continues to be. Keep up the good work.—*B. L., Georgia*

Hitting the High Note

Here's a (weird) true story: Early last year I subscribed to six 'zines on my youngest nephew's elementary-school computer program. Since July I've gotten *New Woman, George, Movieline, Interview, TV Guide* (the dirtiest, lousiest, nastiest weekly around), and *Fantasy & Science Fiction* (where my favorite writer, Harlan Ellison, appears once every blue moon). The upshot: I've recently canceled all subscriptions, except for *F&SF*. All these 'zines are crap. (*Interview* had the loveliest Ashley Judd cover and photo spread I've ever seen, in August; February's Sharon Stone cover and spread came close.) However, it speaks meanly that almost all 'zines today are crap. No culture or literacy. I would have subscribed to *Penthouse,* but this is *elementary* school. (My puritan religious sister-in-law was surprised I even asked about it.) But the thing is, I'm strapped by a very tight budget. If I weren't, I would likely subscribe. Zines didn't used to be so high-priced. If it's the economy, that's sad. However, for culture and literacy, *Penthouse* often hits the high note. We could use more of it. (Our local library got *Omni* by subscription until late last year.)—*C. S., Illinois*

Headed in the Right Direction

While I may be considered a new subscriber, I've been a regular newsstand buyer of your magazine for years. I'm writing now to say I love what you're doing, and where you're going with it. My girlfriend bought me a subscription as a college going-away present last year, and it was one of the best things she's ever got for me. Besides having some of the most beautiful women alone and together spreading their lips and fingering and licking each other, making for some of my favorite shots, you have a layout catering to one fetish or another. Leather, latex, and then you have some really outstanding ones, such as the December '96 issue's "Pees on Earth" showing two beautiful blondes engaging in an act that, while I normally would not be too interested in seeing it, I found strangely arousing.

Along with the two blond

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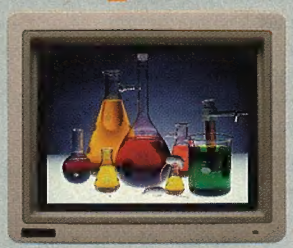

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JUNE

fountains there was a sexy, sultry brunette whose shaved snatch spread open by a tight cord and two little clamps I found very arousing. In February you outdid yourselves with the "Julia and Annie" spread. These two pierced lovelies made for an amazing pictorial. Watching them licking and tugging at each other's pierced parts was most pleasurable. However, seeing these two joined together by their most sensitive and personal parts with a thin gold chain was inspiring. After seeing the spread, my girlfriend was really turned on to the idea, and then after reading "The Penis Page" we both decided to have our most sensitive parts pierced. I thought about getting a bar running through the head, but instead we each got a ring so that we could be joined together like Julia and Annie. Thank you for the inspiration.

Again, your magazine is awesome. The black-and-white layouts are great—the women are always beautiful (their lips are always spread and ass holes always puckered), the outfits are wild (keep 'em in heels), Jackie's jokes are great, Sorayama is erotic, and your articles and features are always interesting and inspirational. Please keep it coming.—*C. S., New York*

Modern Woman

I'm a female subscriber, and part of the reason I like your magazine is the very sexy costumes the girls wear. Please make notes in all pictorials where we can find those clothing items. The erotic artwork portfolios are another draw for me. January's "Sorayama" and "Fruit of the Womb" were great. Keep it up with graphic photos, both solo and with partners. Pee shots are cool. The more bizarre the costumes and themes the better. I'll be looking and reading.—*E. C., West Virginia*

Welcome Wagon

I was living alone in a recently developed neighborhood. Even though I had been there for a few months, I still didn't know very many people. It was midday when I walked out to check my mail. As I turned my head I saw one of my new neighbors. She was blonde with blue eyes, about five foot five, and very well proportioned. Her breasts stood out as though exclaiming their pride. I had seen her before from a distance, here and there, but had never had any communication. Now, as I stared, she said, "Hi, my name is Jamie." I introduced myself. We chatted for a little while, and ended by making plans to get together in the near future.

A day or so later I decided to invite myself over and see what she was up to. I strolled across the street and

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knocked on her door around eight P.M. She opened it, and to my wonderful surprise she was in her robe, just out of the shower. My cock was quickly aroused as she said in a soft voice, "Hey, come on in."

I felt a nervous rush run through my body. I wanted nothing more than to slip off her robe and run my tongue over her entire body. We sat for a while, had a couple of drinks, and began to get better acquainted with each other. It was easy conversation, and my yearning was growing stronger by the minute. We somehow wandered onto the subject of massage. I proffered a delicate touch of her body, and she accepted with a smile. I began at her neck as she stretched out on the floor. We continued to chat about where we liked being massaged the most. She told me she loved a nice ass rub.

My cock expanded as I caressed her further. I thought about massaging her with my tool instead of my hands, imagined rolling my balls over every inch of her and between her ass cheeks. I was getting hot just touching her, so I ran my fingertips over her shoulders onto her chest, staying just above her mountains. She lifted herself onto her elbows. Her moans were soft—telling me how wonderful it all felt. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I eased down onto her pouting breasts, massaging every inch. She seemed to emerge from her languor when my fingers reached her nipples.

She started to speak, but I stopped her with a deep kiss. I moved down past her belly and began fondling her already wet box. I slid my fingers up and down its lips, helping to spread her love juice. Her moans were loud and gratified, yet she wasn't ready to come. Her hands softly caressed my bulge. As she unzipped my pants my cock sprang loose, ready for her taking. She rolled me onto my back. I said, "I want you to suck my cock and make me come." Eager to please, she pulled down my pants and threw them aside, as if I should never have walked in with them on in the first place. She placed gentle hands on my rocks and put her mouth at the tip of my tool, letting saliva run down my shaft, lubing me up as she began stroking and sucking me all at once. I could feel her juices on my leg, making my cock rise to its full potential. It felt fantastic. I told her it was the best blowjob I had ever had. Now it was my moans that were loud. Her strokes suddenly grew faster to increase my pleasure. I exploded, spewing jism into every part of her mouth. She took it all in, drawing out my orgasm to its max. I felt like a new man, lying there. I didn't want to move.

After a minute she whispered in my ear, "Now it's my turn." She took my

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hand and led me to her bedroom. My cock seemed to regain life just in anticipation of what she had in mind. We kissed for a while, and then Jamie said she wanted to get off. I was ready. From her top drawer she took out a vibrator and told me to lie on my side. I entered her doggie-style, sliding deep inside, while she placed her love toy elsewhere on her juicy lips. Her moans grew loud, louder than before, and it was only a few moments until she reached ecstasy. She came loud, squirming with enjoyment as my cock rammed harder and harder, her hot juices trickling down and tickling my balls.

She finally came to a rest, and I eased out, but after only a few minutes she wanted more. My cock was still hard. My tool slid inside. I began slowly moving it out and in to tease her and make her want every inch of my erectness. My hips worked hard. We began to sweat in our passion. Suddenly I pulled out, saying I wasn't ready. Then I positioned my head between her thighs. My tongue began to work on her wet, soft lips. I spread them with my fingers, making way for a deeper penetration by tongue, enjoying the sweetness of her juice and taking it all in. Before long she reached down, pulled me up, looked me in the eyes, and said, "I want your cock again." I lay back down, and she again started to suck me off. I told her it wouldn't be long, and how good it felt. I told her to stroke faster. She quickly obliged, and I shot again, this time an even bigger load. She sucked me clean as I lay motionless to the world, unable to move a muscle.

Then Jamie slid up to meet my eyes, returning the look of pleasure written all over my face. She placed her naked body gently on mine, and we fell asleep in each other's arms. We slept until about three o'clock the next day.—*D. B., Florida*

Gretchen and Evelyn

Two years older than me, Gretchen seemed beyond my reach when we were in high school. So many guys constantly hovered around her that she never even noticed me. All I could do was dream.

Gretchen made dreaming about her easy. She had luxurious blonde hair hanging halfway down her back. Her porcelain skin, penetrating blue eyes, and confident manner set her apart from the other girls. Then there was her body: large breasts, tiny waist, and athletic legs, all of which she proudly displayed each day with tight, revealing clothes. And so I dreamed.

I finished high school, left for college, and dated other girls. Back home the summer of my junior year I started seeing Evelyn, who lived in a nearby town. She was funny and gorgeous too—black hair, dark eyes, perfect body.

Late that summer, to my great surprise, Gretchen walked up and said hello while I was on an errand downtown. I figured she finally was attracted to me. Yes, she remembered me from high school, but I had changed in the years since. I'm an athlete, and that summer day I was tall, tan, and muscular.

Almost by accident I mentioned Evelyn's name to Gretchen, and more or less as a courtesy Gretchen suggested I bring Evelyn to dinner that night at Gretchen's apartment. I agreed, never imagining what would happen.

Promptly at seven, Evelyn and I rang Gretchen's doorbell. My jaw dropped when Gretchen greeted us. She was smiling and beautiful as always, but she also was wearing only a sheer negligée and, it was obvious, sheer thong panties.

I was excited, nervous, and embarrassed for Evelyn all at once, but Gretchen eased the tension for all of us. She offered us wine, put on some music, and chatted away about this and that. It wasn't long before the mood in the room changed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

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GIFTS

FOR DADS

The Godfather Trilogy (*Paramount Home Video*): Three Coppola masterpieces edited into one epic.

NBA at 50 (*CBS/FOX Video Sports*): A fascinating history of hoops.

The Johnny Carson Collection (*Buena Vista Home Video*): The king of late night, on four videos.

Unforgiven (*Warner Home Video*): Clint Eastwood's award-winning gritty Western, loaded with character and humor, as well as action.

The In-laws (*Warner Home Video*): Peter Falk and Alan Arkin in one very funny comedy.

Frank Sinatra: The Reprise Collection, Vol. II (*Warner Reprise*): Ol' Blue Eyes, in three swinging installments.

Deluxe Edition James Bond—007 Gift Set

(*MGM/UA Home Video*): Six Sean Connery flicks—nobody does Bond better.

Better Golf With Gary Player (*Buena Vista Home Video*): The legendary linkster shares his tips.

When It Was a Game (*Thorn EMI*): Award-winning baseball documentary features home movies of such greats as Ruth, Mays, and Williams.

Mighty Aphrodite (*Buena Vista Home Video*): Woody Allen searches for his adopted son's mother—and finds Mira Sorvino.

FOR GRADS

The Graduate (*Columbia/Tri-Star Home Video*): If Dustin Hoffman can be seduced by Mrs. Robinson so can you.

National Lampoon's Animal House (*MCA Home Video*): A look at the uproarious antics of the Delta fraternity boys.

Wall Street (*20th Century Fox Video*): Oliver Stone's flick about fast money is mandatory viewing for any aspiring stockbroker.

Star Wars Trilogy (*20th Century Fox Video*): All three of George Lucas's landmark motion pictures.

Winning at Job Hunting (*800-72 HOW TO*): An invaluable guide for any grad looking for work.

The Paper Chase (*20th Century Fox Video*): The nightmares of being a first-year law student.

NHL Power Players (*CBS/FOX Video*): A cool inside look at today's premier hockey players.

Cigars: From Seed to Smoke (*800-72 HOW TO*): Become a real expert on stogies.

History of Rock 'n' Roll (*Time/Life Video*): An extravaganza featuring practically every major rock performer.

Beavis and Butthead: Law-Abiding Citizens (*SONY Music*): A textbook example of what *not* to do with your life now that you're finished with school.

—Neil Rosen

SPIRITS

If you're planning a summer party or reception and looking for a festive alternative to the usual warm-weather drinks, why not offer your guests a glass of well-chilled punch? It's different, it's delicious, and it can be prepared ahead.

A traditional punch is served in a large glass bowl, but for a backyard party you can use a large pot or any other container that will hold enough for, say, two or three drinks per person. The punch should be kept cold with one or two large blocks of ice—not ice cubes, which would quickly dilute the mixture. (You can make blocks of ice by freezing water in large juice or milk containers whose tops have been cut off, then peeling away the cardboard.) And if a recipe calls for champagne or club soda, add that at the last minute and stir very gently to avoid losing the bubbles.

The classic Champagne Punch combines equal parts of brandy, curaçao, and maraschino liqueur, plus sugar to taste; then, just before serving, add two bottles of chilled sparkling wine.

Another Champagne Punch, this one rum-based, calls for the juice of two lemons and two oranges, sugar, light and dark rum, and pineapple juice, all stirred together, to which two bottles of

sparkling wine are added.

A recipe for Whiskey Punch includes the juice of six or eight lemons and oranges, sugar, and curaçao or triple sec, stirred together with two quarts of bourbon or blended whiskey, topped with two quarts of chilled club soda. A Tea Punch combines the juice of a dozen lemons, a quart of strong tea, and two cups of sugar, to which is added a bottle of dark rum.

Another, less potent possibility is a wine-based punch. Sangría, served in large pitchers, is the best-known example—to a bottle of chilled red (or white) wine add the juice of a lemon and two oranges, plus sugar to taste; garnish with slices of orange.—*Alexis Bespaloff*

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Bridget Fonda does a disappearing act in *Rough Magic* (below), while *Love! Valour! Compassion!* (right and botom) transforms Jason Alexander into a flaming queen.

FILM

Takeoffs or remakes of forties films often flop. The problem is that forties films were idealized versions of life; back then that's what audiences expected, so they sat back and enjoyed the make believe. Today's movies create more realistic illusions, and audiences are less ready to suspend disbelief. The best sci-fi movies win viewers over, but stylized films where every "skirt" snaps her compact with an arch retort have a lot of persuading to do.

Rough Magic (★★★) is a cute, sexy persuader. While keeping to late-forties/early-fifties look and speech, it tells a wacky, incredible story rather than trying to redo a forties plot—and it's the unpredictability that draws onlookers in to enjoy the artifice.

Bridget Fonda stars as a magician on the lam in Mexico to escape her playboy-tycoon fiancé (**D. W. Moffett**), who shot her beloved avuncular mentor in magic. On the way she meets a snake-oil peddler (**Jim Broadbent**), a Mayan sorceress (**Euva Anderson**), and of course a down-and-out reporter (**Russell Crowe**), with his

tie loose and fedora pushed back on his brow. Whatdayaknow, he and the skirt fall in love.

Fonda almost makes the Rosalind Russell/Katharine Hepburn role; Crowe and Broadbent are first-rate. Director **Clare Peploe** gives the film the glowing, gorgeous look viewers know from her work as assistant director for Antonioni and her husband, Bernardo Bertolucci. Sets and costumes follow suit; forget Evita, this Fonda girl knows how to dress.

Terrence McNally's plays (including "Kiss of the Spider Woman") are among the most critically popular in America; in the past four years two have won Tonys, and *Master Class* was one of the hits of 1996. *The Ritz* and *Frankie and Johnny* were adapted to film, and now the award-winning ***Love! Valour! Compassion!*** (★★★) comes to the screen.

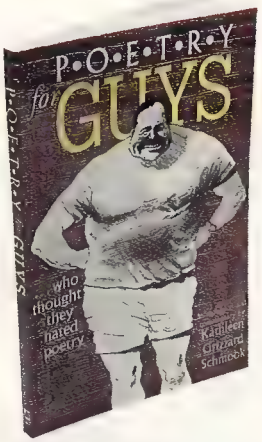
McNally's recipe is line-by-line wit and curtain-to-curtain drip about human relations, mostly love. One roars at the acid nastiness one is allowed to enjoy, but leaves feeling terribly good about how sensitive one is—sort of like having one's cake and not getting fat. *L!V!C!* follows suit: Eight gay men from many walks of life share a summer house, love, loyalty, friendship, arguments, anniversaries, infidelities, sexual fantasies, illness, death, and ballet. There is nothing here that heterosexuals don't experience daily, so absolutely everybody gets the sensitive feel-goods, and McNally gets to be the crossover playwright of choice. Example of the wit: "Is there any British equivalent to machismo?" "No," says the Brit, "none at all—maybe Glenda Jackson." *L!V!C!* is better on the screen than on the stage; the play meandered and was too long. It has been wisely trimmed and directed by **Joe Mantello**, who won a Tony for his direction of it on the stage. The ensemble cast (several from the play) are also terribly sensitive, but **Jason Alexander** (of "Seinfeld") is first-rate as a flaming queen with both feet on the ground—a man who gets angry, not bitchy. **John Glover** exceeds his excellent stage performance playing twin brothers, both the play's emotional miser and its darling.—*Marcia Pally*

WORDS

"I was having sex. I had had sex previously, found that I enjoyed it, and so was having it again. With a sexual partner, I screwed all over the floor." So begins "The Frankest Interview Yet," one of the 22 witty essays in Ian Frazier's second humor book, *Coyote v. Acme* (Noonday), just out in paperback.

The author of *Dating Your Mom* and *Great Plains,* who currently lives in Missoula, Montana, offers parody, satire, social commentary, and insanity. The package includes Stalin's theories of revolutionary stand-up comedy, a send-up of ridiculous blurbs from *The New York Times Book Review,* the voice-mail questions of the No-Show Jobs Hotline, and Bob Hope's favorite exaggerated golf memory. Best of the pieces is the title essay, "Coyote *v.* Acme," where the animated cartoon character Wile E. Coyote sues the Acme Company for compensation for personal injuries, loss of business income, and mental suffering caused by Acme's faulty rocket sled, rocket skates, bombs, spring-powered shoes, anvils, and Burmese tiger traps. Don't miss this hip and hilarious collection.

Also hailing from Montana is Kathleen Grizzard Schmook, editor of *Poetry for Guys ... Who Thought They Hated Poetry* (Willow Creek Press), a collection of poems by male poets on such masculine subjects as war, nature, religion, sex, and sports.



Included here is everyone from Longfellow to Langston Hughes, from Lord Byron to Richard Brautigan. It's a subjective and sometimes odd selection. (There's no mention, for relevance, that Walt Whitman and Allen Ginsberg are gay. Robert Lowell, Charles Bukowski, Galway Kinnell, Robert Penn Warren are conspicuously missing. And who is Greg Keeler, who rates 15 poems here, while there are only three by Robert Frost?)

Still, the editor, wife of the late humorist Lewis Grizzard, who wrote "How to Tame a Wild Bore," offers a virile and varied first lesson in verse.—*Susan Shapiro*

Add these to your summer reading list: *Coyote v. Acme,* a hip and hilarious collection of essays, and *Poetry for Guys,* a virile first lesson in verse.

AUTOS

Less brutish but more powerful? Could it be? Could the word "sophisticated" truly fit in the same sentence as the name Corvette?

It does now. The C5, the fifth-generation Vette and first all-new one since 1984, still has a pushrod engine design, and it still delivers rocket starts and hot passing power, but it's way up there in the range of ultra-cool.

Take the drive-by-wire system, for instance. GM's first. No old-fashioned mechanical linkage between gas pedal and throttle; instead an electronic position sensor sends signals to the power-train control module.

Or try the laid-back pleasure of nighttime driving with the gauges—back to analogs, thank God—lit by blue light.

Or the fact that the flat-bottomed design and swoopier profile create a Cd of 0.29, making the Vette the most aerodynamic car on the market, aside from the EV1.

Or the unaccustomed luxury in a Vette of room in the footwells, enough finally for a dead pedal in the automatic.

Oh yes, the power ... The C5 has an extra 15 h.p. on its predecessor, thanks to the LS1, the third generation of Chevy's small-block V8. The direct-ignition aluminum 5.7-liter power plant delivers 345 h.p. at 5,600 r.p.m., alongside 350 foot-pounds of torque at 4,400 r.p.m.

The new Borg-Warner six-speed transmission has been moved back and integrated with the rear axle, meaning no tranny hump and better weight distribution. It's driving a car eight inches shorter than the C4, but with a wheelbase six inches longer, since the wheels have been pushed out to the corners. The result is far and away the best-handling Vette yet.

Bottom line: Zero to 60 m.p.h. in 4.7 seconds (manual shift), 13.3 seconds at 109 m.p.h. for the quarter mile, top speed of 172 m.p.h., and an M.S.R.P. of $38,060, including destination fee.

Any doubts?—*Lesley Hazleton*

Now that America's trade embargo with Vietnam has been lifted, adventurous travelers can sample the new restaurants, luxurious hotels, and stunning views.

TRAVEL

Vietnam's rush into the twenty-first century has already battered and transformed Saigon (and not just in name, to Ho Chi Minh City). It is a frantic cacophony of cranes, tourist buses, and round-the-clock construction—a giant market simmering with venture capitalists digging for deals. Now the lifting of Washington's trade embargo has added a trickle of adventurous Americans to the transient mix. A rash of luxury hotels awaits affluent travelers. Restaurants compete with kangaroo, quiche, sushi, and taglierini al pesto, as well as crisp, flaky spring rolls, banana-flower salad, and tamarind-sautéed crab. With places with names like Da Nang, Hué, and the Mekong Delta on the itinerary, memories of the endless war that divided America inevitably haunt us. But the Vietnamese seem to bear no grudge. Witness the warm welcomes, lodging to fit any budget, and savory supper-in-a-soup-bowl for pennies. A traveler's dream.

Happily, Hanoi has so far preserved its human scale, its parks and lakes, wide tree-lined streets, battered colonial charm, and serene café-lolling pace. Emerge from a mini-hotel in the lively old quarter north of Hoan Kiem Lake and enter a life on the streets. Vendors everywhere, eating, selling, and eating again. Peasants in conical straw hats tote braziers, stools, and all the makings of the essential breakfast noodle soup in baskets balanced on a shoulder pole to some sidewalk post for the day. Every doorway is a shop with living space in the rear. Tiny restaurants tumble onto the sidewalk, forcing passersby into the street to dodge bicycles, snarling scooters, cyclos (bicycle trishaws), and an occasional taxi. Visit pagodas, temples, the famous water puppets, or sign up for beach excursions, wilderness treks, or visits to small hamlets nearby, where mountain tribes live in houses on stilts. File past father-of-the-nation Ho Chi Minh preserved on his funeral bier, dramatically lit—a white-bearded elder, asleep. But for the best theater just walk the streets. Shoo away the postcard peddlers. Brave the street stalls for steaming pho bo (beef noodle soup) and bun cha (grilled pork patties). Don't miss the savory fish you sizzle with scallions and herbs on a tabletop grill and eat over noodles with peanuts—the only dish served at the legendary Cha Cá Lã Vong. Then stroll beside the lake for a sundae at Carvel or espresso at Au Lac Café. But go soon, before the country's hustle into the future sweeps that sweet, tough old world away forever. For more information call Absolute Asia, (800) 736-8187; fax (800) 637-4090.—*Gael Greene*

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CYBER SPACE

By Gerard Van der Leun

In the realm of computer games, you're only living when you're killing. Here's how.

You're bleeding to death slowly in the street, five shots left in your clip, trying to bust into the porn shop, where you'll be safe. The pig on the flying motorcycle blasts you full of holes, and then snickers over your corpse. Bingo, you're reincarnated on the roof of the building, jump down the airshaft again, and make another dash for the porn shop. Wham! Damn pig wastes you for the 29th time. It's four in the morning and you're fried. Trouble is, you don't have enough health or ammo to make bacon. And you forgot to save, which means you have to repeat a whole level. What you want most is to just kill things with large-bore weapons. You don't want to win, you want to waste 'em. What do you do?

If you are playing "Duke Nukem 3d" you just type the rude word "dncornholio" on your keyboard. Presto! You have all the weapons, total health, and tons of ammo. You are a lean, mean killing machine. As Duke says, "Come get some!"

Cheats, including cheat codes, cheat patches, cheat engines, and walkthroughs, are the computer-game player's court of last resort. It may be that somewhere there's a young Einstein locked in a room winning these games without cheating. He's got the reflexes of a fighter pilot, a ton of inherited wealth, and servants who bring him all the pizza and Jolt cola he needs. This enables him to waste his life on "Doom II" until he nails the spiked head on the final level. If there is such a nerd, I don't want to meet him. He will lack social skills and have poor personal hygiene.

Getting killed over and over in a computer game is not my idea of a good time. My idea of a good time is to grab the rocket launcher and blast aggressive monsters into pools of slime, blood, and brains. When playing "Marathon," my idea of a good time is to get the weird disintegrator ray gun and listen to the toasted screams the robot insects make when I fry them. In the realm of computer games, I'm only living when I'm killing.

There are three main classes of cheats to be found in cyberspace: cheat codes, walkthroughs, and software patches or programs.

Cheat codes are code words like the above-mentioned "dncornholio," which means your character, Duke Nukem, is able to kill, or "cornhole," any bad guy in the game. It gives him all the weapons, huge amounts of ammo, and makes him virtually invulnerable.

Walkthroughs tell you what to look for and what to do to get to the next level of the games. If not for walkthroughs, "Myst" would have stumped most players forever.

Software patches or programs directly affect the game programs themselves, giving you powers and control over the game you would otherwise have to earn.

Cheat codes were initially discovered by world-class players or leaked by the game's designers to help with development of the game's next release. It is hard to imagine that the stunning success of "Doom II" would have happened without the worldwide availability of cheat codes. These codes, circulated widely on the Internet, made it possible not only to complete the game but, by exploring it, actually to improve it. The company that created "Doom" built on the feedback and came out with "Doom II," which conquered the world of computer games like no other before it.

Now you may think it is wrong to cheat, and it is. But luckily for you there is a great rationalization for this type of cheating: You are "learning" the game. So it is an "educational" kind of cheating, which makes it okay, right? Right.

Now that we've established that, you have a right to know where some cheat codes, walkthroughs, and cheat programs are kept online. The first place to look for cheats is http://www.happypuppy.com. That's right, "happypuppy." Don't ask me why this site has such a lame name.

Another site with great potential is the boldly named Cheatworld (http://www.cheatworld.com). This site loads quickly and has an impressive library of cheats and walkthroughs.

Still another site has been hidden inside a school Website in Sweden. This one has a list of cheat codes for a massive number of PC games nicely arranged in one HTML file in alphabetical order. These cheat codes are at http://www.tripnet.se/home/tol/cheats/index.htm.

Those are just three of a myriad of professional and amateur sites on the Web that make your computer-game playing a little less stressful and a lot more satisfying. So call off your tired old ethics and get an edge. Remember that for most of us, at least as far as computer games go, you can't win if you don't cheat.

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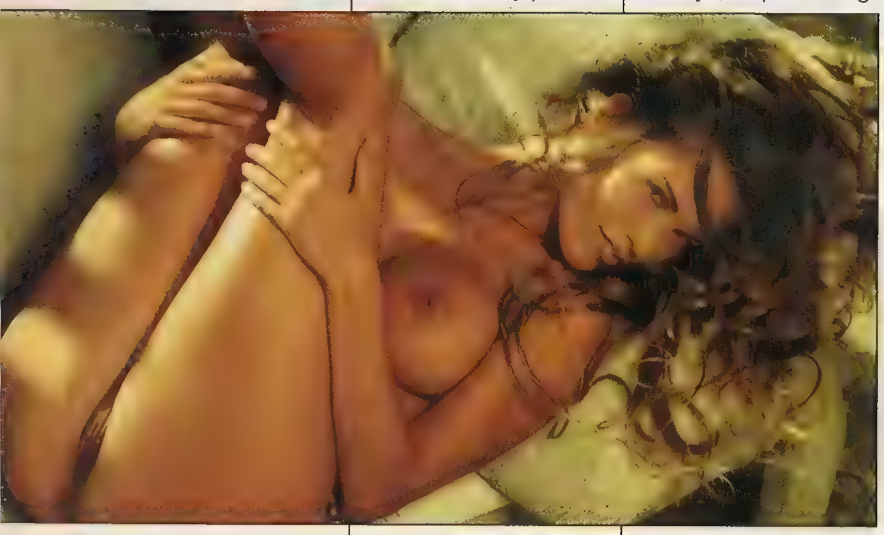
SMART SEX

By Dr. Judy Kuriansky

"How can I get the woman I want to want me?" guys ask. "How can I get her into bed?"



Stop worrying about scoring with a fat wallet or an hour-long erection. The latest mating trick: psychic sex. It's a nineties version of getting on the same wavelength. But instead of leaving love to chance or chemistry, you use psychic skills. How? By projecting strong intention, "tuning in," and merging minds to draw your bodies together.

It happens in my favorite movie scene from *Cocoon,* when Tahnee Welch as a gorgeous alien transmits such intense mental energy across a pool to Steve Guttenberg that orgasmic electricity flashes between them without their even touching. But Los Angeles psychiatrist and clairvoyant Judith Orloff insists it can happen in real life, and that any man can do it (though women have traditionally been better at trusting the intuition and sensitivity required). When I caught up with Orloff after her Learning Annex seminar in New York City based on her best-selling book, *Second Sight,* she shared her secrets to ecstasy via psychic sex.

Guys, stop focusing on your penis. Feel the tingles, warmth, or pulsating there, but mentally travel those sensations into other parts of your body and hers. Rub your hand over your heart, feel the area open up, and imagine an electrical force shooting from your genitals into your heart, through your chest, across into her heart and down to her genitals. Adding heart to horniness—appreciation to lust—gives a man intense sexual power that women adore.

Picture the seduction working out perfectly, from her smile to your simultaneous orgasm. Project that intention like a laser from your mind, and position your body accordingly. But before each sexual move—from kissing to penetration—tune in to her vibe, sensing whether her movements and energy invite you closer. Quiet your mind to transmit your desire and read her clearly by focusing on breathing—slow and steady at first—instead of worrying whether you're lasting long enough or if she's enjoying herself.

Trust your gut and have the courage to tell her how well you think it's going, but hone your skill by asking for feedback to check whether you're reading her right.

Another psychic-skill enhancer: Heighten all your senses. With eyes closed, taste different foods, try different touches (from soft strokes to scratches), and rub different materials (from silk to fur) on your skin. Make different sounds (from hums to groans).

That's what to do in bed. But psychic sex can also help attract her in the first place. In a relaxed state, concentrate on the mate of your dreams: Think of her name, picture her face, visualize what's going on in her life, sense her body pressed up against you. Use an actual woman you desire, or make up one you haven't met yet.

Visualize her when you masturbate, feeling your mutual attraction, connecting with her spirit. If you live in different places or cities, masturbate at the same time, thinking about each other.

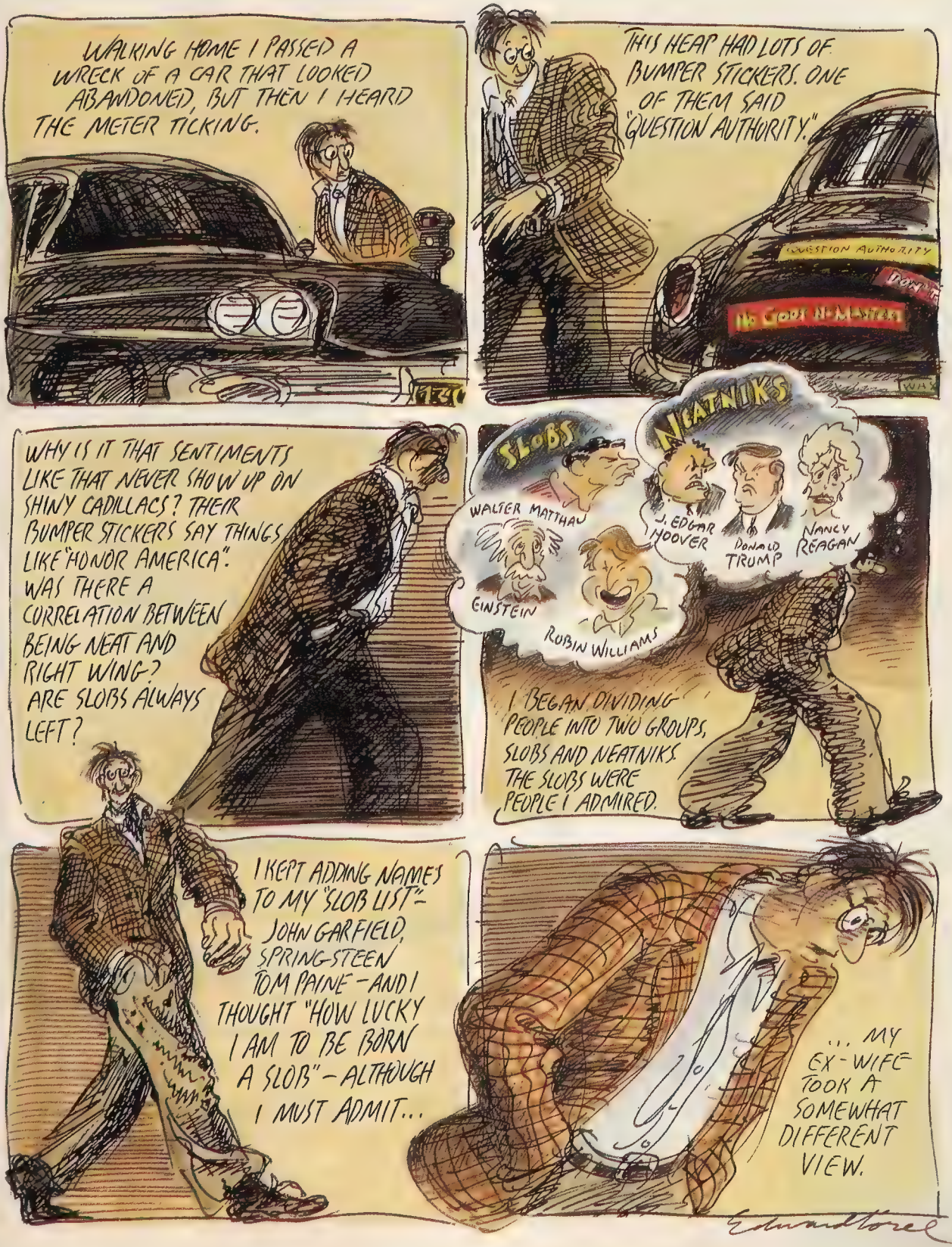
Announce your intention to others, being clear and vulnerable, to increase your determination and get support. The day after Orloff declared to her female buddies, "I want a passionate new partner," and psychically visualized him, a dinner business meeting turned into surprising hot sex that has only gotten better over time.

Other tips to achieve psychic sex, outlined in *Second Sight*: Before going to bed, program your unconscious. Make requests (silently or aloud) to have a dream that shows you how to behave, that demonstrates how and where you will meet the woman of your dreams, or that actually puts you in her dream.

Don't give up, Orloff encourages. Psychic sex takes practice. Be very specific about what you want (even down to her breast size), or you could draw in the wrong person.

Have faith and remember, nothing ventured, nothing gained.

STRICTLY SOREL


WALKING HOME I PASSED A WRECK OF A CAR THAT LOOKED ABANDONED, BUT THEN I HEARD THE METER TICKING.
THIS HEAP HAD LOTS OF BUMPER STICKERS. ONE OF THEM SAID "QUESTION AUTHORITY."
QUESTION AUTHORITY
No GODS N MASTERS
WHY IS IT THAT SENTIMENTS LIKE THAT NEVER SHOW UP ON SHINY CADILLACS? THEIR BUMPER STICKERS SAY THINGS LIKE "HONOR AMERICA". WAS THERE A CORRELATION BETWEEN BEING NEAT AND RIGHT WING? ARE SLOBS ALWAYS LEFT?
SLOBS
NEATNIKS
WALTER MATTHAU
J. EDGAR HOOVER
DONALD TRUMP
NANCY REAGAN
EINSTEIN
ROBIN WILLIAMS
I BEGAN DIVIDING PEOPLE INTO TWO GROUPS, SLOBS AND NEATNIKS. THE SLOBS WERE PEOPLE I ADMIRED.
I KEPT ADDING NAMES TO MY "SLOB LIST"- JOHN GARFIELD, SPRING-STEEN TOM PAINE - AND I THOUGHT "HOW LUCKY I AM TO BE BORN A SLOB" - ALTHOUGH I MUST ADMIT...
... MY EX-WIFE TOOK A SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT VIEW.
Edward Sorel

RIGHT STUFF

TECHNOMANIA By Ken Sander

Twice a year the global electronics industry stages a massive festival for its new innovations, the Consumer Electronics Show. This event consumes the Las Vegas Convention Center as well as the parking lots around it and innumerable hotel suites. Covering the extravaganza is like entering an Iron Man competition. It requires both mental and physical stamina, as well as a keen sense of what is really new. *Penthouse* sent Ken Sander, our resident technomaniac, to a recent C.E.S. to cull the very latest and greatest electronic items. Here's his pick of the cream of this year's crop ... so far. *Clockwise from left:* Dashboard Changer, Pen-Activated Bug, Stealth Video, Stick It in Your Ear, Very Fast Forward, and TV to Go.

DASHBOARD CHANGER JVC's KD-GT5 is a three-disc CD changer/tuner for the car dashboard. Until now you could have either a single CD player on your dash or a magazine-type CD player in your trunk. With this item you get to load up to three CDs into a unit mounted in the dash. The JVC KD-GT5 comes with a detachable face and case and features noise cancellation. **PEN-ACTIVATED BUG** The P5046 Pen-Activated Recorder by Personal Protection Products takes notes without being noted. This micro recorder—6 by 4¼ by 1 inch and weighing eight ounces—has a built-in pen-activated switch. Remove the pen and the recording starts; put the pen back in and the recording stops. It also boasts voice activation, and can record at two speeds. A discreet way to keep a record of indiscreet conversations. **STEALTH VIDEO** Imagine a sneaky camcorder that records only when it detects movement or sound. Such a camera, hidden away, would have an abundance of creative uses. The new Panasonic PV-D607 not only does this, but also sports a 200x digital zoom lens for extreme

CONTINUED ON PAGE 171

JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

If Franz Kafka were writing *The Trial* today, his fictional character Joseph K might very well be accused of child abuse. Indeed Kafka might be writing about a real woman named Susan Leventhal, who has been investigated on five separate occasions by the Connecticut Department of Children and Families for allegedly abusing her four children. On each occasion she was cleared, but her life and the lives of her family have been severely disrupted. Now Leventhal wants to find out who has been falsely accusing her of neglecting and beating her children, but Connecticut authorities refuse to disclose the name because of confidentiality rules.

All it takes to trigger an investigation of child abuse is a phone call to the child-abuse hot line. Some callers prefer anonymity, while others give their names. Even the most baseless allegation can set off a long, intrusive investigation. Douglas J. Bersharov, the former head of the federal government's National Center for Child Abuse and Neglect, may have overstated the matter when he said, "I could pick up the phone right now and report Bill Clinton for abusing Chelsea," but if your name is not Bill Clinton, it is entirely possible that an anonymous person could destroy your privacy, and perhaps your life, with a single malicious call.

There are, of course, understandable reasons for promising confidentiality to those who believe a parent is abusing a child but are reluctant to incur the wrath of the abuser. Some real cases of abuse would surely go unreported without a promise of confidentiality. But it is equally true that some false accusations are made precisely because the accuser knows he will be shielded by the cloak of confidentiality.

How to strike an appropriate balance between the legitimate need for confidentiality and the abuses confidentiality may allow is the difficult question raised by the Leventhal case. One possible approach would be for the government to prosecute those who knowingly make a false complaint. Another is for the state to limit its promise of confidentiality to cases that turn out to have some basis in fact, thus allowing the falsely accused person to learn the identity of, and have civil recourse against, the peddlers of maliciously false accusations.

The problem of false accusations of child molestation is a serious and growing one. Such accusations have become a powerful weapon in divorce, custody, and other family disputes. They are also an easy and effective way of striking out against an enemy. The victims of false accusations are not only the accused adults but the children, whose lives can be turned upside down by being told that their parents have been accused of doing unspeakable things to them.

The time has come to recognize that deliberately making a false report of child abuse is a serious crime warranting vigorous prosecution and severe punishment. We must also recognize that our Constitution comes down against faceless accusations. The Sixth Amendment guarantees the right of every criminal defendant "to be confronted with the witness against him." This should be extended to civil charges of child abuse, since the consequences of such a charge can be devastating, even if no criminal prosecution is ever brought. At the very least, those who use the promise of confidentiality to falsely accuse others of child abuse should be exposed and confronted. Of course any reduction in the protection now given accusers—including, inevitably, a certain percentage of liars—may result in some real cases of child abuse going unreported. Sadly, that may be the price we have to pay for protecting our civil liberties.

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

Which Way?

A funny thing happened to me recently. I decided to go out bar-hopping one Friday night, and while I was walking downtown I came across a dance club. There were loud music and strobe lights and old-fashioned mirror balls; it looked like a cool place to hang out, so I went in.

After a few beers I asked this girl if she wanted to dance, and she turned me down. So I asked another girl; she also said no. I kept going from girl to girl, getting rejection after rejection. This was really frustrating; never before had I gotten so many rejections in one night. So I danced by myself for a while, and as I stepped off the dance floor the deejay started to play a slow number. In front of me I saw this girl I'd been eyeing all night. She was sitting at a table with several other people a few feet from the dance floor. I went up and asked if she wanted to dance, and she smiled and said yes.

So we started dancing. After a few minutes I began to pop a woody, and I moved my pelvis in close so she could feel my throbbing cock. The next song was a slow one too. We continued dancing. Toward the end of that second song she invited me to her table. A guy was sitting on the chair next to her, and she asked him to move so I could sit beside her.

As I sat down I noticed that she was wearing a locket that had a picture of two interlocked female symbols on it, so I assumed she was bisexual. As we talked she kept making passes at me. I got the impression from the look in her eyes that she thought I was really sexy. She told me about her sexual experiences with other women, which was a real turn-on for me. We danced and talked some more, and we seemed to be hitting it off.

Then, just when I thought I was about to get lucky, she excused herself to go to the ladies' room. When she came back she started talking to her friends, and during the conversation I saw her point to her locket and say, "I wear this all the time, to let people know." I was really beginning to wonder about her at this point, so I asked her and she told me she was a lesbian. I was shocked; all this time I thought she really liked me. I got up, told her I was going to the restroom, and left the bar. I went home that night disappointed and empty-handed.

Since this happened, a number of unanswered questions have been floating around in my head. I had a very conservative, right-wing upbringing. Until that night I had clung to the whole notion that all lesbians are pissed-off, antisocial, hairy-legged, chain-smoking radical feminists who hate everything that has testicles. But this girl was very pretty and feminine and overwhelmingly nice to me.

If she was a lesbian, then why did she say yes when I asked her to dance? And how come she was flirting with me? Is this some kind of joke that lesbians play on straight men? And should I have stayed at the bar? Something in my gut tells me that maybe I could have converted her.—H. A., Ontario

Another name for conversation is "social intercourse," and among civilized people it is a sensible prelude to any other kind of intercourse. As I never seem to tire of complaining about twentieth-century social customs, let me say once more that the bullshit known as political correctness causes more problems than out-and-out racism, sexism, or downright rudeness.

The girl you met was wearing a locket that was presumably supposed to transmit a p.c. message—but was it that she was sexually unavailable to the opposite sex, or sexually

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The Captain was here

available to women, or maybe that she just preferred women? It is like the old joke about the person who says there are homosexuals, heterosexuals, and bisexuals, but I'm a trisexual. "What's a trisexual?" you ask. "I'll try anything" is the reply.

What if instead of saying she was a lesbian she had said, "I am a right-wing Catholic virgin, and I intend to stay that way"? This was actually said to a boyfriend of mine when he made a pass at a Spanish girl in Madrid. "What did you do?" I asked him. "What could one do in the face of such bigotry," he replied. "I walked away from it." If you leave the locket out of your story, it's the portrait of a woman who gave you the idea that she was prepared to have sex with you, but when it came to the crunch, she wouldn't do it—a common experience in the life of almost every man I have ever known. The reasons given vary, from "Not on the first date" to "Not till we're married," but unless you hang in there to find out which way the cat jumps, you will never know.

The other thing is that sexual intercourse starts with eye contact, which if you are lucky may lead to touching. When you "moved my pelvis in close so she could feel my throbbing cock," you were having sex. Not penetrative, not intercourse in the legal sense, but genuine foreplay. Some "nice" girls might have tried to bust you for sexual harassment at that point, but this lovely feminine woman took you over and introduced you to her friends. It might be that she would never disobey her party rules, as you will never convince a vegan to eat a Big Mac, but some lesbians freely admit to needing cock from time to time.

As I said, it is best to start your sexual relations with social intercourse, which is best described by that quaint old-fashioned four-letter word "talk."

Explosion

My wife, Sharon, is very conservative sexually, preferring the missionary position, lights off, no moaning (our kids sleep in the next room), et cetera. She has resisted my attempt to try anything new or different. After much cajoling and begging by me over a long period of time, and with the kids away, she finally agreed to allow a "sex toy" into our bed. Little did I know I was in for the experience of a lifetime.

After the usual normal prelude of kissing and caressing, I inserted a small, five-inch vibrator into her vagina with some short, soft thrusts. Very quickly Sharon became extremely wet, her pussy making wet, sucking noises as she began to thrust her pelvis slightly up to meet the advance of the vibrator. Shortly thereafter my always silent lover hesitantly said, "Pull my nipples." I was shocked but happy to oblige, and began tugging lightly at her rock-hard buds.

Her hips were moving more strenuously now, her head rolling gently from side to side on the pillow as she now more forcefully begged me to "pull them harder, both of them." I was in heaven, and yanked out the vibrator to begin concentrating on both nipples. Suddenly Sharon yells, "Don't stop fucking me with the dildo—give it to me!"

"Fucking me"? "Dildo"? My wife had never uttered either of these phrases to me in 12 years. Is this my wife?

I figured I can do no wrong on this evening, so instead of the five-inch vibrator I hand her a thick, nine-inch latex dildo, which to my amazement she takes, inserts, and buries into her slurping box in one motion. I'm ready to explode. She's bucking furiously, her ass cheeks slapping on the water bed. Quietly she starts moaning, "Oh God, this is so fucking good. Yes, oh ... yes." That did it. I came all over her tits.

When I finished I looked down, and she's working the dildo with one hand, with a finger also sliding in and out of her ass hole. She never let me do that. I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

"I played pro baseball for twenty years, so naturally I chew tobacco."

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER

The father of Debbie Rowe says he went into shock when she called to tell him she was six months pregnant with the child of Michael Jackson. "Come on, it's not so bad," he remembers his daughter saying. When she also told him the baby had been conceived by artificial insemination, he wondered aloud why Jackson couldn't impregnate her by the normal method. "Michael doesn't do anything like anyone else," she replied.

OUR NATION'S ENTERTAINMENT-INDUSTRY MINDS AT WORK

Danny Goldberg, president of Mercury Records, on the current state of American politics: "[Barbra] Streisand is one of the very few superstars who are proactive in their politics. She has filled the vacuum of leadership that was created when Warren Beatty got disillusioned and withdrew a little bit."

RIPOSTE OF THE MONTH

Los Angeles Lakers star **Shaquille O'Neal** was heckled during a game against the New York Knicks by a fan who shouted at him, "Hey Shaq, you look like hell. Haven't you had any time to get in the gym?" O'Neal shot back, "You gotta tell your wife to stay off me and leave me alone at night."

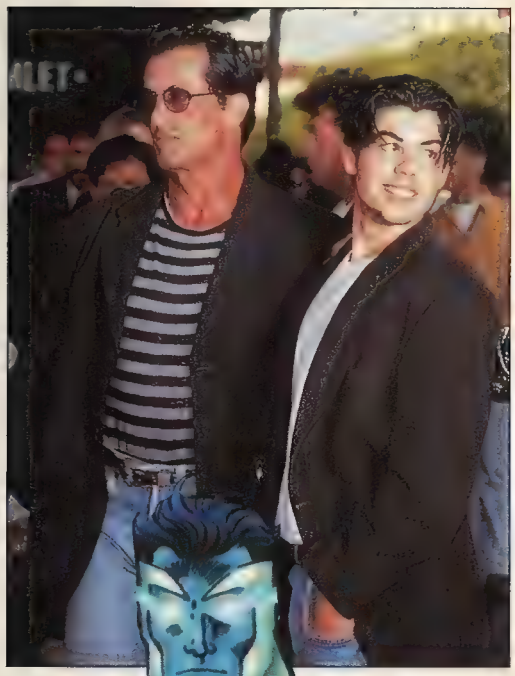
YOUR INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE AT WORK

Government auditors discovered that the I.R.S.'s much-heralded "Cyberfile" electronic tax-filing system consisted of a main computer located in a room guarded by doors with locks installed backwards in a dusty subbasement subject to flooding. Sprinkler pipes in the room were so low, workers had to squat while using the computer system.

JUSTICE IS NOT BLIND

A federal appeals court in San Francisco ruled that a college professor can use articles from men's sophisticate magazines in addition to his own reviews of pornographic movies as teaching materials for his remedial English classes.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK?

Sage Stallone, son of **Sylvester Stallone,** says he has resisted his father's efforts to get him into a gym for regular workouts. "I hated it," the 20-year-old said. "It was so, like, why? Why? Please let me sit here and just get fat and whatever." He added that he likes to annoy his father by singing the theme song from the movie *Paradise Alley,* one of his father's biggest box-office flops.

WANNA BUY SOME COOKIES, DICKHEAD?

The National Council of the Girl Scouts decreed that the kids no longer have to take an oath promising to be cheerful, as it is "outdated and unrealistic in the face of adversity."

IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE, IT'S MR. MOM!

In a makeover of the newly married Superman, the artists at DC Comics have designed a new white-and-blue costume for him, eliminating his cape and transforming him into a modern husband who uses oven mitts while cooking in the kitchen and frets about paper cuts when working at the *Daily Planet.*

"Who the fuck are you?"

Courtney Love, responding to Woody Harrelson's complaints about her being three hours late for the first script reading of The People vs. Larry Flynt

ONWARD, HARVARD

Incoming first-year students at Harvard/Radcliffe were informed that the university now makes available "designated sexual-orientation tutors," whose task is to help undergraduates define their sexual proclivities. The university finds that helpful and appropriate because, under a new policy at Cambridge, freshpeople are now randomly assigned dormitory rooms to prevent "self-segregation by race, creed, [or] sexual orientation."

TOOTH FAIRY WINS BIG

A six-year-old North Carolina boy sued his mother for damages he said he sustained in an automobile accident while she was driving. The damages: loss of a baby tooth. A court awarded him $7,500.

LOST IN TRANSLATION

To its consternation, Microsoft, the software giant, discovered that the name it chose for its Japanese operation, *We Ruan,* actually means "small and soft" over there—not a hot ticket among Japanese men.

DEPARTMENT OF FAT CHANCES

The California senate approved a request that the federal government reimburse the state for expenses incurred during the Civil War. Adjusted for inflation, the bill comes to $82 million.

OUR TED KENNEDY SAFE-DRIVER AWARD TO ...

... Nobel Prize–winning Spanish novelist Camilo José Cela, who objected when authorities took away his driver's license after he had failed to stop at an intersection and plowed into a car, killing all five of its occupants. Cela argued to a court that he finds such regulations as mandatory wearing of seat belts and stopping at intersections "nonsense." Asked how he felt about being responsible for the deaths of five people, Cela replied, "Well, I feel very bad about it, but they were five very stupid people."

CORRECTION OF THE MONTH

The *East Hampton Independent,* a Long Island newspaper, carried the following correction by Jerry Della Femina, its editor-publisher, regarding O. J. Simpson's shaggy haired companion, Kato Kaelin: "In my last column on the 'Turkeys of 1996,' I said that Kato Kaelin had been a golden retriever in another life. I did not hear from Mr. Kaelin, but I have heard from a number of owners of golden retrievers who were offended by the comparison. I apologize."

WELL, BACK TO THE OLD DRAWING BOARD

It was only after a recipient cooked her turkey dinner a week too soon that a Tennessee hospital discovered all 40,000 of the calendars it sent out last year had got the date for Thanksgiving wrong by a full seven days.

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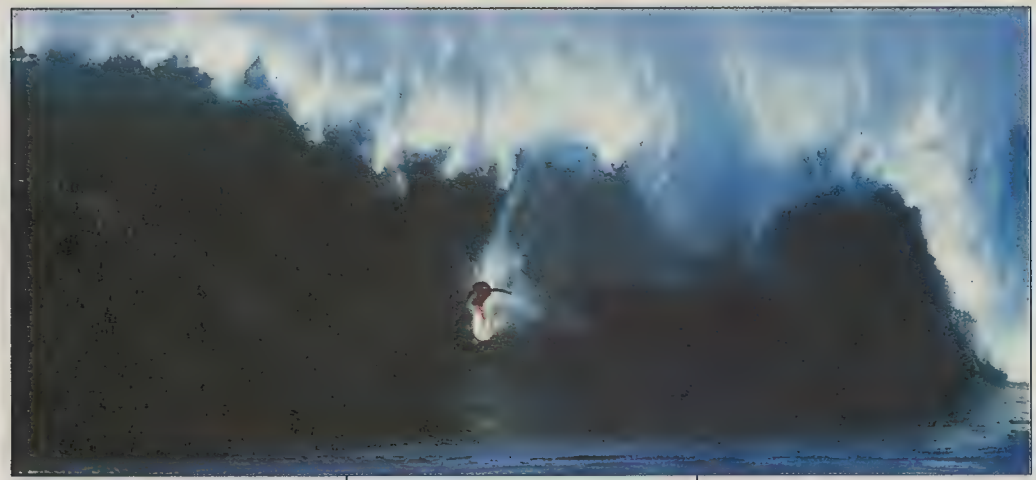
VIEW FROM THE TOP



No fear? Surfing champ Mike Parsons (below and left) moments before a Hawaiian beauty shredded his left knee.

RIDE THE MONSTER

By Geoff Tabin

A major storm swirls in the North Pacific. Hurricane-force typhoon winds whip the water into a frenzy of power. The dread tsunami (tidal wave) builds to awesome size. In Japan, where the storm is heading, anyone with any sense is evacuating the beaches.

Back in the States, Mike Parsons, the 1992 U.S. national surfing champion, hears about the weather and feels his adrenaline pumping. He dials a surfing hot line for the details, and then scrambles to buy plane tickets. "Nothing," he says, "matches the intensity of the rush when you launch on a really big wave."

Surfing has gone through numerous cycles and fads over the years. But while the slang, the clothes, the gear—the *style*—of beach culture ebb and flow like the tides, one thing remains constant: The ultimate in surfing is riding monsters.

For the biggest of the big stuff you need to head to Hawaii, to the north coast. There deep-water swells flow for thousands of miles without obstruction until they are abruptly cut by a coral shelf. The waves build to incredible size and power, and when they break the coral grinds any flotsam to powder. That, of course, includes any humans foolhardy enough to take their chances there.

The first to attempt these man-killers were Californians Dickie Cross and Woody Brown. If adrenaline was what they were looking for, they sure found it—and then some. As they paddled out in Wiamea Bay the waves started getting huge, bigger than anything they'd been that close to—too big! From the beach, their surfing buddy George Downing observed the action.

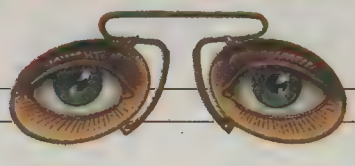
"The swells were forty feet, breaking over a shelf in eight feet of water," he reported.

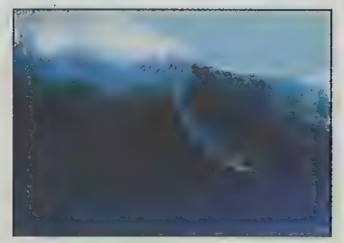
After a few minutes Brown panicked. As he turned tail and paddled for shore, a gargantuan wave crushed him. He lived to tell the tale only because his friends rushed out and dragged in his unconscious body. Cross was not so lucky. He disappeared under a wall of boiling foam, never to be seen again—the first known big-wave surfing fatality.

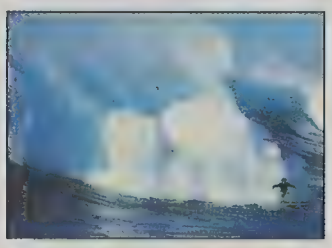
It could have ended there. But Cross's death served only to increase the attraction of big waves. It was on November 7, 1957, that Wiamea was successfully surfed by Pat Curren and Greg "The Bull" Noll.

Around six miles down the beach from Wiamea is the infamous Bonsai Pipeline. There the break is not quite as large as at Wiamea, but it is even more deadly because of a razor-sharp lava reef only six feet beneath the surface. Any mistake means being ground into hamburger. Noll conquered the Pipeline in 1961, but it wasn't until the winter of 1969 that "The Bull" firmly established his reputation as the greatest big-wave rider of all time. That year huge

VIEW FROM THE TOP







An initial speed rush and then a graceful drop: Parsons launches on some major water off Todos Santos Island, Mexico.

storms off the Aleutian Islands had created the largest Pacific swells of the century. Noll went out and rode what is generally acknowledged to be the largest wave ever attempted.

How big was it? Some say 25 feet, others 35. No one really knows for sure. But everyone agrees that it was big and it was bad. As Noll later related to *Surfing* magazine, "I came to the realization that I had waited a lifetime for this. I was either going to let the moment go by or do something about it. It was a hard decision, because I knew goddamn well that if I made a mistake it would kill me.

"I paddled out, put my head down, and thought about it. The adrenaline was working, the feelings were working, and everything seemed right. I waited twenty minutes, letting a set go by. The next wave was the biggest thing I've ever seen in the water by a good ten feet. I smoked down the side of the thing, hung onto my nuts, and went to the bottom."

One doesn't need to venture into big surf to be convinced of the power of the ocean. My own first attempt at surfing was on five-foot waves at Black's Beach near San Diego. Initially I found it hard to paddle out. Every wave threw me. I would barely recover before the next one pushed me back and spun me around. Once I finally managed to get into position, things suddenly became much more serious. Understand that waves are measured by their height *above* the surface; there is an equivalent trough for every rise. So a five-foot wave is actually a ten-foot wall of water.

To catch the wave you need to paddle the board at the same speed as the approaching swell. Too slow and the wave passes you by. Too fast and you're crushed by ten feet of water propelled by ... well, by an entire ocean.

There's enough energy in that swell to light up a small town.

Finally I got up the courage to launch on that five-footer. It was terrifying, and for the novice there's the certainty of a good beating as your reward. By the end of the day I felt as if I had been the speed bag for a dozen fighters. And these were only lightweight contenders. I couldn't imagine the punishment one would get from a true heavyweight wave.

Still, that burst of adrenaline on takeoff had me hooked and thirsting for more. Day after day found me back in the water, struggling to merge with the power of the ocean. It took weeks before I could smoothly paddle out through the break. It was months before I regularly caught waves. The biggest wave I surfed was officially rated as an eight-footer. But in the thick of it I would have sworn it was 50 feet or more. I paddled for all I was worth. Behind me roared a 16-foot wall of water, moving at the speed of a locomotive. My timing was perfect. As I stood up and descended the face of the wave my entire world was in harmony. The glow of riding that wave lasted for days. Two years later I can still remember every detail.

The combination of the intense initial speed rush with the joyful sensation of flow as you cruise down the face of the wave explains why an increasing number of people are addicted to surfing. Worldwide there are now more

All photos by Robert Brown

than ten million surfers, most of whom are perpetually searching for the ultimate wave. For many, ultimate means only one thing: *big.*

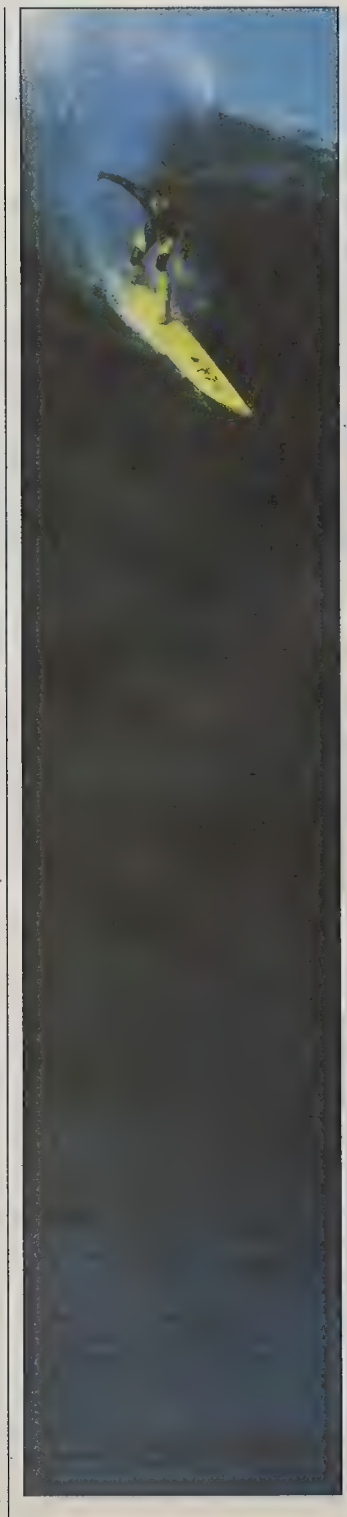
Want to find the big ones? The best place to get your surfing news is from Surfline, a high-tech phone service run by a former beach bum that gives an accurate assessment of the break at nearly every surfing beach in the world. Surfline collects data from weather satellites and uses a computer program to forecast how the waves will be breaking. Dial (900) 976-SURF for domestic info, and 011-900-976-SURF for worldwide reports.

Parsons lives for "that one epic day where you get the most incredible ride of your life."

Surfing champ Mike Parsons can slice it up as well as anyone on the smaller, well-formed breaks. Still, he says, "No competition victory can compare with the powerful adrenaline burst of launching on a monster wave."

Parsons earns his living on the Association of Surfing Professionals tour, but he gets his thrills attempting to ride the biggest waves in the world. He lives for "that one epic day where you get the most incredible ride of your life."

Catching a 15-footer is like launching down the side of a three-story building that is toppling over on you. Parsons recalls his first time: "I was as scared as I have ever been just paddling out. It was clear how vulnerable and fragile I was, and that the ocean could do anything it wanted to me at any moment."



After that, he was hooked. He has gone on to surf the biggest waves that have come up in the past six years. Yet he still finds he has to overcome his fear every time he paddles out into the big stuff, and the adrenaline rush of conquering nature's awesome power is just as intense as ever.

When you tempt fate, sometimes fate slaps you down. In his worst accident, Parsons crashed over the lip of a 20-footer and was slammed deep into the water where "it felt like I was in a blender."

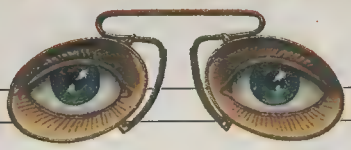
Them's the breaks: All you can do on a giant wave is "smoke down the side of the thing, and hang onto your nuts."

The force of the water ripped apart all the ligaments in his left knee. He recalls being held under as if by some giant unseen hand until he was about to pass out. The intense pain in his leg actually helped him by giving his consciousness something to cling to. After what seemed like an eternity, Parsons finally reached the surface and filled his lungs with sweet air.

As soon as he healed from the reconstructive surgery on his leg, he was back to big-wave surfing full force. Of course. What else could he do?

Parsons continues to monitor conditions via Surfline. He knows big waves can break in southern Chile when the Antarctic winds are roaring, in the Austral Island chain in the South Pacific, in Tasmania, Indonesia, and the Azores.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



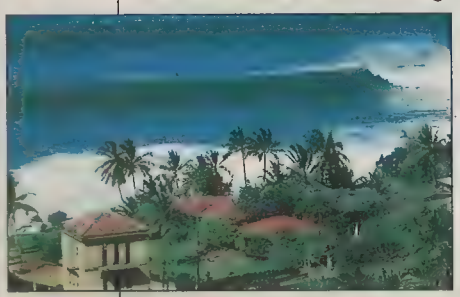
Ticket to glide: Catching a 15-foot wave is like launching down the side of a three-story building that's falling on you.

Wherever they are breaking big he will be there.

Last year while competing in Argentina, Parsons heard about a big storm off the Aleutian Islands. Surfline told him that a once-in-a-decade monster set was to strike Hawaii in three days, and that the same swells would crash onto Todos Santos Island off Mexico two days later. Parsons was off, eager to catch sets in *both* places.

He flew to Hawaii, arriving in time to catch the biggest waves of the season on the north shore of Oahu. He stared up at a 25-foot monster, swallowed hard, and launched on a 50-foot wall of water. That night, fully pumped on adrenaline, he flew back to San Diego. At three o'clock in the morning he was driving fast across the border into Mexico. He rented a fishing boat for the eight-mile ride to Todos Santos Island. "As we got to deeper water the swells were huge, throwing the tiny boat in all directions," he recalls. "The Santa Ana winds were howling, blowing the waves up, making them steeper. As we rounded the corner of the island my heart went into my throat. The drop-off was equivalent to a five-story building. I was pumped up, but also scared for my life. It was total life-on-the-line commitment on takeoff."

As Parsons launched, mixed in with the terror and the adrenaline rush there was a flash of recognition. He knew this wave! Based on the way it formed, he was pretty sure it was the same one he'd caught in Hawaii two days before ... three thousand miles away. The rush was just as powerful the second time around.



LEARN TO SURF

Being able to understand—and ultimately conquer—the ocean's awesome force takes time. It helps to be 14 years old and have the whole summer free. But anyone with the will can learn. The best places to start have a consistent gentle break in shallow water over soft sand. Ideal spots include La Jolla Shores Beach near San Diego; South Wellfleet Beach on Cape Cod; and my favorite, Kuta Beach on Bali, Indonesia.

The burst of adrenaline a surfer feels on take-off is as addictive as any drug.

For the best in professional instruction, try Christian Hansen at Hansen's Surf Shop in Encinitas, California, (619) 753-6595, or the legendary Rell Sun (the first women's surfing champion) at Waikiki Beach, Hawaii. To find her just walk down the beach and look for her shack. On the East Coast, head for Vero Beach, Florida, and check out Surf School, (407) 231-1044, run by Lou Maresca.

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SWITZERLAND

HITLER'S MOST VALUABLE ALLY

Investigative report by Douglas M. Bloomfield

There are those for whom Switzerland is still the peaceful little country of cheese, chocolate, and, as Orson Welles reminded us, cuckoo clocks, but a *Penthouse* investigation has revealed the full, ugly truth about that nation, going far beyond the present scandal of untold amounts of the blood money of Holocaust victims lying buried for more than 50 years in the vaults of Zurich banks.

Though Switzerland has traded on its self-proclaimed neutrality for decades—indeed centuries—secret documents recently uncovered at the National Archives in Washington, as well as interviews with historians and others looking into Switzerland's true role as a "neutral" in World War II, show that Heidi's little landlocked homeland was in fact Adolf Hitler's most important ally.

Without the support and assistance of Switzerland the Third Reich would, many experts believe, have collapsed well before 1945, saving millions of lives and billions of dollars.

The world has become familiar with the story of European Jews who thought their money would be safe in Swiss banks, only to find—or as their surviving descendants would find—that they could not get it back.

Illustration by Douglas Fraser

When the story broke, Swiss President Jean-Pascal Delamuraz tossed the words "extortion" and "blackmail" at Jewish groups backing the claimants, and Carlo Jagmetti, the Swiss ambassador to Washington, called for a "war" against the Jewish organizations. When his battle cry was leaked to the Swiss press in January he was forced to resign.

Now, a document search originally intended to unearth dormant Holocaust-era accounts in Swiss banks has once and for all exploded the myth of Swiss World War II neutrality. The world is learning that the fabled gnomes of Zurich were really Hitler's bankers, and much more. The evidence is overwhelming that on the other side of the Alps there were many willing partners of the Nazis, and the Swiss, or many of them, especially leaders of government, banking, and industry—the elite—were able to take one of history's greatest tragedies and turn it into a profit-making enterprise.

U.S. government and Allied documents, as well as captured German documents and postwar interviews with leading Nazi and Swiss figures, show that Switzerland and its industries provided Hitler's Germany with services and material support essential to the war effort. Nazi agents and sympathizers reached into every corner of Swiss industry and government, including Swiss Army intelligence, post offices, the Swiss-based International Red Cross, railroads, shipping, and police.

What Hitler got from Switzerland, to keep the Luftwaffe flying, the U-boats hunting, the Panzers rolling, included a terrifying manifest of munitions, components, raw materials, machine tools, pharmaceuticals, and high-tech instrumentation, plus invaluable assistance in money laundering of looted gold, fencing of stolen art and other treasures, insurance, securities-exchange, safe haven for booty or investments, military intelligence, hydroelectricty, rail and river transport.

Switzerland, long the world's primary source of precision instruments, had, at the beginning of the war, a virtual monopoly on many such. It also provided industrial diamonds vital to many types of fuses, especially proximity fuses.

The most important service the Swiss performed was converting looted Nazi gold to Swiss francs. Switzerland was a gilded laundry for the bullion and other valuables stolen by the Nazis from the central banks of conquered nations and from the belongings and bodies of millions of victims.

"The German Reichsmark was not convertible, so," says James Hutson, chief of the manuscript division of the Library of Congress, "they [the Germans] used Swiss francs to buy from other neutrals the essentials they needed, like chrome from Turkey and tungsten from Portugal and Spain."

Documents uncovered by the Senate Banking Committee, the World Jewish Congress, and other probes have exposed a vast financial network that laundered gold, traded in stolen stocks and bonds, issued letters of credit, and converted stolen assets to Swiss francs.

After the Nazis had seized all possible Jewish possessions—homes, artwork, businesses, everything—they robbed corpses of their gold dental fillings, wedding rings, jewelry, eyeglasses, pocket change, and hair.

The gold in itself was not of much value until it could be converted to hard currency, which is where the Swiss and their secretive banking industry came in. The Third Reich sold its looted gold to the Swiss National Bank or deposited it in a German account at that bank. From there the Germans could order the gold transferred to the accounts, also at the S.N.B., of other central banks of neutral countries, so it could be used to finance the Nazi war machine. Once it got to Switzerland the gold rarely left, but was shifted from the account of one country to another in the same underground vaults in Bern or other secure spots.

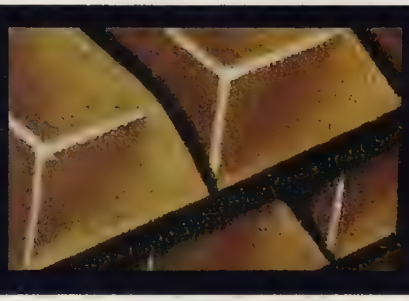
Some gold did leave the Swiss vaults, however. Between May 1943 and February 1944 the S.N.B. sent about $500 million (1944 value) in looted Nazi gold to Spain and Portugal on 280 trucks bearing the national emblem of Switzerland, according to a top-secret document of the O.S.S. (Office of Strategic Services, forerunner of the C.I.A.) released this past January by the Banking Committee's Senator Alfonse D'Amato (R-N.Y.). "For the first time since our inquiry began," D'Amato said, "we have a document confirming that the Swiss were actively involved in shipping gold for the Nazis. [It] proves that the Swiss claim of neutrality was pure nonsense."

The wartime Allied effort to locate, track, and recover stolen assets sent to Switzerland and other neutrals was known as Project Safehaven. Recently declassified documents put the total value of gold stolen by the Nazis at $587 million—more than $7 billion in today's dollars.

One of the laundering schemes was brought to President Franklin D. Roosevelt's attention by General William J. "Wild Bill" Donovan, wartime director of the O.S.S. In a memo to F.D.R. dated July 10, 1944, stamped SECRET, Donovan reported that Switzerland had signed an agreement with the Reichsbank to make it "possible for the Reichsbank ... to sell gold for Swiss francs.... This will allow Germany to take care of its most urgent requirements for foreign exchange," Donovan added, "[enabling Hitler to] receive an additional 3,000,000 Swiss francs worth of ball bearings ... [of] the kind which Germany requires most." A memo back from F.D.R. the next day urged Donovan to "[p]lease take this up

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

Switzerland was the Nazis' gilded laundry for looted bullion and other stolen treasure.



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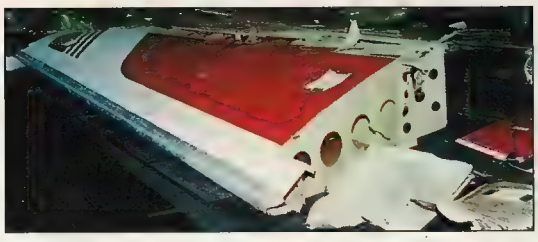
"It was a shock to me to see something come in the right side of the 747 and just walk across the plane in the first seconds of the breakup."

Killing Flight 800

An Accidental Crash ... A Shocking Cover-up



James Sanders says he knows what destroyed TWA Flight 800 in July 1996, killing all 230 people on board. It was a rogue missile fired by the United States Navy during the testing of a secret tactical-weapons system called C.E.C. (Cooperative Engagement Capability). As can happen all too often, Sanders claims, the command-and-control elements of this complicated system failed. The missile the testers were controlling slipped from their grasp and went hunting. Missiles on their own usually hunt the fattest targets they can see. On this night of Tuesday, July 17, the largest target within the missile's range was Flight 800. The missile did not carry a live warhead, but when a missile hits an airliner, no explosives are necessary. The impact alone is fatal.

Sanders did not come to his conclusion lightly, quickly, or without a great deal of investigation. Over many months he analyzed the debris trail left by the crash, examined radar records, developed and interviewed sources deeply involved in the investigation, and procured a chemical analysis of swatches of fabric from the seats of Flight 800 that revealed results consistent with solid missile fuel. His research and conclusions are summed up in his new book, *The Downing of TWA Flight 800: The Shocking Truth Behind the Worst Airplane Disaster in U.S. History* (Zebra/Kensington Books). The work, a riveting record of Sanders's efforts to get at the how and the why, pulls together the events surrounding the disaster, and describes what Sanders thinks happened, and why he believes the government has gone to such lengths to cover it up.

Sanders is a retired law-enforcement official who has previously coauthored two books, *Soldiers of Misfortune* and *The Men We Left Behind,* dealing with the Vietnam M.I.A. cover-ups. He has testified before several congressional committees in this regard, and currently lives in Virginia. His wife, Elizabeth Sanders, is a senior flight training instructor for TWA.

Penthouse Senior Editor Gerard Van der Leun interviewed James Sanders by telephone. Sanders refused to reveal his whereabouts at the time because he knew the F.B.I. was trying to locate him as he struggled to prepare the Flight 800 book for publication.

The government, needless to say, emphatically denies Sanders's charges. As this issue went to press, the F.B.I., the National Transportation Safety Board, and the Pentagon had all united in telling the public that no matter what might have destroyed Flight 800, there was absolutely no Navy involvement whatsoever.

But then again, they had not read Sanders's book.

Why are you on the lam from the F.B.I.?

They have a subpoena out for me which is nothing more than a warrant with travel privileges: Go to New York. Go before the grand jury. I wouldn't reveal my sources, so I'd go to jail. They'd like to know about the tapes as well as other things.

What are these tapes?

The F.A.A. radar tapes that the F.A.A. analyzed and said [showed] a missile on an intercept course with Flight 800. The radar technician monitoring Flight 800 saw something on the scope that night. Once the plane crashes, you back up the tapes and analyze them. The initial analysis was that there was a missile on an intercept course with Flight 800. The N.T.S.B. documents specify that that information first went to the White House. Then it went to the F.A.A. tech center, and the tech center did not actually debunk it—they called it an unexplained blip.

Who has these tapes outside of the government?

Richard Russell, a retired airline pilot and union guy. He had been part of a team that would go to crashes, and he had developed good sources at the F.A.A.

What does he say the tapes reveal?

They show a missile traveling an estimated 1,500 miles an hour approaching Flight 800. Then Flight 800 disappears.

What first prompted you to investigate the downing of Flight 800?

My wife works for TWA, and we began getting calls about the crash the evening the plane went down. The next morning I started calling around. I know some law-enforcement types in D.C., and the first two people I talked to said that the F.B.I., Justice, White House, and Pentagon were locked down on information about the crash because a missile had brought it down, and nobody was saying whether it was friendly fire or not. But I didn't go after it then. I thought, the press will get this before it's all over, because it smells to high heaven. But then when they didn't get it, I promised my wife I'd look into it. I had a few sources in various parts of the investigation, and I started making calls.

What was the first indication that something had hit the plane?

After a few weeks I was talking to a source who mentioned that every day the debris from the crash site was taken to the investigation hanger at

Calverton [Long Island] and had the location where each piece was found logged into a computer. I asked for a copy of this data, and in due time began to get it. Then I constructed my own map of the debris field. After that I got a schematic of a 747, and by putting the two together I began to construct a picture of what had happened in the cabin at the time the plane went down.

I'll tell you, it was a shock to me to see something come in the right side of the 747 and just walk across the plane in the first seconds of the breakup. It entered just behind a rear door. Some seats went out to the left side—three rows, 17, 18, and 19. Then the galley in that area was gone. You had an unbroken trail very early after the initiating event, moving completely across the cabin before you saw more damage radiating out from there. Of course that doesn't prove there was a missile, but any competent investigator should have seen that.

Then at a meeting with the same source who had given me the debris-field data, I told him about my findings, and he said, "Well, if there was residue in the cabin from missile fuel, where do you think it would be?" I ran my finger across rows 17, 18, and 19. He says, "I was looking around the other day, and there is this trail of red residue in a limited area, but I'm not sure exactly where it is." I asked him to look again and note the seat numbers. When we spoke next he gave me this information, and it was a precise overlay of the trail in my debris analysis.

Once you realized something had passed through the plane, did you try to determine what it was?

Yes. The next thing I got was a ten-page N.T.S.B. report from November that confirmed that F.A.A. radar did track a missile on an intercept course toward Flight 800. Shortly after that, from another source, I was able to determine that the F.B.I. crash team was 100-percent convinced it was a missile.

And where was this source placed?

Inside Calverton. The F.B.I. teams said that the military missile experts they were consulting on this told them that a shoulder-fired missile would not show up on F.A.A. radar, but that a semi-active radar homing device would. That immediately takes you to better than a 99-percent probability of a government shooting and not a shoulder-launched terrorist missile. What takes it to 99.9 percent is that the debris-field analysis shows no evidence of an explosion when the missile hit. It was an inert warhead.

After you determined that it was probably a missile, did you then seek further corroboration?

Yes. I felt that the only possible way to take this into the irrefutable stage was to get at least one or more samples of the residue on the seats and have them analyzed. Which I did. I got two swatches of the seat fabric from my source, and had one analyzed at the West Coast Analytical Service in Santa Fe Springs, California.

Once I got the analysis back, I presented it to contacts at Morton Thiokol [manufacturer of solid-fuel rockets] and *Aviation Week*. Both contacts said the elements in the analysis were consistent with solid missile fuel.

What happened to the second sample?

It ended up with a producer for CBS News who was doing a story about the questions surrounding Flight 800. But before they could have it analyzed, the F.B.I. was tracking it down in order to gain possession of it. Before that could happen, CBS News handed it back to the N.T.S.B.

What other information about Flight 800 were you able to find or deduce?

I have a source that was part of a 20-man team in D.C. who were going over the voice recorders one more time to see what was on them. When they got there they were briefed about an unusual vibration of the cockpit tapes just before they stopped. Whatever caused this plane to come down had sent a vibration through the fuselage to the microphones in the cockpit that moved at 2,000 feet per second. That's a very strong signature of a missile.

What was unique about the area in which Flight 800 was flying at the time it went down?

It was just northwest of Military Warning Zone W105, which had gone hot 31 minutes before Flight 800 took off.

How do you know that?

Another man who's investigating this tragedy has a source over at the F.A.A. who faxed him the actual documents designating it as hot.

What does that mean?

It means that there is a restriction put over the airspace, and all commercial traffic is routed around it. Why? Because there is going to be something going on in that zone that will endanger aircraft.

What was going on inside this zone at the time Flight 800 was in the air?

There's a new high-tech military program in the last stages of development that the United States Navy calls C.E.C. It uses the Aegis Radar System, and remotely interlocks two or more [U.S. Navy] cruisers and destroyers and ideally an airborne platform in a radar guidance, detection, and defense network. This makes it possible to destroy an incoming cruise missile in a very complicated war situation.

To test this system they need an environment of shallow water with some "land clutter," commercial air traffic, friendlies, and "the enemy"—specified as a low-flying anti-ship cruise missile. This entire setup sounds exactly like Long Island. Zone 105 is south and southeast of Long Island.

Are you saying that the Navy is using Long Island as a weapons test bed?

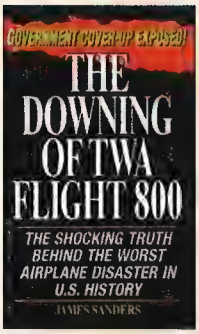
Right.

So what is your conclusion about what happened to TWA Flight 800?

Beyond a reasonable doubt, the best explanation is that the Navy was conducting a test of the C.E.C. program to get it certified for combat. A drone like a cruise missile was launched over Shinnecock Bay. It turned left over a very deserted area of Long Island off the Shinnecock Bay and headed out into Zone W105, which had gone hot a half hour before. The cruisers picked it up and launched a missile to intercept it, using the C.E.C. technology.

Sometime after that the guidance systems of the C.E.C. failed, and the intercepting missile was on its own, no longer under any human control. It just went off on its own looking for any likely target, found Flight 800, and slammed into it.

I think that is the logical, straightforward explanation, without any anomalies.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BY ART CUMINGS

"Let me guess—the computer is down!"

SWITZERLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

...th the Secretary of State right away. ...e ought to block the Swiss participa...ion in saving the skins of rich or promi...ent Germans."

Swiss industry was tiny compared to Germany's, but the quality and impor...ance of its output—especially of preci...ion instruments for planes, tanks, and ships—made it of immense value to ...itler; so great that the U.S. Joint Chiefs ...f Staff in late 1943 considered "strin...gent" measures, including bombing, to ...liminate Swiss "financial facilities, ...unkers, and in-transit facilities." The ...mportance of the Swiss contribution ...rew as the Allied bombers repeatedly ...t German industry ...ut left "neutral" ...witzerland virtually ...scathed.

...he Allies bombed Switzerland only 41 ...imes (by Allied ...ount, 49 times by Swiss count), and ...sisted that every such bombing was ...ccidental, accord...ng to testimony by ...ames Hutson be...ore the U.S. Con...gress this past ...ecember. On one ...ccasion, April 1, ...944, 24 American ...lanes fire-bombed ...ndustrial targets at ...chaffhausen, ...witzerland, in...luding the firm of Georg Fischer, ...hich manufac...tured diesel en...gines for U-boats.

Early in 1945 a ...ecret State Depart...ment telegram listed ...ome of the Swiss ...xports to Germany ...hat were of strategic value to the Third Reich: "Arms and parts thereof, explo...sives and ammunition, ball and roller bearings and parts thereof, airplanes and parts, fuses, radio apparatus and parts thereof, telegraph and telephone apparatus, locomotives, gas and petrol ...en motors, motor vehicles and trac...rs and parts."

...postwar State Department study ...tled "Switzerland's Assistance to the Enemy" noted that certain Swiss prod...cts "could not be produced at all in Germany, or not in sufficient quantity to ...tisfy the enormously expanded German requirements; Swiss exports ...Germany] of others relieved the heavily overburdened German precision industries for other essential work, or temporarily replaced the production of bombed-out [German] factories."

While some shipments had been halted by the end of 1944, the Swiss were still sending the Germans highly sensitive and hard-to-get precision instruments for metal working, machine tools of all kinds, astronomical and mathematical instruments, and a wide variety of other machinery and equipment. Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson estimated that Swiss exports to Germany for the second half of 1944 exceeded 120 million Swiss francs.

He also reported that Switzerland was supplying Germany with as much as two billion kilowatt-hours of electricity every year. "Elimination of this energy would seriously impair Germany's industrial war potential," Patterson declared. And energy and materiel were far from all of it. "Switzerland has been rendering vital assistance to Germany ... as a clearinghouse for financial dealings with areas outside of Europe. She also serves as a center for German intelligence."

More yet, there were the Swiss railroads—an indispensable link between Germany and Italy, of increasing importance as the Allied armies ruptured Nazi routes through France. In a single month in the summer of 1944, Patterson estimated, Swiss railroads transported 187,517 metric tons of chrome ore, fluorspar, foodstuffs, iron and steel, machinery and parts, pyrites, shoes and hides, textiles, tires, electrodes.

It was actually as far back as mid-July 1941—one month after Hitler's invasion of Russia—that the Swiss "committed all of their precision war-material production to Germany as well as huge amounts of electric power and almost unlimited use of their vast rail system," says WW II bomber pilot Donald Arthur Waters in *Hitler's Secret Ally, Switzerland*. His plane and at least 21 other crippled American bombers, limping home from raids over Germany, were, Waters states, shot down at low level over Switzerland by Swiss fighter planes or anti-aircraft gunners. American fliers who survived were interrogated by Swiss intelligence officers suspected of cooperating with the Nazis, and then usually interned—as he was—for the duration of the war, while downed Luftwaffe crews often were quickly sent home to Germany.

Waters believes that if the Swiss contribution to the Nazi war effort prolonged the conflict by only a single year, it meant an added cost of more than $250 billion and seven million lives that otherwise would have been saved. It could, he theorizes, even have "precluded the need of an atom bomb," because Allied resources could have been directed to the Pacific, hastening the end of that ordeal as well.

"In their dealings with the Allies, the Swiss ... made concessions only very reluctantly and haltingly, when subjected to severe economic and diplomatic pressure," said that postwar State Department analysis. They dealt with the Nazis "while trying to hold us off with protestations of outraged neutrality."

When in 1944 the Swiss government agreed under pressure from abroad to extend no further direct credit to Germany—says a classified wartime report by the State Department's Board of Economic Warfare—that same Swiss government "continue[d] to foster exports to the enemy by guaranteeing

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payment to Swiss producers on their German orders." The guarantee could reach as high as 150 percent of the price of a commodity like coal, and was placed in a special account—a prepayment on future deliveries which, said the B.E.W., "the Swiss must know they will never receive."

A postwar report by the B.E.W. is even more damning. It dismisses Swiss contentions that the country had no choice. "Her contribution," it concludes, "went beyond the bounds of necessity."

The Swiss contended all through the war that as neutrals they were doing nothing illegal or wrong by selling to both sides, though it was no secret that their leaders in government, business, and the military sympathized with the Nazis. The Library of Congress's Hutson estimates that Swiss sales to the Axis were about triple those to the Allies.

Germany had been Switzerland's major trading partner before the war, and business grew dramatically during the war years. Switzerland's major prewar source of income was the manufacture of precision instruments. To most of the world this meant watches, clocks, and cameras, but to the Germans it meant sophisticated jeweled microbearings and precision instruments that only Switzerland made, vital for high-performance aircraft, tanks, ships, and other state-of-the-art weapons systems.

The Swiss argument often was, and still is, "What else can we, could we, do?" And early in the war there was an understandable Swiss fear that the Nazis, who had swallowed Austria, Czechoslovakia, and the Low Countries, might try to grab Switzerland, or at least use it as an invasion route to France.

But military experts (and common sense) contend that the Alps would have bogged down the Wehrmacht and rendered it vulnerable to guerrilla warfare. The Swiss could have and quite possibly would have blown up strategically crucial tunnels and mountain passes to block the Nazi advance; better yet, they might have blown up the hydroelectric plants and precision-instrument factories that were so desperately needed by the Nazi machine.

Switzerland's Golden Opportunity

German threats to invade Switzerland may be taken as mostly a bluff intended to increase Nazi leverage. The Nazis quickly realized they needed an unoccupied and "neutral" Switzerland to do what they could not do for themselves—be an independent conduit and laundry for looted gold rather than another occupied country that would tie up a huge German garrison trying to keep saboteurs from destroying all the facilities the Germans needed most. The Swiss just as quickly figured that out, and saw it as a golden opportunity. They abandoned neutrality in everything but name, and became Hitler's indispensable not-so-junior partner.

The ruling Swiss Federal Council early in the war adopted, according to Donald Waters, a policy of "appeasing the Nazis as a means of improving Switzerland's postwar situation in the framework of Hitler's 'New Europe.'"

Marcel Pilet-Golaz, the Swiss foreign-affairs councillor, who dominated the country's foreign policy from January 1940 to November 1944, was ardently pro-Nazi—"utterly convinced," says Waters, "that Germany would win the war, and that Switzerland's future interests would be best served by accommodating the German dictator." One of his services to Germany was to demobilize the Swiss Army. Dr. Heinrich Rothmund, chief of the Swiss Federal Police, was also considered pro-Nazi, as were most members of the seven-man Federal Council that ran the country.

Switzerland's primary industrial areas and its three largest cities, Zurich, Basel, and Bern, were in its German-speaking cantons. Some 321 Swiss firms were believed to be German owned or controlled, according to another secret report to the U.S. secretary of sate at the end of the war. Many were holding companies created to cloak the real owners; at least 22 were subsidiaries, blinds, partners, or dummy corporations of the I.G. Farben conglomerate, supplier of Zyklon B gas to the Nazi death camps. "It is obvious that such a dominating interest wields power far beyond the companies it owns or participates in," was the State Department's assessment. Metal, machinery, and electrical industries were "geared practically 100 percent to German demand...."

Even with their Nazi tilt, the Swiss did not entirely cold-shoulder the Allies. Allen Dulles ran the European operations of O.S.S. out of Bern, and other Allied intelligence services were active as well, but none enjoyed Swiss cooperation to the same degree as the Nazis.

Switzerland "serves as a center for German intelligence," said Under Secretary of War Patterson in a 1944 memo. Germany had agents in Swiss post offices, and the U.S. consul general in Basel warned all Americans to exercise caution when using Swiss telegraph, telephone, and mail services. Wartime U.S. Army documents suggested that the Geneva-based International Red Cross "is probably controlled" by the German intelligence services. "Enough is known to warrant the assumption that any delegate of the I.R.C."—not excluding those interrogating Allied P.O.W.'s—"should be con-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

Hofmekler's People

LITTLE MISS MUFFET If Little Miss Muffet were secretary of state she would probably look like Madeleine Albright, and the whole world would be a place where she could eat her curds and whey. But what would happen if a spider sat down beside her?

With an enviable career composed of the ideal combination of work and pleasure, French photographer Jean Rougeron has become internationally renowned for his artistic nudes, erotic video-magazines, and photo-series books. Utilizing his signature tools of intense color, delicious texture, and fascinating decor, Rougeron offers his unique contribution to our top priority here at *Penthouse*—the exaltation of woman. His latest book, *Collection of Nudes,* is published by Rougeron/Wolfe Productions.

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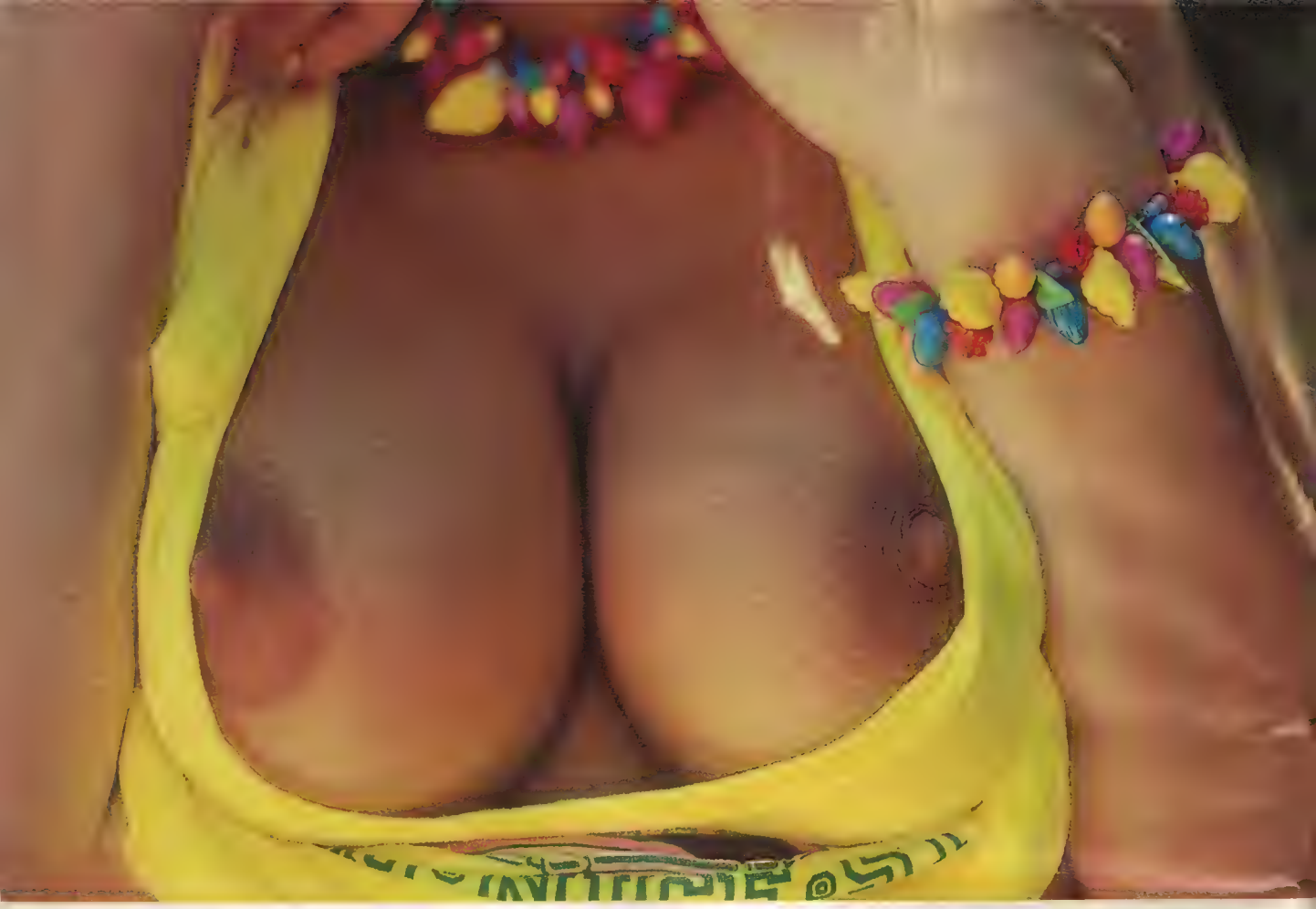


Ratings are up. Revenues are soaring. What's fueling NA

It's just a growl at first, a rising growl with a hint of menace, as 40-odd drivers ease their machines into the pace laps. All eyes are riveted on turn four, where the pack awaits its release. Now the pace car pulls away, and the low rumble becomes a full-throated roar.

The start is always the moment of truth. You can forget all the stuff on the fringes of a NASCAR Winston Cup event, stuff that sometimes seems to dwarf the actual racing: trailers full of $20 T-shirts, signature hunting knives, collectible model cars and beer steins; drivers endorsing shaving cream, motor oil, and laundry detergent; mobs of autograph hounds on the prowl chasing not just the drivers but visiting celebrities like Jay Leno, Troy Aikman, even Frank Perdue, for chrissakes.

Article by Bones Bourcier

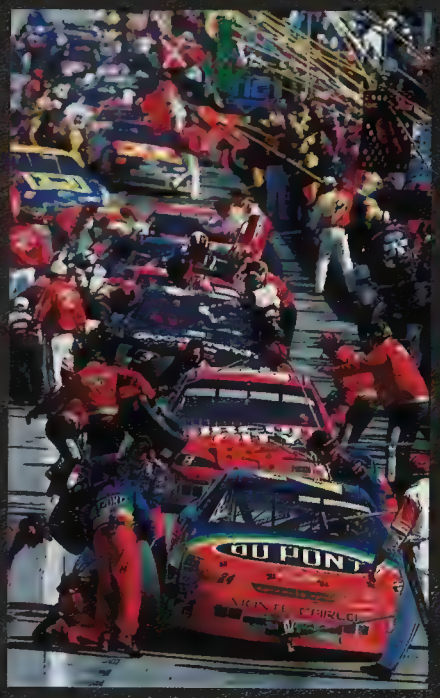
CAR frenzy? **ROLLING DOWN THUNDER ROAD**

But when the engines start, suddenly all the watching thousands, from the fans in the $40 "cheap" seats to the suits in the thousand-dollar-and-up VIP boxes, turn their attention away from the unrelenting merchandising of the sport and actually focus on the race. As a popular T-shirt proclaims: "When the green flag drops, the bullshit stops."

And stop it does at the start of February's season-opening Daytona 500, where the polesitter, rookie Mike Skinner, briefly holds the lead in his Chevrolet Monte Carlo. By lap two, Skinner is overtaken by seven-time NASCAR champ Dale Earnhardt, Skinner's teammate. Earnhardt aggressively muscles his way into front position at speeds approaching 200 miles an hour—as if shoving the younger man out of his way. Earnhardt

Photographs by Nigel Kinrade

"When the green flag drops, the bullshit stops": Vendo



Twisted roots: Stock-car racing was pioneered in the 1930s by hot-rodding bootleggers, who considered rules a waste of time. Promoters had a bad habit of absconding with the prize money while the race was on.

will stay in front for a good part of the race.

Today's track happens to be Florida's Daytona International Speedway, but it could be any of the 19 to which the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing hauls its $50-million tour. And what a circuit it is, from the half-mile bullring in Martinsville, Virginia, to the giant new stadiums outside Dallas and Los Angeles.

In 1996 nearly 5.6 million people attended the 31 events on the Winston Cup circuit, for an average weekend turnout of 180,000, a five-percent rise over the previous year. Television ratings are also up—more than 30 percent in the past two years. NASCAR, once an activity of and for good ol' boys, is today a sport whose fans are as apple-pie mainstream as the Memorial Day parade.

What is fueling the NASCAR frenzy? Folks close to the action have little doubt. "It's the excitement," says Don Miller, who with industrialist Roger Penske co-owns 1989 series champ Rusty Wallace's team.

"It's the competition," says Jack Roush, a Michigan engineering whiz who fields three cars in every event. "NASCAR has managed to project a human struggle that is not unlike football or baseball. People follow it almost like a soap opera."

Driver Ken Schrader, a four-time winner on the Winston Cup circuit, skips the analogies yet comes up with maybe the best explanation of all: Stock-car racing, Schrader says, "is just plain ol' good entertainment."

Lately, watching the sport's progress off the track has been as entertaining as the racing itself. NASCAR's rise to respectability has been dizzying to those who have gone along for the ride. In the end the racing is still what matters, and the start is still the moment of truth. But never has there been so much sweet-smelling bullshit to put out of one's mind at the drop of that green flag.

Hustlers, suits—all get drowned out by RACE FEVER.

OUTLAW ROOTS

You cannot appreciate how big NASCAR has become without studying the bumpy road it has traveled. Stock-car racing was pioneered in the 1930s by hot-rodding Appalachian bootleggers, and changing occupations did not necessarily change their scofflaw ways. Writing rules was a waste of time, because the racers simply ignored them. And if the inmates of this asylum-on-wheels were bad, the guards were worse: It was not uncommon for promoters to abscond with the prize money even as events were being run.

What was needed above all else was leadership. It arrived in the form of Bill France, a service-station owner and part-time race promoter who believed that a strong governing body would lend the young sport some credibility. In December 1947 he called a meeting of some 30 colleagues in Daytona Beach and outlined his dream. NASCAR was incorporated in '48 with France as president, and ran the first race for what is now the Winston Cup division in June 1949. Posted awards—for 200 laps around a dirt track in Charlotte—came to $5,000.

In those days stock cars were exactly that—stock, adhering to factory specs. Several drivers raced the same vehicles they drove to the track. One was Lee Petty, whose night was going well in Charlotte until all hell broke loose and his Buick overturned in a violent crash. Petty crawled from the wreck unhurt and sat alone at the edge of the track. "I was thinking," he later told reporters, "about having to explain to my wife where I'd been with the car."

To say that the sport had a downscale image is an understatement. Former NASCAR champ Bobby Allison recalls that before his career took off in the sixties, his mother was furious when he told her what he planned to do for a living. "She saw racers as people with dirt under their fingernails. I told her, 'Mom, this

Clean winners? If NASCAR drivers seem refreshingly free of the behavior problems that plague other sports, it's because newcomers get a none-too-subtle message to stay clear of trouble "or we'll run you out of this business."

thing is gonna get big, honest it is.'"

His was an almost laughably optimistic view in those days. Even as the cars and tracks improved, racing's image did not. There were too many headlines about cheated-up cars and fender-smashing feuds, too many spats between officials and competitors.

A Clean Start

What did as much as anything to clean things up was the arrival of the R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company as the series sponsor in '71. Looking to project a big-league image for its new benefactors, NASCAR stopped dragging its stars to every two-bit dirt track and showcased them only at more suitable facilities, trimming the schedule from 55 races a year to 30 or so. Suddenly, to be crowned NASCAR champion, and to earn the newly named Winston Cup, was to be recognized as the premier stock-car racer in the land.

Perhaps satisfied that NASCAR was finally on solid ground, Bill France stepped aside as president in 1972. The transfer of power was seamless; the new boss was his son Bill Junior, who had studied at the old man's knee. Attendance and media interest continued to grow under Bill Junior's stewardship, but what finally blew everything wide open was television. For years race coverage on the tube consisted of weeks-old taped highlights on ABC's "Wide World of Sports." Then in 1979 CBS gambled on live, start-to-finish coverage of the Daytona 500. The network got lucky when a blizzard turned millions of Easterners into shut-ins, and the 500 drew huge ratings. (God knows how many watched because the best alternative was a replay of *Shane*.)

NASCAR also got lucky; the race turned out to be a dandy. Cale Yarborough and Donnie Allison were battling for the lead on the final lap when push came to shove and both their cars careened into the wall. Viewers saw Richard Petty, son of Lee, dodge the crash to win the race, and then the cameras turned back to Allison and Yarborough wrestling on the infield grass. The wild finish was Monday-morning conversation in workplaces where stock cars had never been discussed.

That one race hardly made Winston Cup racing the success it is today, but Ken Squier, then and now the motorsports anchor for CBS, says, "It certainly was one of the blocks in the foundation." Other TV outlets, both network and cable, got in on the action, and ratings soared. Madison Avenue began to see racing as a great bang for the marketing buck, and soon drivers showed up in ads hawking coffee and blue jeans to a flock that included more and more women and children. NASCAR, once the pastime of midnight rumrunners, had somehow gone legit.

Lord, look at it now. If stock-car racing became acceptable in the 1980s, it turned almost fashionable in the nineties. Team owner Michael Kranefuss says, "All of a sudden you saw these downtown-yuppie types you had not seen before." Indeed, to stroll through the garage area—NASCAR's locker room—is to chance running into anyone from big-time politicians on the campaign trail to Butch "Eddie Munster" Patrick stumping for Little Caesar's Pizza. And last December, when a New York nightclub hosted a bash honoring Winston Cup champ Terry Labonte, among the crowd was that golden-tressed monument to tabloid fame, Kato Kaelin.

Bill France, Sr., died in 1992, so there is no way to know what he might have thought about all of this. But his heirs, who control not just NASCAR—a $2-billion business—but also four tracks including Daytona, can't be complaining; *Forbes* has pegged the France family fortune at more than $500 million. The France heirs are not the only ones making out: Sales of NASCAR-related memorabilia top $200 million annually, and many drivers earn more in T-shirt royalties than they do behind the wheel. That's something, because last year's championship paid a $2-million bonus to Labonte, swelling his total '96 earnings to $3,991,348. This August, nearly a half-century after Lee Petty tore up the family car chasing his chunk of a $5,000 dirt-track payoff, his grandson Kyle will run the $4-million Brickyard 400 at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

Between Lee and Kyle in the Petty family tree came seven-time NASCAR champion Richard, whose 200 career wins tops the all-time Winston Cup list. Although he retired in '92, he remains so beloved in his home state of North Carolina that the Republican party ran him in a failed bid for N.C. secretary of state in 1996.

"Times have changed," says the man called King Richard. "Racing is just so, so big."

And getting bigger. NASCAR's horizon is so vast that even Jack Roush, a stolid man not given to overstatement, forecasts that "the amount of growth will be at least as high in the next ten years as in the last ten. In fact I don't see it slowing down for two or three decades."

Boom Times

To understand racing's explosion, follow the money. As NASCAR's popularity rose, so did sponsorships, which allowed more teams to field competitive cars, which made the races better still, which attracted more fans, and more

THE ART OF THE WHEEL How to watch stock-car racing

Any motorist who has ever driven the family station wagon on snow and ice, or perhaps down a gravel road, has at one time found himself on the verge of losing control. Consider that NASCAR drivers teeter on that edge for 500 miles or 500 laps or whatever the distance requires, and they do it while running inches apart. The ability to pull that off without crashing too often is what separates those who race from those who watch. Driving stock cars requires a surgeon's focus, a world-class athlete's hand-eye coordination, and a fighter pilot's nerve.

To knowledgeable viewers stock-car racing is more like watching a game of chess than the bruising roller derby it at first appears to be. First understand that the series visits four basic types of race tracks: short ovals (under a mile); intermediate ovals (one to two miles); road courses (which include both right- and left-hand turns) and the ultra-fast superspeedways (over two miles) like Daytona Beach and Talladega, Alabama.

At short tracks the sport harkens back to its rough-and-tumble roots. Speeds are slower and passing room is more at a premium. Drivers race more physically than they do at the longer ovals. Which is to say, it's not uncommon for a short-track race to end with every car sporting body damage of varying degrees of severity.

Where the brawlers win short-track events, the longer, faster tracks reward strategic thinkers who can plot several moves in advance and anticipate those of their opponents. Then there's the "draft," an aerodynamic effect only felt at the big tracks, where speeds approach 200 miles per hour. The draft is a kind of hole in the air created by the boxy stock cars that can literally pull trailing drivers along. Dale Earnhardt speaks of the skill required to use the draft as being able to "read the air." A typical sight at Daytona and Talladega is two or more cars lined up inches apart, single-file, in what looks like a 190-m.p.h. procession for lap after lap. It can often be a cat-and-mouse game until close to the end, when drivers break ranks in an every-man-for-himself scramble to the finish line.

sponsors. Now TV money, too, is pushing that cycle along. For years, the fees for rights to most Winston Cup races were minuscule. Now there are bidding wars for the live-broadcast rights to many events. Charlotte Motor Speedway president H. A. "Humpy" Wheeler claims that some TV contracts for 1997 are "three times what they were in '96."

But the boom years have not been without their growing pains. This season is the first in which NASCAR will not visit the half-mile oval in North Wilkesboro, North Carolina, home to decades of stock-car history. The track's owners, Bruton Smith and Bob Bahre, chose to transfer its two Winston Cup dates to Smith's lavish new Texas Motor Speedway and Bahre's New Hampshire International Speedway. As major-market facilities continue to spring up—Miami and Las Vegas now have tracks that could easily host Winston Cup events, and others are being built or planned near St. Louis and Chicago—there is a risk that other traditional haunts will fall by the wayside.

Wheeler likens the situation to the expansion of the National Football League, when small-market teams were phased out in order to expose football to bigger audiences. Roush, too, sees it as simple evolution: "The smaller tracks," he says matter-of-factly, "will give way to larger venues."

Even those who take a more sentimental approach seem to concur. Listen to Dale Earnhardt, who loves the short tracks: "At the rate we're growing, we're going to die out at some places. It's inevitable. We need to be in Vegas. We need to be in Miami. Our sponsors need it."

What the sponsors need is not just the exposure those locales offer, but the ambiance. The modern supertracks are equipped with scores of V.I.P. suites in which sponsors can host prospective clients. South Beach and the Las Vegas strip are a tad more conducive to corporate entertainment than, say, downtown North Wilkesboro.

And if Miami sounds inviting, how about Tokyo? Last November NASCAR ferried two dozen cars and several of its best drivers across the Pacific to stage the first of three annual "exhibition races" on the twisting course in Suzuka, Japan. One line of thinking has it that NASCAR is warming up for a full-fledged assault on the Pacific Rim market, perhaps when a new oval under construction in Motegi, 60 miles north of Tokyo, is completed.

No Bad Boys?

There is a mark-my-words tone to Humpy Wheeler's voice when he says, "This whole thing is going to end up going international." Which is just the kind of thing National Basketball Association officials were saying 15 years ago—before Magic and Bird and especially Michael put American-style hoops on the world stage. NASCAR's surge has in fact mirrored the ascent of the N.B.A., and even the earlier ascents of the N.F.L. and Major League Baseball. There is, however, one key difference: Its stars have managed to behave.

"We haven't had a bunch of drivers get into the kind of trouble that [athletes] from other sports have gotten into," says Schrader. This is a polite way of saying that the biggest names in stock-car racing haven't resorted to acting like assholes. In a world in which Dennis Rodman assaults referees with his head and photographers with his feet and gets chastised as "Dennis being Dennis," and Roberto Alomar mistakes an umpire for a spittoon and gets his suspension put off till the next year, about the most serious charge leveled at NASCAR stars is that a few have arrived late for appearances at auto shows. "Believable heroes" is what Squier calls the drivers. He believes that's the reason Winston Cup fans are so devoted.

"You look at the N.F.L. and the N.B.A. and baseball, and everybody's decked out in suits, wearing gold," says Jeff

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Gordon, the 1995 Winston Cup champ. "There's not as much 'Hollywood' that goes on in NASCAR."

The road to the top is different in stock-car racing. While a blue-chip ballplayer is pampered from the seventh grade, drivers are seldom coddled as they climb their sport's ladder. Most labor first at one of the 850 or so weekly-operating local tracks that dot the map. The apprenticeship can take years, and the minors don't offer much of a living. Many of today's wealthiest drivers, Earnhardt and Wallace among them, were dirt-poor before catching the eyes of Winston Cup team owners.

"By the time you have made the cut as a driver," Squier says, "you are aware of your responsibilities."

The primary responsibility being, of course, not to fuck up. It is no accident that NASCAR has avoided the common sports-page tales about spoiled brats, druggies, and head cases. Newcomers whose lifestyles are suspect get a none-too-subtle message: You'd better straighten out your act, or we'll run you out of this business.

Maybe the closest thing NASCAR ever had to a problem child was Tim Richmond, a young Indy-car racer who switched to stock cars in the early eighties and took the league by storm. Flamboyant, carefree, and fast, he was on the brink of superstardom by 1986. But there were whispers about his off-track habits, and when Richmond took ill and missed most of the '87 season there was widespread talk he was being treated for a drug problem.

He planned a comeback in the 1988 Daytona 500, but things went crazy once he got to Florida. NASCAR wanted to review Richmond's medical records before granting him a license. Hoping to clear things up, Richmond took a pair of urine tests; he was reported to have failed the first, until further analysis showed that the strongest things in his system were the active ingredients in Advil and Sudafed. He passed the second test, but NASCAR, still twitchy, stuck to its guns about seeing his charts. Richmond refused, and he never raced again.

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Months later, everyone learned why he had so stubbornly guarded his records: He was hiding the fact that he had contracted AIDS. Richmond died in August '89, and the only positive spin you can put on the whole sorry episode is that NASCAR's heavy-handed stance made it clear just how serious it was about its no-drugs policy. Winston Cup racing has not had another dope scandal since.

Mixing It Up

This doesn't mean that NASCAR is free of real-world turmoil. The total absence of non-white drivers on the Winston Cup roster may be one big speed bump. As the sport comes under the increasing glare of the outside press, it is just a matter of time until some crusading journalist raises hell over the lack of ethnic diversity, not to mention that sponsors and race promoters are missing out on an ever-growing market of consumers and ticket buyers.

"We have got to mix our drivers up," Wheeler declares, "and it has to start on the local level."

He has looked into the matter enough to know that there are a lot of Hispanic drivers running in some sections of the United States, particularly Southern California, Texas, and Florida. It puzzles him that there is not the same level of participation by blacks. Wheeler points out that America's urban streets are loaded with souped-up compacts—"today's version of a fifties hot rod"—driven by young black males. "So there's something there," he says. The trick is to find out what it is.

There is some concern, largely unspoken, about what kind of welcome a black or Hispanic driver might find among the Winston Cup rank-and-file. It's a legitimate question, given NASCAR's redneck roots, but stock-car racing has come a long way. After all, if Kranefuss can be a good ol' boy, anybody can.

Born in Germany just shy of 60 years ago, Michael Kranefuss came to NASCAR after a long stint as the Ford Motor Company's point man in the refined realms of Formula One and international sports-car racing. His impeccable English comes filtered

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202

James Carville

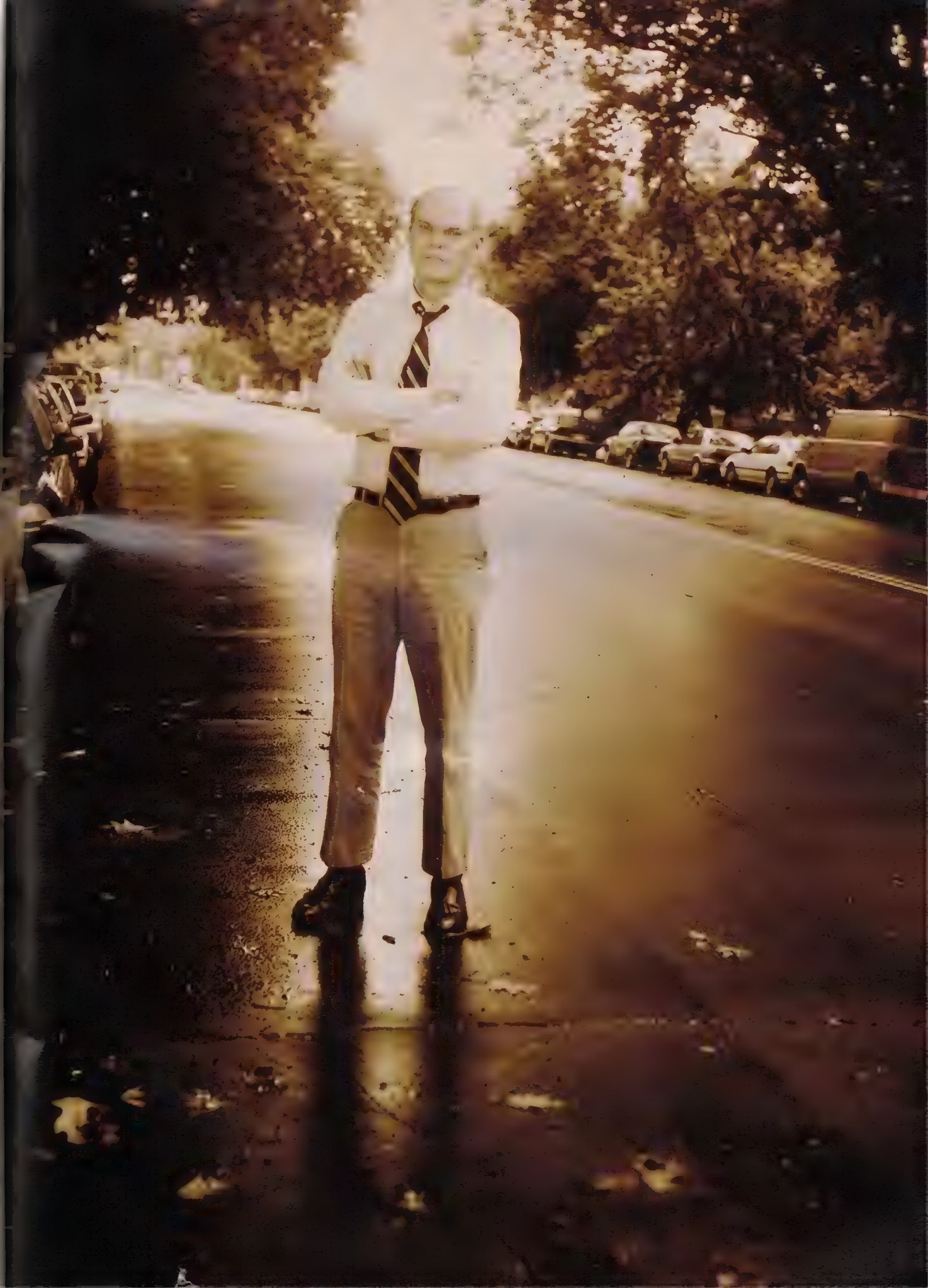
The establishment may regard Clinton's defender as a court jester, but behind the "ragin' Cajun" act is a master of high-stakes politics.

Ever the scruffy wild man, James Carville lounged around his New York hotel room in his underwear while this interview took place. As we discussed his crusade against the Whitewater special prosecutor, he roared, grinned, squinted, and cackled, giving full vent to the antics and accent that brought him from the obscurity of backroom politics to a featured role on the national stage. His "ragin' Cajun" is the classic American persona of the bad boy who won't grow up: loud, wisecracking, and vulgar as he wants to be. A tough, down-home Louisiana native who dropped out of school and served in the Marines, Carville is the real thing.

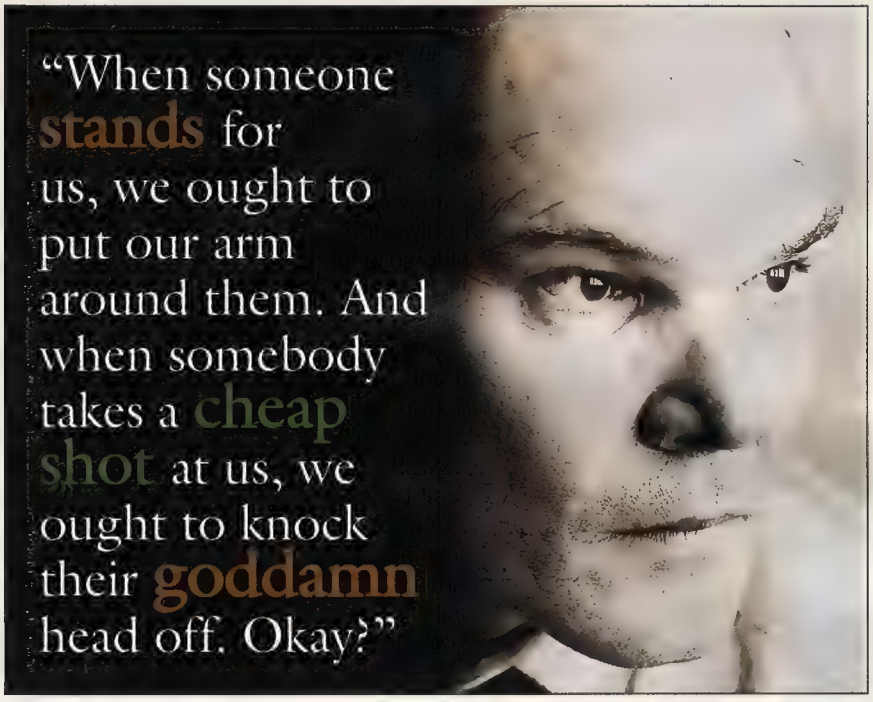
But when lunchtime rolled around, a different personality emerged. Pulling on a sweatshirt and jeans, he suggested that we head downtown to the Union Square Café, one of Manhattan's best restaurants—and a place where, as it turned out, he suavely displayed (and happily indulged) a thorough familiarity with fine food and wine.

In other words, anyone who takes James Carville at face value is making a big mistake. The establishment may regard him as a jester or even a buffoon, but his clowning veils a sophisticated intelligence that has mastered the arts of media manipulation and high-stakes politics. Those skills were heavily engaged late last year when Carville launched his solo jihad against Whitewater special prosecutor Kenneth Starr.

Interview by Joe Conason • Photographs by Outline Press



Of course he could just as easily have left the Clintons to fend for themselves, as they have done so hapiessly for the past four years. Carville certainly has better things to do than man the White House barricades. As he doesn't mind boasting, since he left his formal role as a political consultant to the President he has enjoyed considerable success in publishing, on the lecture circuit, and even in Hollywood. He has written two best-selling books (*We're Right, They're Wrong* and *All's Fair: Love, War and Running for President*, the latter co-authored with his wife, the conservative politico and talk-show host Mary Matalin), and has appeared in two Oscar-nominated movies (*The War Room,* a 1994 documentary on the first Clinton presidential campaign, and *The People vs. Larry Flynt,* in which he gives a credible cameo performance as a district attorney). He could just as easily sit out on the porch of his Virginia farmhouse, barbecuing pork tenderloins and sipping a 1985 Bordeaux.


"When someone stands for us, we ought to put our arm around them. And when somebody takes a cheap shot at us, we ought to knock their goddamn head off. Okay?"

But unlike Dick Morris, the switch-hitting political consultant who was paid $2.5 million for a kiss-and-tell memoir about the Clintons, Carville prides himself on personal loyalty and ideological consistency. "I admire the President, and I adore the First Lady," he says, by way of explaining his crusade on their behalf. Besides which, he's convinced they're getting a raw deal from the press and the prosecutors.

Last Christmas, when you took a pause in your campaign against Kenneth Starr, you predicted that he would make another mistake. It didn't take long. First he announced on February18 that he would resign to become a dean at Pepperdine University Law School in California. Three days later he turned around and said he was going to stay. Do you think his swiveling around vindicates you?

What I actually said was, "If he *doesn't* do anything stupid, my fire needs fuel." Well, he just threw napalm on my fire.

Did you regard it as a victory for your campaign against him when he said he was resigning?

Probably it was a bigger victory when he said he was coming back [*laughs*]. What happened was, the valuable public service that my campaign provided was put on the heat, and we saw what Starr's judgment was under pressure. And it was awful. The second thing is that the day he said he was going to Pepperdine he said the most important facet of his job was judgment. Three days later he said he had exhibited *lousy* judgment [by resigning]. Case closed.

How does his aborted resignation affect his investigation?

There's nothing Ken Starr can do now that could matter to anybody, unless it is validated by twelve citizens on hearing properly presented evidence. He couldn't write a report and have three people in America that would listen to anything he said. Basically the guy quit because of the heat, and then he decided, well, he's not going to quit because of the heat. He responds very nicely to external pressure. In addition to being a fierce, compromised partisan, he has horrible judgment. What else is there to say?

Did you trick the media with this whole crusade? Looking through the news stories, you seem to have been pulling back one day, then gleefully predicting further exploits the next. One theory we've heard is that you suckered the media.

I'll tell you what, there are two things that make the media go crazy if you mention them: raising money and running television spots. That's the most potent combination to get press in the Western world today. So when I said I was going to raise money and run television spots, everyone went crazy. I also knew it was a slow news day and not much was going on. The media loved it.

But the most cynical people said your wife was part of this in some way, because Mary said you're a rabid dog. She allegedly had somebody write a column about you.

Hey, my wife, you know, my wife is a right-wing radio commentator. I think these right-wingers love to hate me. I'm copy to them. It gets them all ginned up and everything, you know, and I understand they've got to do that. I'm not ... Look, the right-wing reaction to this is kind of political and predictable. What I'm more fascinated by, and I think the real lesson here, is not what happened on talk radio, but the real hypocrisy in here, and the real valuable long-term lesson, was the press's and the mainstream-chattering-class's reaction. Not the nut class.

You don't think the press has a liberal bias?

Does the press have a pro-abortion bias? Yes. Okay. Does the press have a free-trade bias? Yes. Any cut in Social Security in and of itself must be good. Any trade agreement that is deemed free has to be good.

So you're saying they have biases on certain issues, but not a liberal bias?

Yes. The press is essentially fiscally very conservative and socially very liberal, which is kind of in some ways the mirror-opposite of me. I'm fiscally progressive and socially traditional.

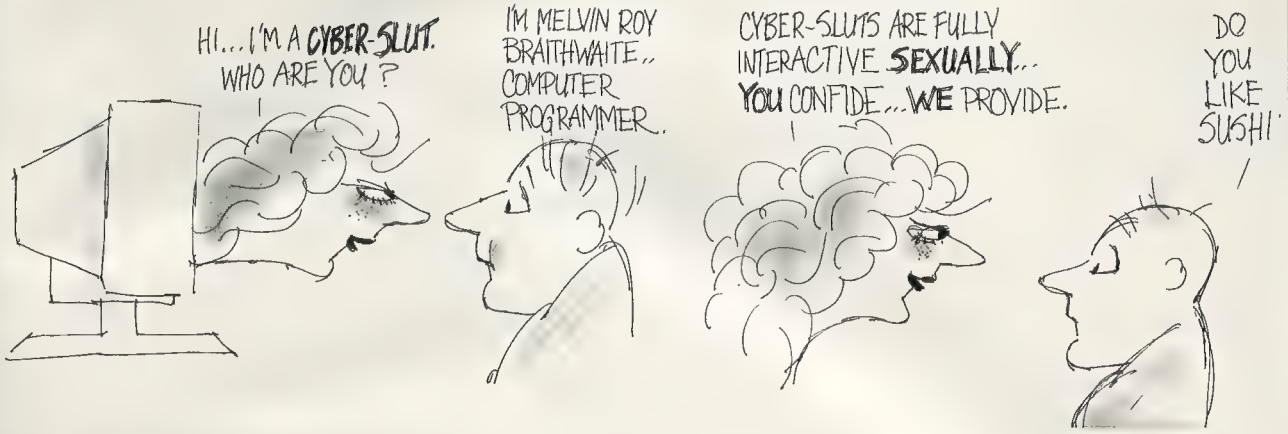
But why then are they so down on the President, who actually reflects those positions, at least to a great extent?

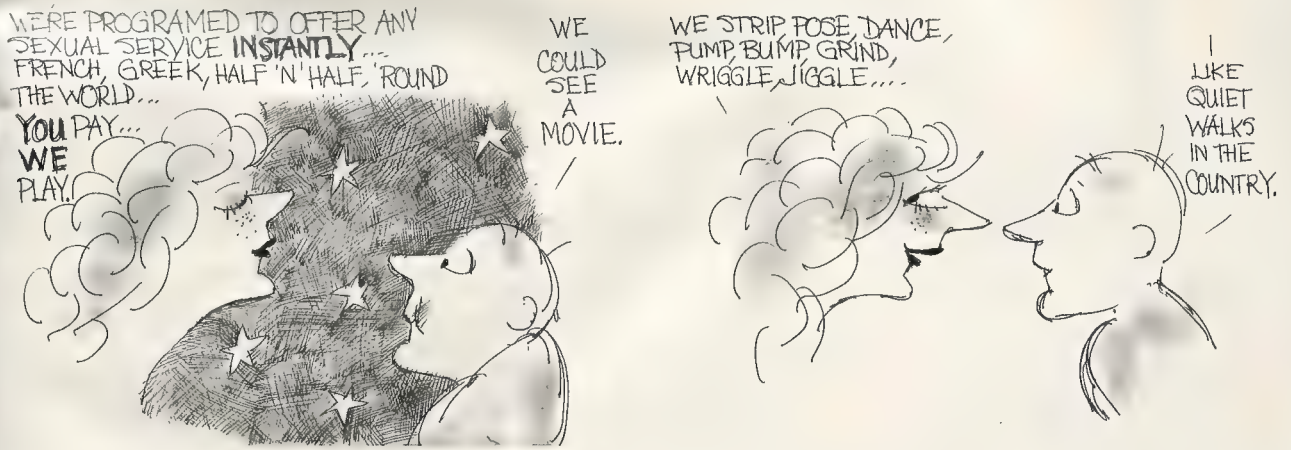
I think it's that their credibility is on the line. They've invested everything in this Whitewater deal. And this was the way for them and a lot of people to sort of get back and get their—because the reward, we made it such, for good or bad,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

LOVE AT FIRST BYTE

BY BOB GUCCIONE


HI... I'M A CYBER-SLUT. WHO ARE YOU ?
I'M MELVIN ROY BRAITHWAITE.. COMPUTER PROGRAMMER.
CYBER-SLUTS ARE FULLY INTERACTIVE SEXUALLY.. YOU CONFIDE... WE PROVIDE.
DO YOU LIKE SUSHI


WE'RE PROGRAMED TO OFFER ANY SEXUAL SERVICE INSTANTLY... FRENCH, GREEK, HALF 'N' HALF, 'ROUND THE WORLD... YOU PAY... WE PLAY.
WE COULD SEE A MOVIE.
WE STRIP, POSE, DANCE, PUMP, BUMP, GRIND, WRIGGLE, JIGGLE....
I LIKE QUIET WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

Dick Clark
AMERICA'S BAND LEADER

The man who made selling rock 'n' roll to Middle America look easy

I was 13 years old when, on a summer day in 1955, music history was made. To the cynics—anyone older than 25—it was considered a fad, a quirk, like so many other events during the Eisenhower reign in America. You remember—or, if not, your weird grandfather with the long sideburns and longer strands of hair covering his ever-increasing bald spots must have told you all about—those days of hula-hoops, of stuffing as many friends in a telephone booth as possible, of students neatly dressed in freshly ironed shirts and thin ties—underneath the black leather jackets with eagles on the back that you took off as soon as the bus pulled into the schoolyard. But July 9, 1955, was music's equivalent of the French Revolution—the day "Rock Around the Clock," by Bill Haley & His Comets, became the No. 1 song in America. Bye-bye, Perry Como; hello, Elvis.

Maybe the rock-'n'-roll hits on the heels of "Rock Around the Clock"—made even more popular by the success of *The*

A Conversation With Allan Sonnenschein

Blackboard Jungle, a film about how America's youth were going to hell in a handbasket—would have been nothing more than a short-lived fad of music if it hadn't been for a man named Dick Clark, who hosted a local Philadelphia ABC television show called "Bandstand," which because of its success soon got called "American Bandstand." Clark, born in 1930, was only 26 years old and a music man who envisioned a world of youth and music very different from "Leave It to Beaver" and Frank Sinatra crooning songs his way. Clark saw the commercial potential of this new culture beyond Philadelphia. He appealed to the guys in the sharp suits in New York City. He recalls:

I kept hammering away at ABC, but all I got was: "Hey, thanks, but don't call us, we'll call you." Finally we wore them down, and we were given a seven-week trial on 67 stations. It was so successful we received an award: "America's Number One Daytime Show . . . " Today we would never have made it. Back then you had, what, two-and-a-half networks? Today you turn on the television and you've got dozens of networks and cable stations to choose from. Timing was on our side.

Watching reruns of those early days of "American Bandstand," it seems so clean-cut, embarrassingly innocent—a time that doesn't exist anymore. I don't think I ever saw a tattoo or cleavage on the show. Also it seems to me that the kids on the show were the real celebrities. Am I exaggerating?

These kids just came by, stood on line, and got picked for the show. These kids were special. I mean, those kids—long before Andy Warhol thought of the idea about everyone and their 15 minutes of fame—were in national fan magazines and getting 15,000 pieces of mail sent to the studio. In fact they're now doing a film that we're co-producing with Danny DeVito and the "Bandstand" regulars. I may have been young, but I knew that I wasn't the star of the show. Keeping the focus and camera on the kids was the most important thing for me to do. If there is one secret to the success of "American Bandstand," it was my taking a back seat to the kids.

Looking back 40 years, I remember rushing home to watch the show. Hey, there were a few girls on that show I would have left home and family to marry. On the other hand I recall some of the girls in school talking about some cute guys with Elvis kind of buns. So it would seem to me that while you had dozens of clean-cut kids on the show, there was also a pecking order, the stars who were always in the camera's lens.

I'll answer that first, but then let me go back and offer a clearer explanation about what you call "clean-cut kids." There was a pecking order on "Bandstand," like everything else in life. Bob and Justine ["Bandstand" regulars] were probably the most famous couple we ever had. They'd dance together, and people would fantasize about what they thought was a hot romance. It was a daily soap opera without a script. People at home would watch, and when they [Bob and Justine] weren't dancing together, would make up their own thoughts: "Oh God, they must have had a fight!"

Trust me, it was really primitive television. However, it was a clean-cut show; the boys wore coats and ties, but it was all faked out. We knew that to get rock-'n'-roll music accepted and not thrown off the air, for parents to control their outrage, that if the kids looked nice it would pass. And it did. It was almost a collaborative effort on

The show "was all faked out. If we'd done it raw, it would have been shot down."

Ribald Rimes

Our continuing compilation of today's wittiest and lewdest limericks. Written and edited by Michael Dorsey. Illustrated by David Miller.

There once was a man from Bombay
who molded a cunt out of clay.
But the heat of his prick
turned the clay into brick,
which tore all his foreskin away.
—Adrian Jon Livingstone, Internet

There once was a lady named Singer,
whose cunt was a real humdinger.
Each day around noon
it hummed a fresh tune
when strummed with her thumb and forefinger.
—John Zancanaro, Internet

There was a young girl from Peru,
who had nothing whatever to do,
so she sat on the stairs
and counted cunt hairs—
four thousand, three hundred and two.
—Chuck Keough, Missouri

I was offered some pussy to sup,
and spent hours just lapping it up.
Later on, I confess,
when offered a breast,
I belched and said, "Just half a cup."

Original limericks can be submitted via the *Penthouse* Web site, http://www.penthousemag.com. We'll publish our favorites in an upcoming issue, and winners will receive a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse.*

our part. The kids knew what it was all about. It gave a patina of purity to this thing when we were playing records that couldn't get on most airwaves. Look, I'm not being defensive about this, it was simply being clever. If we had done the show in its raw state, parents and politicians would have shot it down.

I think people now under the age of 40 have no idea what was going on at the time. Films were made about rock and roll, but rock and roll was equated with juvenile delinquency, indecency. Rock and roll was evil, but there was something else going on in rock and roll that had nothing to do with juvenile delinquency. It was called "payola"—kickbacks to play and plug songs. How did you stay above it?

I didn't stay above it. I got caught right smack dab in the middle of it, because I was so well known. I was the best-known disk jockey in the country at that point, and I was on television. The thing that always fascinated me and made me a little jaundiced about politicians was that they came chasing after me because I made quite a bit of money, a lot for those days. And in the eyes of politicians the only way you can make that kind of money at 26 is by being on the take. It's the way they think. They were aghast to learn that I was a businessman. I owned record companies, managed talent, owned copyrights. I did everything in the world to make money, honestly and legitimately.

The perversity of it all was that I was not on the taking end, but on the giving end. Since then the laws have changed, but at the time we're talking about I broke no laws. And what is so sad is what the federal agencies do when they're wrong—disrupting your life, invading your home, and worse—and then "Oops, you're a fine young man and you're not to blame for any of this." Perhaps not, but for two years my life was in disarray. Not to mention obscene legal fees.

Few people know about your quiet activities to undo America's perennial racial divide. Tell us a little about your efforts.

Radio music was awful to black artists. So to get black [race] music on white stations, white artists would record or "cover" the songs. Pat Boone was more acceptable than some African-American performer. But somewhere in the mid-fifties some disk jockeys began to play so-called race music, and the kids went wild over it. On "Bandstand" we would play Fats Domino records, Sam Cooke, and occasionally play a [white] cover of their music. But we learned it was the Fats Domino and Sam Cooke versions that were popular. We played The Crows before The Crewcuts, and the kids loved it. It was one of the main reasons "Bandstand" was successful. Radio was living on another planet. Here we had radio shows playing only white music and the shows were going bust. But there we were, playing on "Bandstand"—right across the hall from the radio studio—all these black artists and enjoying television's greatest afternoon audiences in the country.

Would you call yourself a pioneer? A racial activist?

We did it—"we" including Tony Mammarella, my producer—because it was the right thing to do. And we did it without incident. Not only performers, but the kids were from all backgrounds. Nobody ever got outraged, nobody got hurt. There were no riots, we received no outraged telephone calls. And this is the miracle: It was during the social atmosphere of sit-ins and lynchings, and you had people of different races entertaining other different races in the same room where different races were socializing. Best of all, [people of] every race or ethnic group you could think of were in front of their 12-inch black-and-white televisions, watching it all happen. Still, don't confuse me with some wide-eyed activist preaching to the masses. We simply didn't make a big deal out of it. There were no press announcements, no marchers in front of the studio, and no nasty posters. It was daytime television, kids dancing, laughing, partying, who cares? I cannot explain why nothing [bad] happened. Thank God.

The Dick Clark, readers, whom you still see on your network or cable station is precisely what you get. He's that eternal-looking Ponce de Leon; the face of youth and vigor, the kind of guy you'd enjoy swapping tales with over glasses of beer. It's difficult to locate bitterness or anger in his heart—given the stab-thy-neighbor-in-the-back ethic of show business—because he'd rather say nothing than speak evil of his critics. However, there's an exception to the rule. Clark believes there were and are some very famous entertainers and highly regarded Americans out there who chose to mislead the masses. These sworn enemies—spokespersons for censoring and destroying rock and roll—belong to the approaching–Social Security generation who hate youth and its accompanying joy.

I lived through the "hate rock and roll" days. It was a strange reaction, because it came from different quarters. It came from the religious community, of course. It came from jump-on-the-bandwagon politicians to win elections. Parents were outraged because the music was alien. And then there was the music-publishing industry, which was losing its income to these unwashed, musically uneducated, and very young people who didn't belong in their society. We had ASCAP versus BMI. Most of the kids had to join BMI, because ASCAP wouldn't accept them. So ASCAP looked to destroy these kids and BMI, and brought out diverse people to say that rock and roll is terrible. [The late actress] Helen Hayes joined the wolf pack, and that late, great defender of the First Amendment Tip O'Neill [Boston pol, later Speaker of the House] issued a quote I keep on my blotter: "Rock and roll is a type of sensuous music unfit for impressionable minors." There were others, like Sinatra and Mitch Miller, joining in the voices of censorship.

Who are the greatest rock stars of all time—the musicians who will always be recalled as the stars of their decades? (Clark rolled his eyes when I insisted, but he finds it difficult to say no to a guest.)

Well, the fifties belong to Elvis. However, and only by a few years, there were Fats Domino, Chuck Berry, and Bo Diddley. Soon after, in the sixties, you get the Beatles, and then Elton John in the seventies, and Michael Jackson in the eighties. In the nineties, hmm, maybe Garth Brooks.

Drugs have always been part of the rock scene. Are things getting better or worse?

You've got the same problems today. When the Jefferson Airplane came on "Bandstand" they were quite ravaged. Years later I asked Grace Slick, did she remember the show. It was the band's first national television appearance. She looked at me and said, "Dick, I don't remember *anything* about the sixties."

Now it's the nineties. Do record companies today have a responsibility for watching out for their clients, their artists who have drug problems? I don't think that's ever going to happen. I wish it would, but the business is driven by

"I asked Grace Slick if she recalled her first national TV appearance. 'Dick,' she said, 'I don't remember *anything* about the sixties.'"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

Suze Randall

Pet of the Year

PLAY-OFF

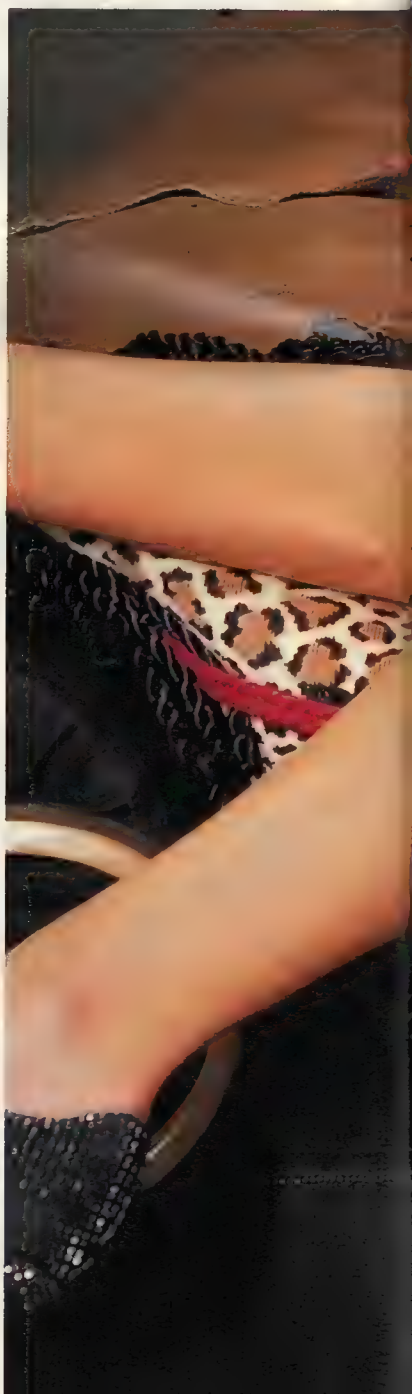
Although our glorious 1997 Pet of the Year, Elizabeth Ann Hilden (above), holds *Penthouse*'s most coveted title for another six months, it's time once again to consider which princess is most worthy of Queen status for 1998. And we know no better reason to take another look at the fabulous contenders—Sabrina, Diane, Lexus, Julia, and Paige. Our 1998 winner will be showered with gifts and prizes, and celebrated in a new pictorial. Send your vote to: Pet of the Year, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003, or—for fastest results—e-mail our Web site at http://www.penthousemag.com.

SABRINA

February 1996

Our funny valentine, Sabrina West, set our hearts aflutter as February 1996 Pet of the Month. The 34-24-34 economics student has a sweet tooth, particularly when it comes to chocolate. "There's something about its taste, its smell, and its feel that I find very sensual," she tells us. "For me, nothing could be more fun than making love and eating chocolates. Fortunately sex seems to burn off any calories my weakness for confections puts on." Plenty of golf and hiking also help this Colorado-born beauty stay in perfect shape for her *other* hobbies: "I love going camping and making love under the stars."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL



DIANE

March 1996

Like a sudden gust of wind that takes your breath away, 25-year-old Diane blew in as Pet of the Month for March 1996. Although a successful career as a model and dancer has kept Diane in the spotlight, our glamour girl is most comfortable in her heartland of Texas ... and on her 223-acre ranch. "Raising horses is just like having children," she reveals. "If you want them to grow up right, you have to really take care of them. I've begun building up my land and started work on a house. I can't wait for the day that I can just kick back and enjoy it all!" Diane's feelings about monogamy reveal a challenging wild side: "I could be faithful to one man with my *heart,* but *sexually* I need variety. Fortunately my husband is very open-minded."

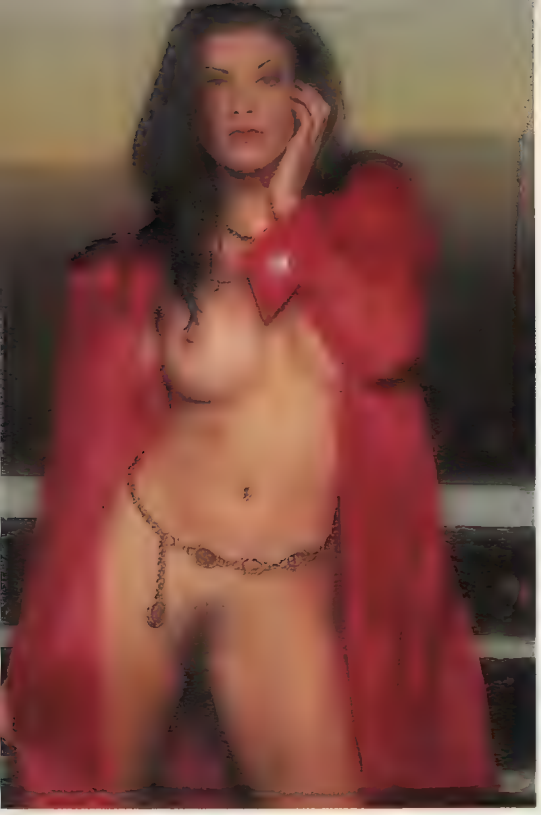
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

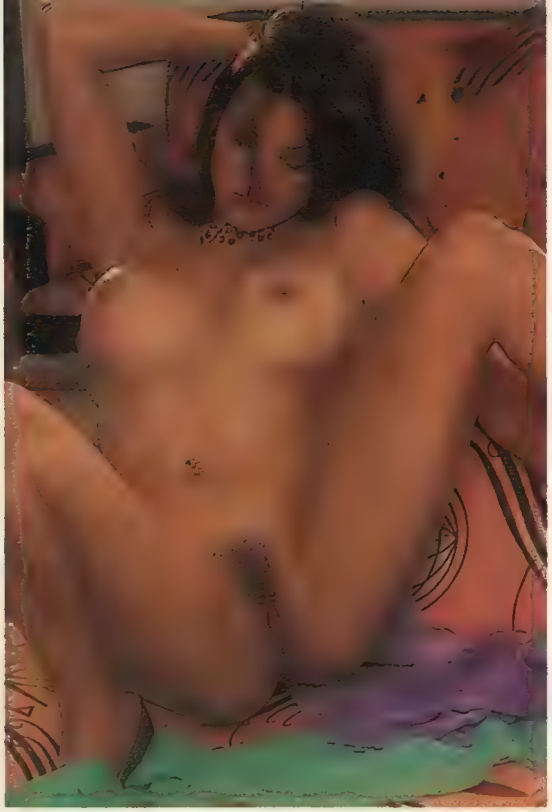
LEXUS

May 1996

May 1996 brought us the most breathtaking spring flower—sultry Pet of the Month Lexus Locklear, a 21-year-old beauty with wisdom beyond her years. "I think it's important to live out fantasies," says the sexy Californian. "The greatest legacy of the sexual revolution is that people understand women can have the same sexual desires and needs as men. Women have more options and can make better decisions for themselves." And the 34-22-34 Lexus takes her independence very seriously: "I could never get serious about a man who tried to rein me in ... either emotionally or sexually. Freedom is very important to me."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL





JULIA

June 1996

Julia Garvey, Pet of the Month in June 1996, quenches like a long cool drink on a hot summer night. Julia's endless curiosity has recently sparked an interest in body piercing. "I now have three hoops in my belly button and two studs in my tongue," says the 36-22-35 club entertainer. "Those in my belly button are purely for show, but the ones in my tongue are really great during oral sex." Her willingness to try anything once has given Julia some valuable insight on life: "I've already lived out most of my sexual fantasies, and I've found that sex is much more fun when you do it when you're not supposed to."

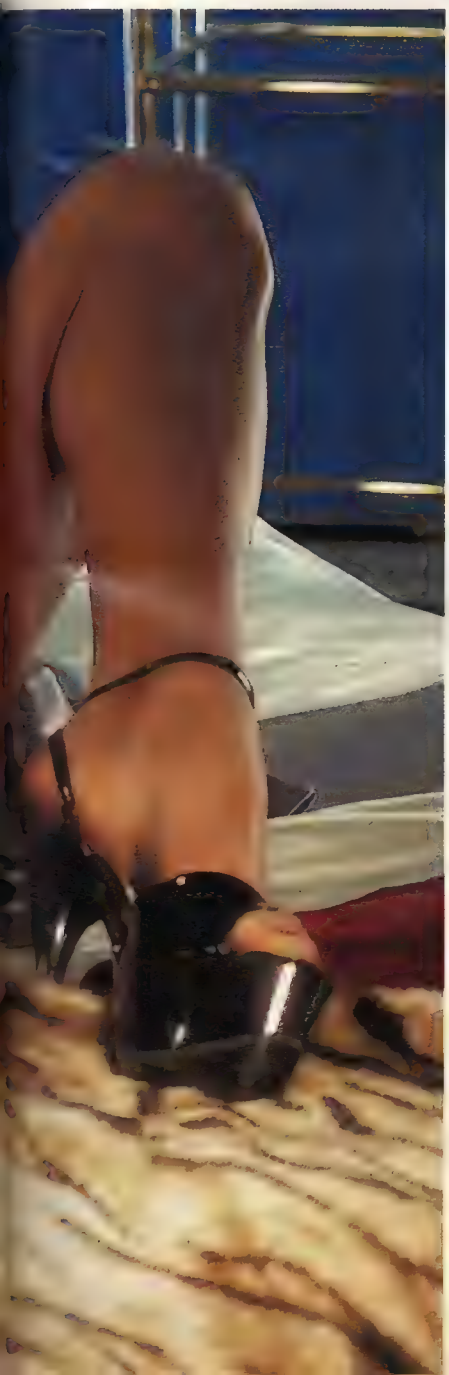
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

PAIGE

August 1996

It was 21-year-old Paige Summers, our August 1996 Pet of the Month, who helped us survive the brutal dog days with her soothing gaze and soft blonde tresses. As an archaeology student at the University of New Mexico, Paige is stimulated both intellectually *and* sexually by her major. "My favorite fantasy takes place while I'm on an archaeological expedition," she reveals. "I discover a hidden treasure trove and cover myself with jewels. It's a hot day, and suddenly my guide pours water over my burning skin and peels off my clothes. Then we make love surrounded by glittering gems." From her first glance at *Penthouse*, the 37-26-36 Pet knew her mission: "I fell in love with the pictorials. I told my boyfriend, 'One day I'm going to do that.'"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARREN TANG



Desperados

Today's outlaws are not only better armed, they are also better dressed, and well-heeled to boot.

★ ★ ★

Hat—cinnamon felt with braided leather and silver concho ornaments by **Renegade.** Rayon and gabardine shirt with mother-of-pearl buttons by **Buffalo Chips.** Hand-tooled leather belt by **Sean Whelan,** with star-

ling-silver and 18-karat-gold engraved buckle by Bill and Chase Holland of **Holland Jewelers.** Gloves of bone deer-skin by **Buffalo Chips.** "The Ranch" coat in naked cowhide with antler buttons by **Buffalo Chips.** Handmade boots in tooled leather by **Ammons.** Chaps with sterling-silver buttons by **Crown Custom Leatherworks** over **Levis** 501s. Cigar—**Cohiba** from Cuba. Automatic pistol by **Sturm Ruger.** AK-47 by **Czechoslovakia.**

Fashion by Gerard Van der Leun ★ Photographs by Andrew Unangst

(Left) Duded-up cowboys can step out on Saturday nights on Saturday nights in these appliqué leather boots. The design is a replica of an early 1940s "Sunday Best" pattern. They are custom made for **Buffalo Chips.** (Right) To top it off wranglers can put on this elegant body armor —a meticulously hand-tooled heavyweight cowhide vest created by **Jerry Black.**

Buckle up. (Counterclockwise from nine o'clock) Sterling-silver eagle motif by **Dale Harris**; **Holland Jewelers** sterling-silver and 18-karat-gold star buckle on a **Python** belt; bronc rider in chased sterling silver and 18-karat gold from **Sunset Trails**; square sterling-silver buckle with 18-karat-gold stars and inset rubies by **Dale Harris.**

American designer

(Left) Softened-suede shirt with gold deerskin piping in a traditional design for **Buffalo Chips.** (Right) Beige preshaped and prestressed cowboy hat with silver concho band by **Renegade.** (Far right) Full-grain softened-cowhide chaps with sterling-silver conchos. Both by **Crown Custom Leatherworks.** Goods courtesy of Buffalo Chips, SoHo, N.Y.C.

For more information, see Fashion Finder on page 195.

wn classic Western wear. European designers just don't get it.

CARVILLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

the rewards of bringing down a president, or finding a story like this, are so big that it's like you say in campaigns, people tend to do things because they want to win so desperately. This has become a struggle. This is a testosterone struggle, man, that's what's going on here. And also it was a good way for the press to proclaim their independence, you know what I mean? The, quote, liberal press. But they are so vested in this story.

Who do you mean?

The New York Times. The New Republic. Obviously the right wing. *The Washington Times, The Wall Street Journal* editorial page, that whole crowd. What are they going to say when it turns out, as everyone now knows it is, it's a land deal that lost money. They can't say, Well, we wasted three years of time, we sold you a bill of goods. And if something happens ... they are desperate for the prosecutors to do something.

Let's put Whitewater aside for a moment and look at a more recent scandal. What do you make of these stories about Democratic fund-raising?

Look, I'm not going to defend Republican or Democratic fund-raising. I personally believe we ought to have public funding in everything. I think the parties—my general view of political parties is, what do we do with all that money we raise anyway? Where does it go? You know, if we cut out soft money, it wouldn't be ... It doesn't matter to me. Hey, why would we be any worse off?

What do you think about the supposed selling of nights in the White House?

Big contributors have always gone to the White House. And the response by the White House staff to these charges has been pitiful.

You don't believe that the President changed his China policy because—

No! Everybody, every person to a person of the chattering class, they were urging the President to change his China policy. Every Wall Street person, everybody came down, the secretary of the treasury, the secretary of state. You know what I mean? Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. I mean, it's just too silly. That charge is patently silly on its face. The amount of pressure on the administration to change its China policy, there was probably as much pressure as anything that they've done. And by the way, most of the pressure came from the people who are now somehow or other charging that these political contributions had something to do with it.

With all of Starr's wavering, do you think the Whitewater investigations still have a lot of steam in them?

Oh, they're going to go on until January 20th, 2001. It will never stop as long as Bill Clinton is president. They have no intention, they're thirty million dollars into this thing, or whatever, twenty-five to thirty. They have no intention of stopping. That's why I've gotta be here.

Why do the Republicans hate Clinton so much?

Well, the psychology, the first thing is, they view the presidency as theirs. They had it for twelve years. In George Bush's mind, he couldn't believe that he lost the election to Bill Clinton. And the people around him couldn't believe it. They thought it had to be something sort of illegitimate. That's part of it, all right? The second part of it is a lot of people don't like Clinton because, as we tend to forget, Clinton took a big bite out of a lot of people's pocketbooks with the '93 tax increase. Not a lot of people, less than one percent of the taxpayers, but a lot of the people that make opinion.

> "I won't name names, but one of the things that irritates a lot of the elites [is that they've] left their kids and wives, and Clinton hasn't."

People in the elite.

Yes, the elites, they got tagged pretty good. I think that had something to do with it. And his success—remember when the Clinton economic plan passed, the right wing said this is the end, this is the collapse. I love to bring out all the quotes. And recession was coming in, it was going to be the end.... They went out and told everybody, if you pass the Clinton economic plan there's going to be a recession. Not only was there not a recession, there was a boom. Then they went out and told everybody that there's something unseemly and illegal about Whitewater. They're on their last leg, they have nothing to validate their charges.

Now if someone wanted to say that Clinton will give a slick answer, there is some validity there, you know what I mean? That's an observation that can be made in the political process, you can write an editorial about it, you can do a column about it, commentate on it on Sunday morning. But what happened was his enemies conned a lot of the mainstream media into believing that there was something illegal going on—of which there was not—and they don't know how to get off.

It's an interesting thing, because there's all this discussion of the President's character and his slipperiness, but yet what you're saying is sort of the opposite of that, that what they really don't like about him is that he does stand up and fight back.

Oh, yes. Yes. What's happened here, though, is the power of the press has been challenged, and thus far pretty successfully. You understand, this is a testosterone—you've got to understand, at the heart of this is a battle for who's in charge of the country. They have always figured, correctly, that they were in charge of the country. When they decided it was time for somebody to go, [that person] went.

"They" being the press?

Yes. When they collectively decided it's time for this person to go, then that person went. But this guy Clinton didn't go, and not only did he not go but he won reelection, and he's still there! And if he walks away in 2001, then they've been hurt. Now if they, quote, get him, unquote, then they can say, See, we told you all along.

How does that play into the Gingrich stories? Had they decided that he should go?

Yes. He's gone. He's gone. He ain't gone yet, but he's gone. He's gone.

You think he's out of there before the end of the year?

He's out now. He doesn't have any power. He's eviscerated.

Why did the Republicans keep him?

Because they stand up.

Did they make a mistake?

I think in the long run they did the right thing by keeping him, because they showed that they would stick together. They said, You fool with one of our guys, we're going to stick with him. Okay? My guess is that ... I mean he may survive as Speaker, but he ain't going to survive with any sort of power. But I think, and I think what they showed voters is that they will stick together. They emanated strength in this. I think if they thought the American people wanted Gingrich gone ... Look, I admire those guys for sticking together. I really do. And I think that they're sticking on a matter of actually principle here, that he's one of ours, this whole thing—and of course it's politically motivated. Yes.

You mean you don't think he has committed ethical violations?

Sure he has. But I don't think he's a criminal. He *is* a liar. Not like a little

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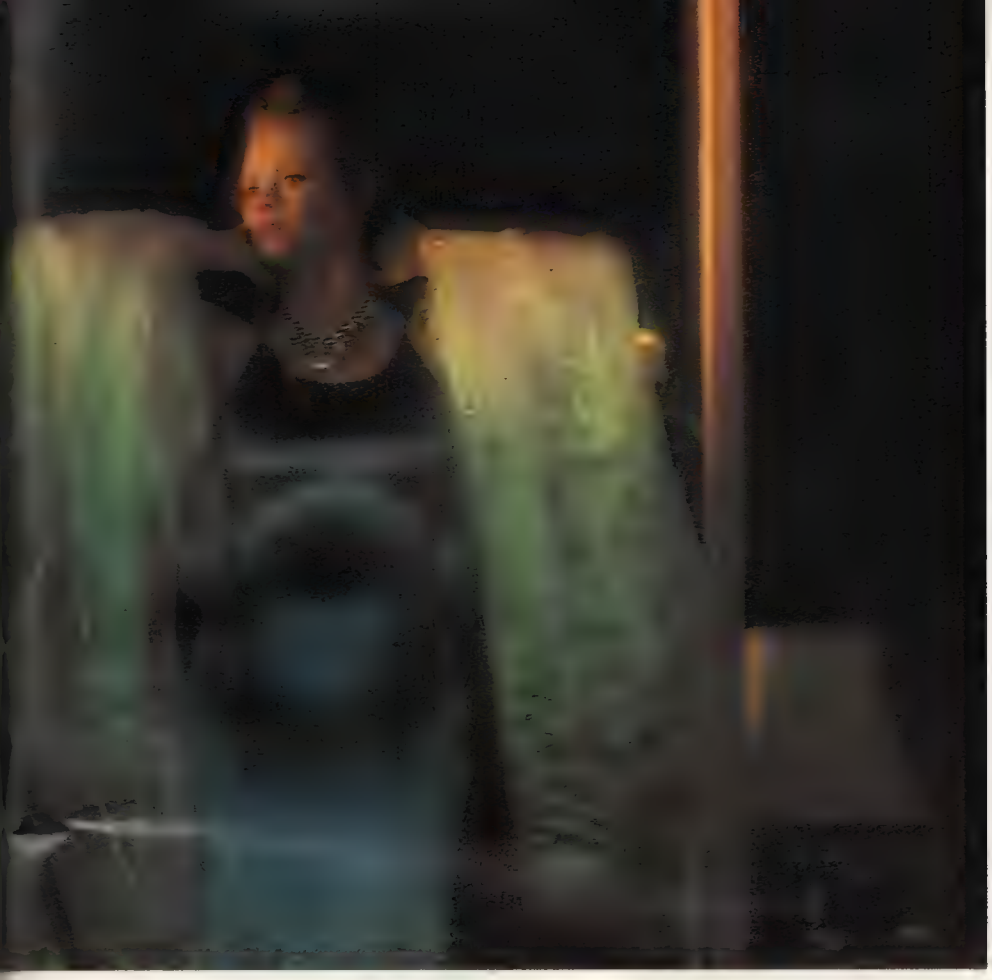
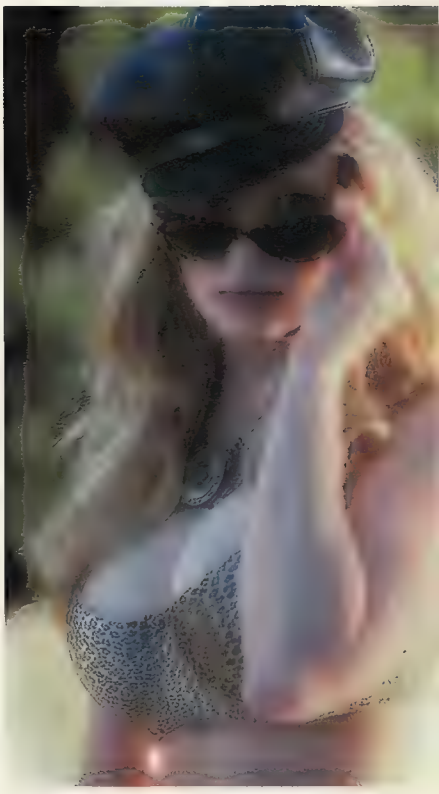




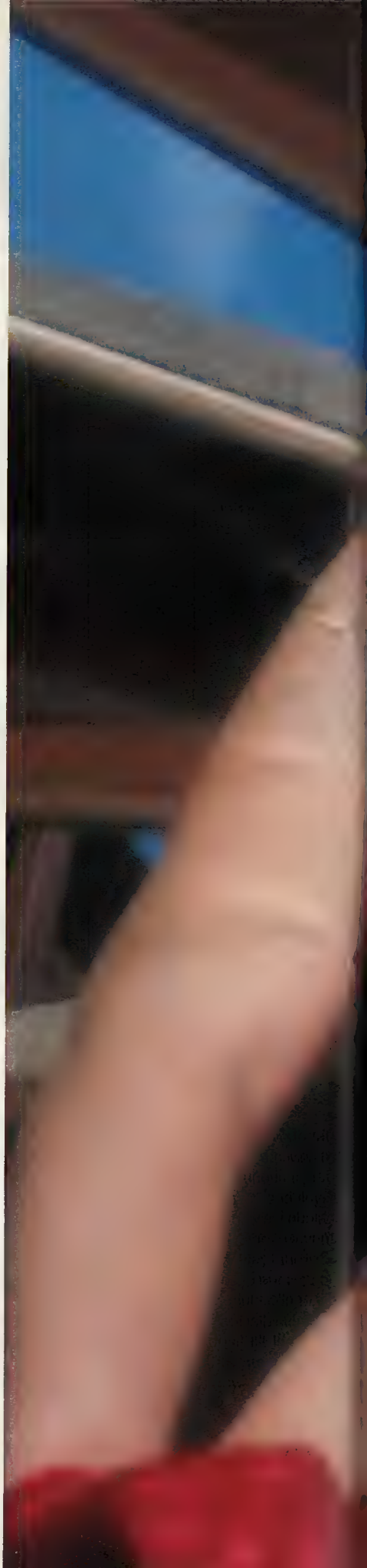
DAYNA ANN

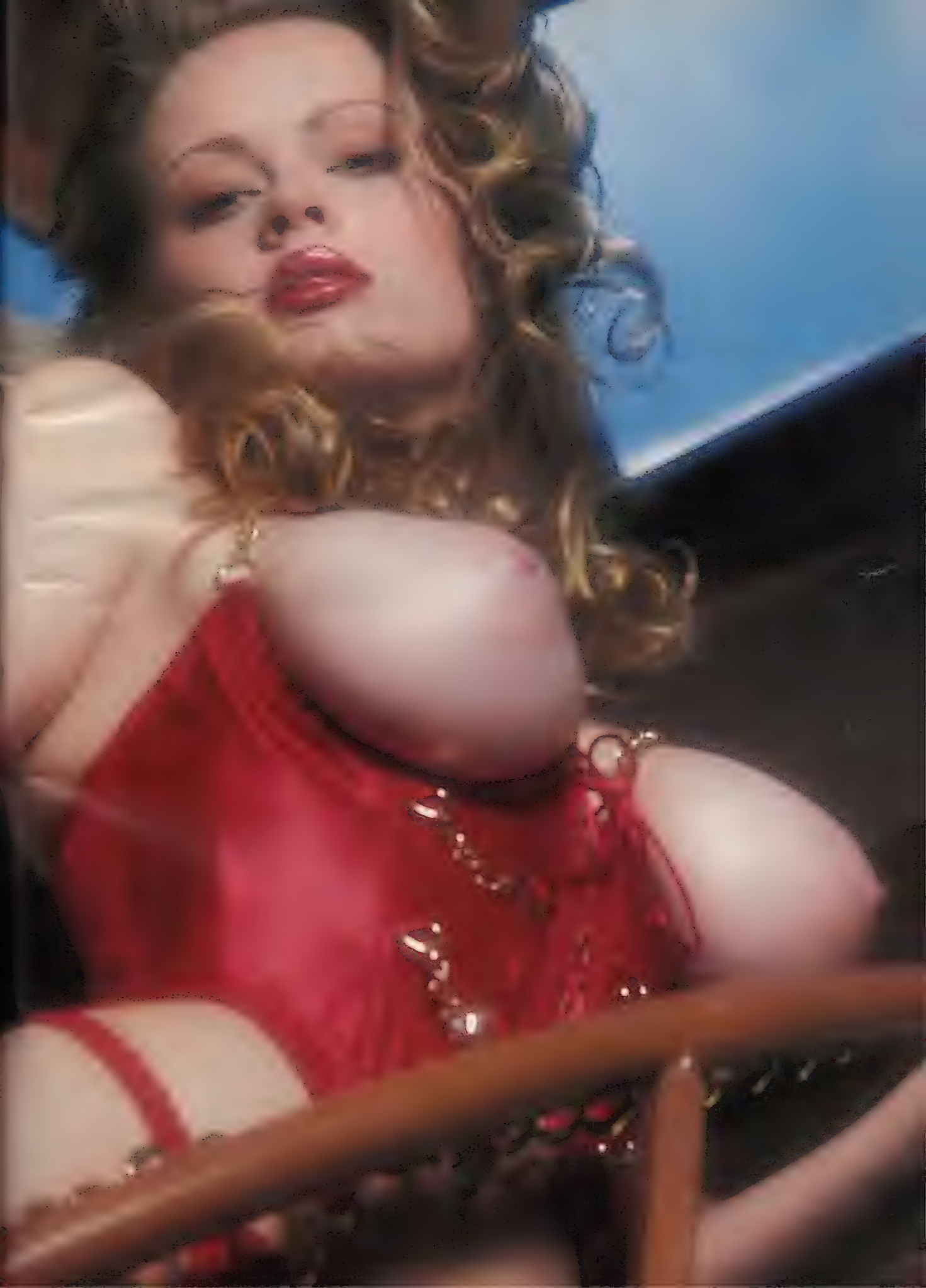
"My friends and I once rented a convertible and drove through Malibu topless. It was a total blast!"

IN A CLASS BY HERSELF

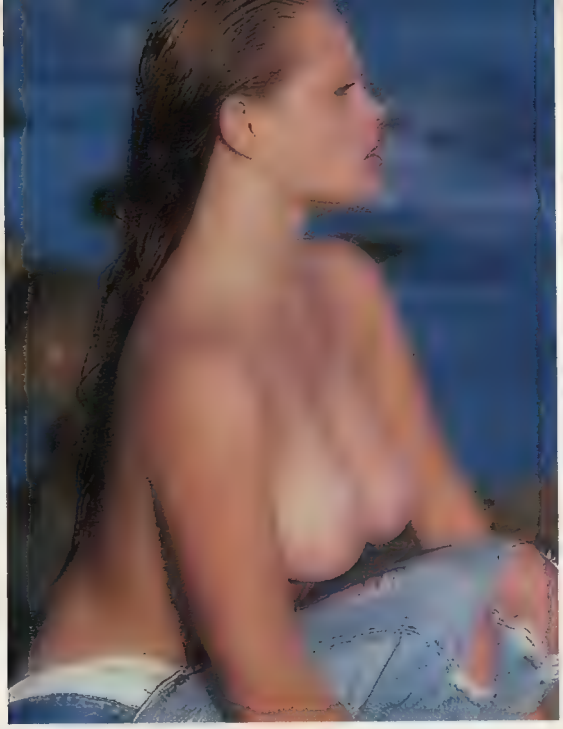
She's every coed's ideal friend—vivacious, caring, fun to be with—and every frat man's fantasy—sexy, seductive, and within reach. She's 19-year-old Pet of the Month Dayna Ann, a junior at the University of Southern California. Our curvaceous collegian is an only child, but she has 65 sisters—sorority sisters, that is, who she says are very excited about her upcoming pictorial. "I think a lot of Americans view nudity as something bad or dirty, when in fact it's the most natural way for us to be," Dayna Ann tells us. "I think *Penthouse* portrays women in a clean and sexy way, and I'm honored to be a part of that." A marketing major, Dayna Ann has plans to pursue an M.B.A. after college. "I'd like to become a sports agent. That way I could combine my interest in advertising and marketing with my love of sports." Our athletic Pet plays football, soccer, and water polo. "I also love dancing," she adds. "It's the best way to release stress. When I dance it's just me and the music. It's a chance to forget all the craziness that may have taken place that day."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

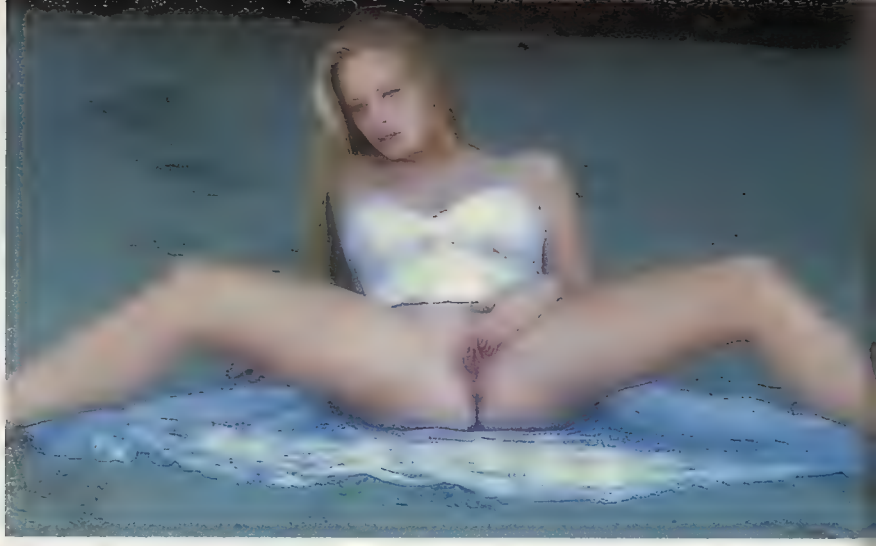




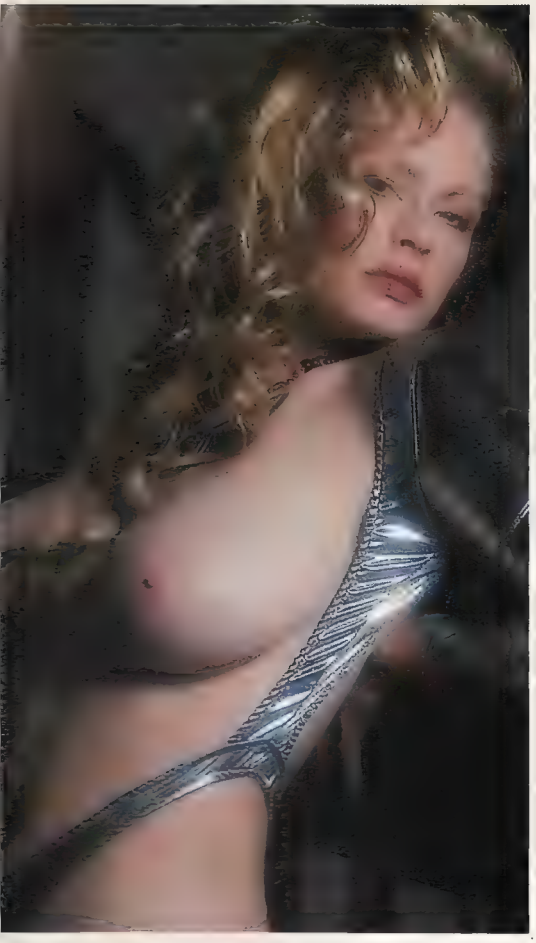
"The thing I love most about California is being close to the beach. It's so beautiful and tranquil there. Whenever I need a pick-me-up, that's where I go. It really rejuvenates me. Just the smell of the fresh salt air and sound of the crashing waves are enough to perk up my spirits. And if I ever get sick of lying out in the sun, I can always drive up into the mountains and go snowboarding. I'm a 100-percent California girl," declares Dayna Ann, running her hand through her long, sun-streaked hair. "I've lived here all my life, and could never imagine living anywhere else."



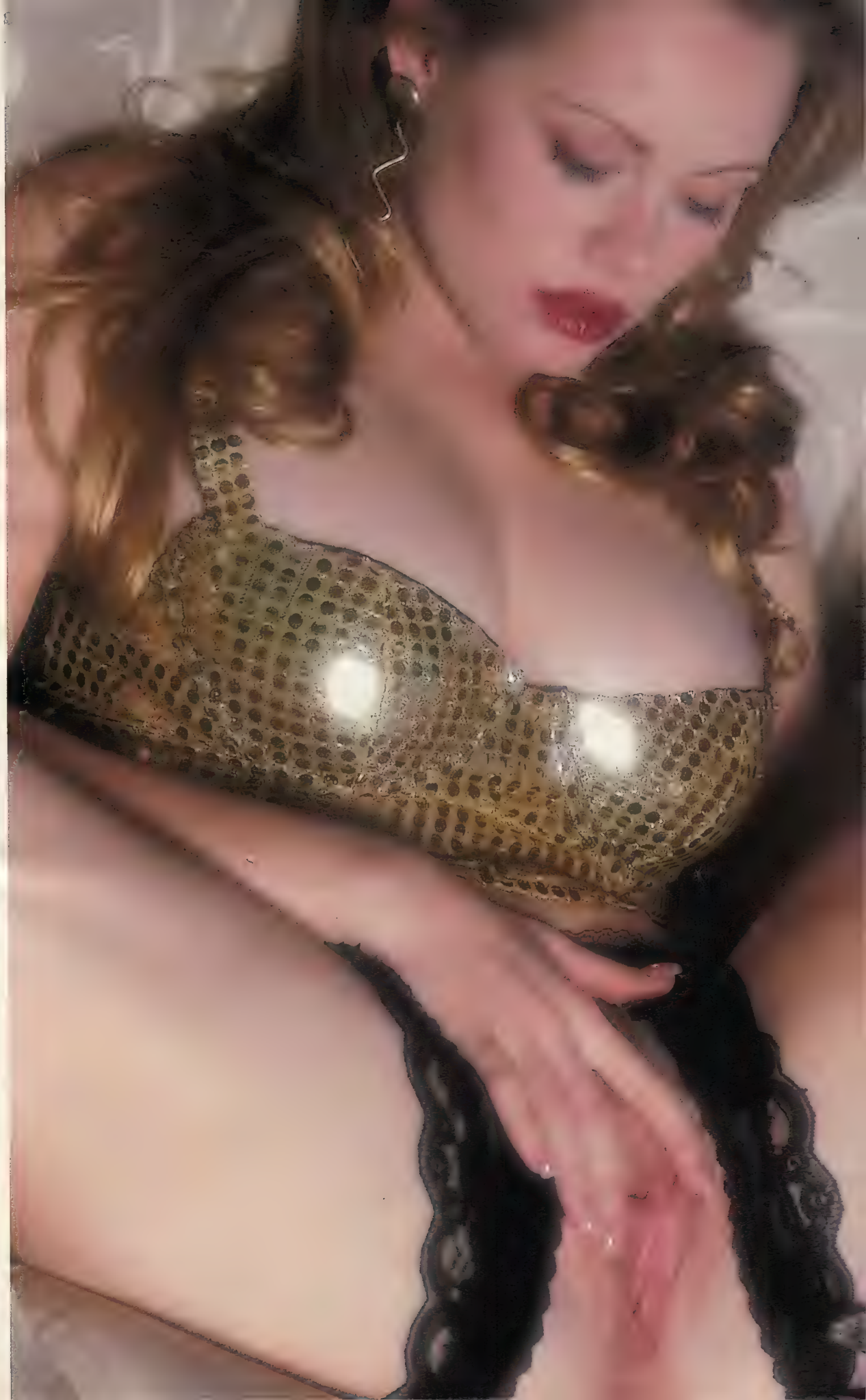
"My biggest turn-on is having my ankles kissed. There's something about the feel of a man's lips there that sends sparks shooting through my whole body."



Dayna Ann takes advantage of the warm climate whenever she can, once even renting a convertible and driving with some girlfriends slowly through downtown Malibu with the top down—and with *their tops down.* "It was a total blast!" recalls our 37-26-27 Pet.

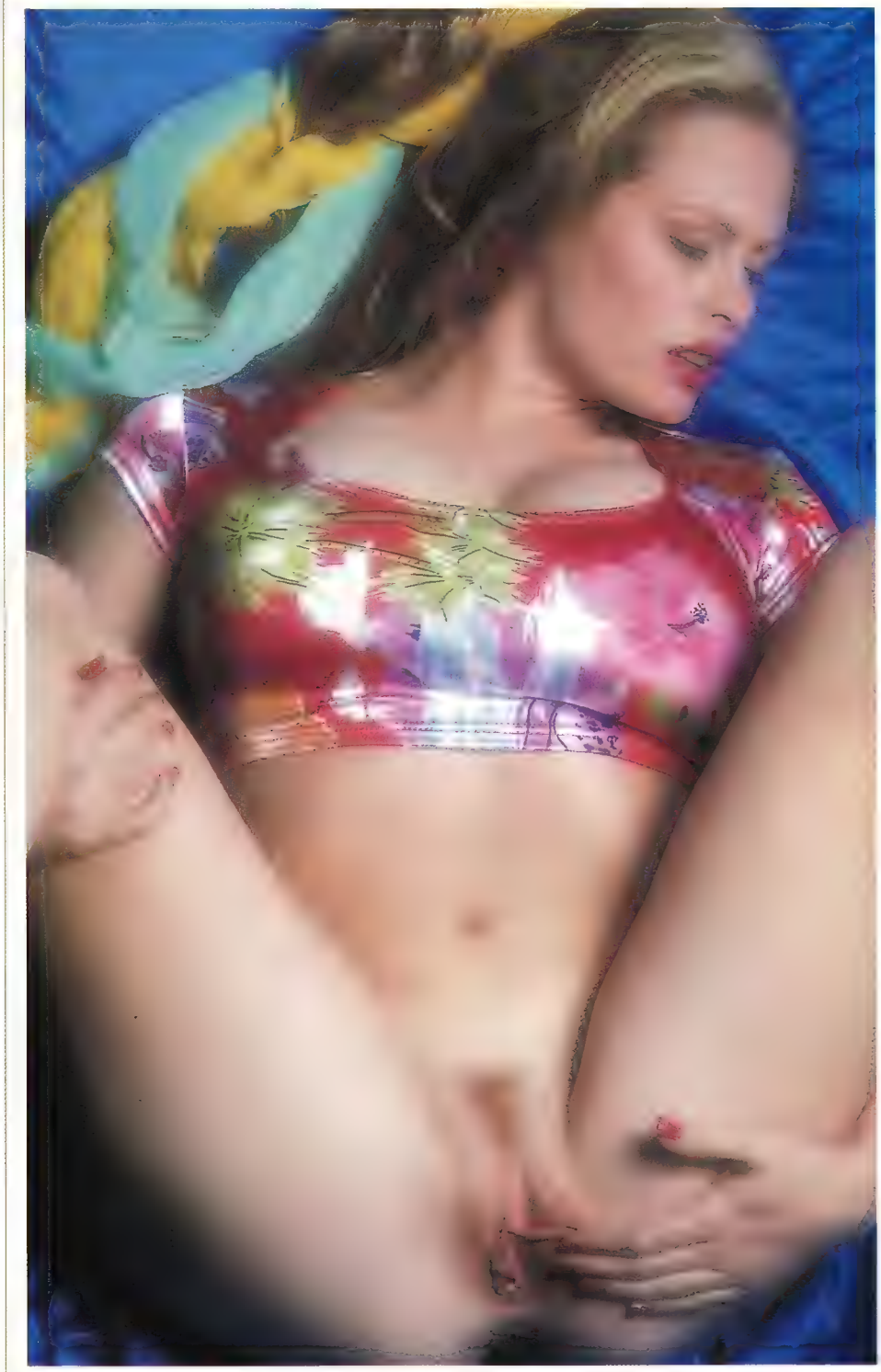


"I'm not a phony," says the striking blonde. "What you see is what you get. No one likes being toyed with or lied to. I'm up-front with everyone I meet."



"My biggest turn-on is having my ankles kissed," Dayna Ann confides. "There's something about the feel of a man's lips there that sends sparks shooting through my whole body."

Currently single, Dayna Ann hopes things will change during her summer vacation. "My fantasy is to make love on satin sheets in a room lit only by candlelight," she says.



"I used to be a tomboy when I was younger—sort of like everyone's kid *brother*," Dayna Ann tells us. "Fortunately I've outgrown that. I much prefer keeping in touch with my feminine side." Dayna Ann, that's a side of you we'd *all* prefer to stay in touch with!

To see more of Dayna Ann, visit the Pet of the Month Fan Club at http://www.penthousemag.com.

MISS DAYNA ANN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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MILITARY affairs

Earlier this year General Ronald R. Fogelman, the Air Force chief of staff, said that the potential use of military forces for peacekeeping and other non-war fighting operations should be taken into account by those responsible for reviewing force levels and strategy. General Fogelman favors a new strategy: paying for the full complement of forces but using them in what he calls "lesser regional conflicts," meaning one "not too big" war plus various peacekeeping or humanitarian missions.

Since the fall of Communism and the Gulf War, friends of the military-industrial complex have searched for a way to keep it fully employed. The search can be likened to that of a sailor sent out to find some non-existent horizon line in order to appear busy. This is unfortunate, not because the military-industrial complex is some kind of angry god that must be placated by increased defense spending lest it unleash the dogs of war, but rather because such behavior creates a false sense of national security.

Any war General Ronald R. Fogelman's strategy involved us in would be the "wrong war" for those fighting it.

The false sense derives from the belief, carefully nurtured by spokespersons for the military-industrial complex, that military might is the best means of avoiding war. It is a clever dodge. Clever, because although there is some truth in that belief, it ignores a more important prerequisite: the existence of a broad-based national will to use military power to achieve legitimate political objectives. Lacking this decisiveness, we all too often prematurely jettison these objectives in order to get quick "peace" settlements. Witness the so-called victory of Desert Storm followed by the continuing control of Iraq by Saddam Hussein.

A peace like that has been difficult to justify by those trying to develop and carry out a rational military policy. Recently Senator Charles Robb (D-Va.) stated: "We live in an era in which potential opponents—including countries we have not yet envisioned as adversaries—have or will have the mobility and firepower to exploit a U.S. diversion in another theater. If the United States is engaging North Korea and has limited forces on hand, who is to deter the Iraqis from moving south again, or the Iranians from consummating their designs on the Persian Gulf, or the Bosnian peace from dissolving?" The fact is, we are the only world power with at least a superficial commitment to international peace operations, coupled with an obligation to wage simultaneously a Desert Storm or two to keep the sea lanes open and the oil wells pumping.

A further danger in having open-ended commitments is that with changes in our political leadership it becomes increasingly difficult to choose among them. With the signing of the Israeli-Palestinian pact regarding Hebron and the West Bank (an event brokered by the U.S.), we have no doubt increased our involvement in Mideastern politics. Similarly, the emergence of China as a major international high-tech arms dealer patronized by our enemies, coupled with our headlong pursuit of the "China trade," ignores that nation's ongoing pursuit of hegemony over its neighbors. To assume that China is animated only by peaceful intentions and the protection of its citizens' human rights is hopelessly naive.

One can only hope we won't have to revisit the half-right, half-wrong thinking of General Omar Bradley when, as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he told the Senate on May 15, 1951 (six months after the Chinese Communists had entered the Korean War): "Red China is not the powerful nation seeking to dominate the world. Frankly, in the opinion of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, this strategy [MacArthur's, of widening the conflict] would involve us in the wrong war, at the wrong place, at the wrong time, and with the wrong enemy." Bradley's remarks left a bitter aftertaste with the veterans who had to fight and the families of those who died in the "wrong war" for two more long years.

It's hard to say what war General Fogelman's strategy would involve us in, but one thing's for sure: It would be the "wrong war" for those who would have to fight it.—*William R. Corson*

CARVILLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

minor lie, you know what I mean? It's the sort of thing where they swear a witness in and tell him, "Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?" And the guy says, "Which one you want, Judge?"

Newt doesn't seem to have a James Carville.

But what he's got is, he's got majority leader Dick Armey, he's got majority whip Tom Delay, and he's got *The Washington Times* and *The Wall Street Journal* and *The Weekly Standard;* he's got a whole infrastructure that will defend him.

I will do something that I rarely do: I will publicly criticize the President. I think that when someone stands for us, we ought to put our arm around them, and I think when somebody takes a cheap shot at us we ought to go knock their goddamn head off. Okay? And I don't think that either the President or the White House do that enough.

Give me an example, when he should have.

No, I'd rather not. I'd get in trouble. There are plenty of times when people haven't.... Look, if we can't stand up for poor kids or something, you know what I mean? If we just stand up for anything. If the Democratic Party, if the Democratic caucus, said, "This we'll do, and there will be no nothing, this is our patch of ground, dammit, here!" I think the country would explode in applause. Okay? And I think the country would have exploded in applause, and James Carville wouldn't have had to do this, if somebody would have said, This is crazy, these Whitewater prosecutors are spending twenty-five, thirty million dollars, they're in bed with right-wing nut groups. And it's an outrage, and somebody needs to say this, and we need to rethink this whole independent-counsel statute, we need to rethink how this thing is done, this thing has totally gotten away from us, we've got a crisis in this country, forty-two percent of the people think that this investigation is too partisan, as opposed to only thirty-four percent who think it's mostly fair. I think it would have helped the Democratic Party, it would have helped the President, it would have helped whoever would have said that.

The Democrats are so scared of the chattering class it's unbelievable. I mean, if you want to start a stampede in Washington, drop a feather in the middle of a congressional Democratic caucus, and when it hits the floor they'll be gone out of every exit, they'll be diving out the window, running for fear. They're scared of their own shadows. So I think the President—I rarely do this, but I will—I think the President has not been forceful enough in dealing with people in his own party, people that he has helped, [who] sort of feel free to challenge him. If you look, you go back to 1994 when the Democrats were in a lot of trouble in the Congress, we fell apart. The Republicans were falling apart in 1996. In August of 1996 they said the hell with it, man, they passed the minimum wage—get that out of here. They passed a health-care bill—get that out of here. They passed a welfare reform. You know what I mean? They liberalized the welfare bill three times. I mean, they decided, We're going to be unified, we're going to go back and have something to run on. In 1994, had we [congressional Democrats and Administration] come together and passed a crime bill in the right way, had we come together and passed some kind of a health-care thing and got it through, we would not—I don't necessarily think we would have lost the Congress in 1994.

Voters respect strength.

They respect strength. They do. They respect strength. And they don't trust ... they think if you get somebody in there, you get the Democrats in, that they'll mealymouth, they'll become the victims of whatever interest group is in the Democratic Party. I also think we've really got to force their hand on these education and environment things, but they've gotten smart on that. The easiest vote to get on a student-loan program now is a Republican [one]. Again, they got smart. Just like we got smart; I think we finally learned we were on the wrong side of the crime issue.

And the other thing is, I think the Democratic Party, and I've said in my book, we've got to deal with this family breakup, and we've got to tell people we know that it's going on, we're concerned about it. Not only are we concerned about it, we think it's the most damaging thing going on in the nation now. We've got to tell people that the best way to raise children is with a mama and a daddy in the house. What's happened—and I find it so ironic in this whole kind of Hollywood debate—is that you've got the Republicans who, you know, three out of the last four Republican presidential nominees left young children at home. And they want these Hollywood directors to raise kids. But that's not what they do. I mean, Sidney Pollack or Milos Forman, or Francis Ford Coppola—their job is not to raise children. Their job is to make movies and make money for the people that do it.

But you appeared in a movie that defends the outer limits of free speech.

Yes, I did. Free speech does not cause family breakup. This is the craziest thing I have ever seen in my life, to say that because I support anti-discrimination laws for homosexuals then I'm contribut-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

Men's Health & Fitness

Contributing Editor Bill Lawren

Be stronger, smarter, harder, better! *Ultimate tune-ups for top performance*

MAKE A SPLASH AT THE BEACH

You've spent the winter hibernating in a cave full of beer, chips, and dip. Suddenly you wake up to realize that swimsuit season is almost upon you. So here, courtesy of ESPN's Pete Gratale, D.C., is a quick workout to help tone you up for pool, pond, or pounding surf.

You say you don't have time? The entire routine takes ten minutes or less. You don't have to go to the gym to do it. And you only have to do it three times a week. "It's quick," says Gratale, "it's intense, and it works all the body parts."

Freestanding squats (for all the leg muscles). Stand with your arms folded across your chest. Slowly squat as if about to sit in a chair. Stop before your upper leg is parallel to the floor. (Going lower may result in injury to your back.) Rise and repeat. Do two sets of 12 repetitions.

Lunges (for the butt, hamstrings, thighs). Stand with feet together. Take one large step forward with your left leg. Descend slowly into the lunge position, then rise up. Do 15 reps with the left leg, then switch to the right leg and do 15 more. Keep your hands on your hips to maintain your balance.

Chin-ups (for the back and biceps). For this one you'll need a bar, which you can anchor to a doorjamb. Grip the bar with your palms facing you. Pull yourself up with your arms until your chin is over the bar, then descend slowly. Begin with five reps and work up to two sets of 15.

Push-ups (for the chest, triceps, shoulders). Many men do push-ups incorrectly and end up with shoulder pain. To avoid this, says Gratale, make sure your fingers are pointing straight ahead, and that your arms are as wide apart as your shoulders. Even more important, keep your elbows tight against your sides—don't let them flare out. Begin with ten. Work up to three sets of ten.

Crunches (for the abdominal muscles). Lie on your back with knees bent and feet flat on the floor. Place your hands near your ears, without touching your head. Slowly curl your chin up toward your chest without lifting your shoulders off the floor. Begin with 15. Work up to three sets of 20.

Men who can't come? A hot video or some steamy sex talk should do the trick.

FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED

It might sound like a blessing: You're making love, stroking away, your lady's having serial orgasms—but you can't come for love or money. "What the hell is wrong with me?" you wonder as you turn into a puddle of sweat and exhaustion.

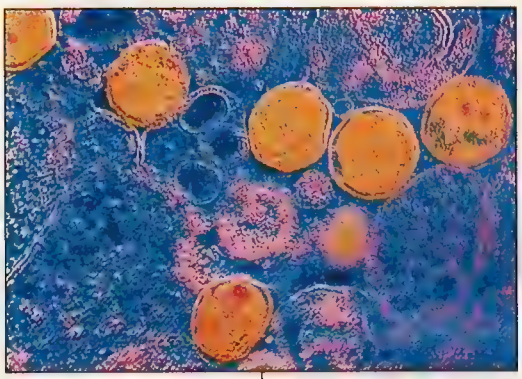
This is an easy problem to solve, sex therapists tell us. Try the following:

Speak some evil. Ask your partner to let loose with some steamy sex talk. "Try anything to enhance sexual feeling," says Richard Kogan, M.D., of Cornell University Medical Center in New York City.

See some evil. To get rid of irrelevant thoughts that might be distracting you, try visual aids like X-rated videos. Some men hit pay dirt when their partner dresses in black-leather dominatrix or S&M outfits.

Hear some evil. Phone sex, anyone? "Immerse yourself in sexual thinking," says Kogan.

Still can't get off? Head to the doctor to be checked for physical problems, including side effects of drugs (especially tranquilizers and antidepressants like Prozac, Zoloft, and Paxil) or ailments, like diabetes.—*J. Garrard*



ONE BAD LITTLE BUG

Say "chlamydia," and most people will respond, "God bless you." The truth is, not many men know about this disease. But if you have multiple sex partners (which leaves out most of us, let's face it) the experts say you really ought to. Let's start with the fact that chlamydia, with four million reported cases a year, is the most common sexually transmitted disease.

This chlamydia is one bad little bug, says Judith N. Wasserheit, M.D., director of the Division of Sexually Transmitted Disease Prevention at the federal Centers for Disease Control and Prevention in Atlanta. "It's like the stealth bomber," she says. "Over half the chlamydia infections in men are without symptoms."

If the ailment goes untreated, however, as it often does, the results can be ugly: a painful infection of the testicles, with swelling in the scrotum and a discharge from the penis. "If you get it, you won't forget it," says Wasserheit. Chlamydia can also cause eye inflammation, arthritis in the joints of the hands, knees, or feet, and infection of the prostate gland. Finally, if you have chlamydia and you're exposed to H.I.V., your risk of infection goes up two- to fivefold. The effects of chlamydia on women can be equally devastating: pelvic inflammatory disease, increased risk of H.I.V., and even infertility.

Best prevention? Wear a condom. A spermicide-coated version further reduces the risk. But because of the potentially serious nature of chlamydia, Wasserheit urges you to get tested even if you've been condom compulsive. On the plus side, a single dose of the recently approved antibiotic azithromycin can wipe out the infection.

FAST AND HEALTHY

You say you want to lose some pounds but can't quit ordering food from a clown's face? A study published in the *Archives of Internal Medicine* says you can have *some* fatty fast foods, as long as you balance with low-fat fare.

For the study, half of a group of 113 high-fat eaters went on a low-fat diet The other half combined fast foods with low-fat foods. Eight weeks later *both* groups had similarly favorable profiles: They'd reduced their calories by about 30 percent, their fat intake by about eight percent, and they'd brought their cholesterol levels down by as much as 38 percent.

To make this work, go low. At McDonald's, for example, avoid the superfatty Big Mac;

RUBBED THE RIGHT WAY

When we think of what it takes to bring a woman to the Big Bliss, the first thing that comes to mind is stimulating her clitoris or her G-spot. But there's a possibility that some women can get off

merely by being stroked on the neck, shoulders, or chin. This word comes from Barry Komisaruk, Ph.D., a psychologist at Rutgers University, who's using a kind of imaging called a PET scan to find the places in women's brains that "light up" when they reach orgasm. "I studied one woman in the lab who had a spinal-cord injury," says Komisaruk. "We stimulated her neck, and she had an orgasm." Clearly many roads lead to Rome.

instead try the Grilled Chicken Salad Deluxe—only 110 calories and a mere one gram of fat. Some other reasonable fast-food choices: Roy Rogers' Roast Beef Sandwich (260 calories, four grams of fat) and just about anything on Taco Bell's Lights menu.

FEED YOUR TEETH

You brush, you floss, you have regular dental checkups and cleanings. (Or maybe you don't, but you intend to someday, which gives you the moral edge.) That's all well and good, but did you know that eating certain foods and taking a few vitamins can make your teeth healthier yet?

- **Cheese.** Nosh on some cheddar right after a sugary snack. The cheese stimulates the flow of saliva, which neutralizes the acidity produced by the sweets. The calcium in cheese may also protect your teeth's enamel. Another way to get calcium: plain nonfat yogurt.
- **Apple.** Eating raw fruits or crunchy vegetables not only gives your choppers a saliva bath but helps scrape away bacteria and plaque. Carrots are a particularly good choice, since they're also loaded with beta-carotene, a powerful antioxidant that may protect against mouth cancer.
- **Hot pepper.** Eating hot peppers makes your mouth produce copious amounts of saliva, which washes away bacteria.
- **Vitamins.** Get the recommended dietary allowances of vitamins A, E, and folic acid, and the minerals zinc and selenium, to help hold the line on gum disease. A multivitamin labeled "for men" should cover the bases here. Also available at health-food stores is a mouthwash that contains zinc.
- **Eucalyptus extract.** New research from Japan shows that some of the substances found in eucalyptus leaves can kill the bacteria that cause dental plaque.

Legal high in Canada? Try heli-hiking in the Rockies to learn mountain skills, and more.

HEAD FOR THE HILLS

Does climbing a ladder make you nervous? Sometimes it's better to face your fears head on than stifle them. Buckle up, boys, we're going rock climbing. The folks at Canadian Mountain Holidays offer weeklong climbing classes where you'll learn roping systems, knot tying, belaying technique, and more.

All this takes place deep in the Canadian Rockies on 1,000 square miles of private-access land reachable only by helicopter.

Every morning of your week in the peaks, your chopper will whisk you off to a new rock to climb or glacier to attack. (Don't worry, it'll all be geared to beginner abilities.) Your group will number about 30, with an instructor for every three guests. Cozy. Cost: About U.S. $2,500; includes six nights lodging, all choppers, meals, wine, and equipment. Call (800) 661-0252.

Breathe in, breathe out. A few whiffs of pure oxygen may inflate your mental powers.

TANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

Having trouble remembering names and faces? When your boss asks you for the Ferguson file, do you suffer five minutes of panic as you search for it in the paper mountain atop your desk? A British study reveals that a whiff of pure oxygen might be all you need.

Test subjects were hooked up to a mask that delivered either pure oxygen or ordinary air (only about 20 percent oxygen) for 30 seconds. Next they listened to 15 words: six minutes later they were asked to recall as many as they could. The pure-oxygen group remembered eight or nine on average. The control group got only four or five.

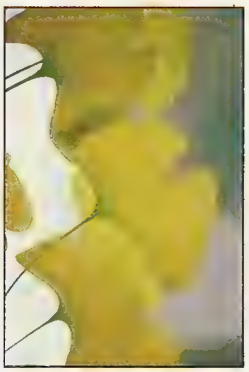
If a little pure oxygen is good, is more better? No, says lead researcher Andrew Scholey, Ph.D., a psychologist at the University of Northumbria. He found the optimal exposure ranges from 30 seconds to one minute.

Where does a guy go for pure oxygen? If you live in Toronto you could try O_2 Bar, where you can order a tank of the stuff either in a private spa room or at the (alcohol-free) bar. "It feels like going on a really good run," says co-owner Lissa Charron. "Afterward, I have a clear head and eyes. I have much more energy." —*J. Garrard*

THE GREENING OF THE WEB

If you're eating more fruits and vegetables these days, there are dozens of Web sites devoted to vegetables and vegetarianism. Check out the following for good recipes and more:

- *Oasis.* Loaded with information and recipes for cancer-preventing and health-promoting vegetables. Find it at http://www.produceoasis.com.
- *Veggie Heaven.* Includes more than 160 vegetarian recipes, much nutritional info, and answers to many health questions. The site is the brainchild of Rosamond Richardson, a well-known English cookbook writer. http://www.webserve.co.uk/Veggie/
- *John's Vegetarian Recipe Page and Information.* Includes hundreds of recipes culled from across the Web, plus nutritional information and links to valuable Internet resources for vegetarians. Who is this John? We don't know, but he's put a lot of work into a useful site: http://www.interlog.com/~john13/recipes/index.htm.



FOUR HERBS FOR MEN

Most doctors don't go for herbal remedies. That's partly because they have very little good information about herbs. Herbs themselves aren't patentable, and so don't justify the cost of the rigorous clinical trials required for F.D.A. approval. The result: "If you go to a doctor and ask for an herbal remedy, chances are he or she will say, 'I can't really recommend that, because we don't really know what's in it,' " says Clive Taylor, M.D., chairman of the department of pathology and laboratory medicine at the University of Southern California School of Medicine.

Penthouse took this medical blind spot as a challenge to fill you in on some valuable info. Here are four herbs of proven value for men (all are available at health-food stores):

Ginkgo. Benefit: firmer erections. Ginkgo improves circulation, and in some men that's all it takes. Dose: 40 mg three times daily, taken with meals. (It may be several weeks to a few months before the effect kicks in.)

Saw palmetto. Benefit: Shrinks enlarged prostate glands. (If you're over 50 you know what this is. If not, skip to the next item.) In a study of 500 men, saw palmetto was 88 percent effective at providing some relief. Dose: 160 mg twice a day.

Echinacea. Benefit: Stops a cold. One of the most popular herbal remedies in Europe, echinacea seems to boost the appetites of germ-eating white blood cells. Dose: two 125-mg capsules every six hours for two days, then two capsules every eight hours for up to five days.

Valerian. Benefit: Helps you sleep. In studies it helped subjects snooze sooner and deeper than a placebo. Dose: a cup or two of valerian tea at bedtime.

To help boost doctors' confidence in herbal remedies, PharmaPrint, an Irvine, California, company Taylor is affiliated with, has developed a test to isolate the active ingredients in medicinal herbs. PharmaPrint scientists have already used the test to identify and patent two substances in mistletoe that may be beneficial to patients with cancer or AIDS.

ALL IN THE TIMING

What's the best time to take aspirin, cold pills, allergy remedies, and other medicines? Seems the inner workings of our bodies have peaks and valleys—making the "when" of your medicine almost as important as the "how much." *Penthouse* asked Richard Martin, M.D., head of the Division of Pulmonary Medicine at the National Jewish Medical and Research Center in Denver, to help us put together a medicine time chart. Here's what he had to say:

- Aspirin: Stays in the body longest if taken at seven A.M.
- Cold remedies: Use cough medicine at night, others as needed during the day.
- Allergy pills: Best at bedtime (symptoms usually peak between four and six A.M.).
- Asthma remedies:

—Theophylline: Once a day around six P.M.

—Inhalers (bronchodilators): Some asthmatics need higher doses just before bedtime.

—Steroid inhalers: Take the entire daily dose between three and five P.M.

—Oral steroids: Around three P.M.

- Antidepressants: You'll sleep best if you take Prozac and its chemical cousins such as Zoloft and Wellbutrin at bedtime.
- Blood-pressure medications: Blood pressure falls at night, so it may be better to take them in the morning. Since there are many different kinds of antihypertensives, however, check with your doctor or pharmacist.

WHAT ABOUT EAR *HAIR?*

"Why do old men have big ears?" That's the kind of question that normally comes up at four A.M. in a smoky bar. Strangely, it was instead voiced in an issue of the *British Medical Journal,* where it launched a team of scientists from Belgium and the Netherlands on a mission. Now the results are in: Using the "mean ear length" of a group of British men taken every year from age 30 to age 83, the researchers found that men's ears not only keep getting bigger throughout life, but their growth accelerates and slows in seven-year cycles.

Cures by the clock: The "when" of medicine seems to be as important as the "how much."

DID YOU KNOW?

- Rinsing your mouth with water after a meal can reduce decay- and odor-causing bacteria by 30 percent. Good for those dinner parties when you can't brush or floss.
- Boys from families that move frequently are more asthma-prone than those whose families stay put.
- Sprinters have healthier hearts than endurance runners.
- Fish can hear.
- The fattiest of nuts is the macadamia, weighing in at an astounding 21 grams of fat per ounce.

ACTUALLY I'M AN UNDERCOVER POLICE OFFICER POSING AS A HOOKER...
HEY, ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN MY WIFE.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

pull her finger away and slide the vibrator up her ass. Now she's double-fucking herself, thrusting up so hard that only her shoulder blades remain on the bed. She's moaning really loud, and I'm pulling her nipples. She's moving like I've never seen her do before, and boy, am I loving it.

She pulls out the vibrator and screams, "Fuck me up the ass right now." I bury myself in one stroke in this new territory, and again I immediately come. Sharon is yelling, "Don't stop.... Fuck me harder.... Yes, that's it, fuck my ass." She's digging her heels so deeply into the small of my back that I'm getting nerve twinges down my legs. I went at her ass hole as hard, deep, and long as I could, until she came.

We both collapsed into a sweating, aching, twitching heap, and slept through till morning. The next day I ordered virtually every dildo in the catalog, and sex with my wife is now like an experience with a totally different person.

Xaviera, what the hell happened? Afterward Sharon is the same reserved person, uncomfortable with and unwilling to discuss the subject. Sex without the dildos is as in the past—pre-explosion boring. I'm sure not complaining, but isn't this "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" transformation pretty bizarre? I keep wondering what else I've been missing these past 12 years.—L. M., Massachusetts

Most of the world, even a large part of the United States, is gradually coming out of the closet of puritanism, inhibition, and hypocrisy, but there is still a long way to go. Your wife never said, "Fuck me!" before because she was raised to believe it is not the kind of thing a woman should say to her husband, because she doesn't want her children to know that she is capable of using that kind of language, and she definitely does not want her kids to start talking like that themselves. Indeed there are people who, as well as wanting to stop us from physically fucking, want to eliminate the word from our language altogether.

A recent piece of research on my part reveals that nine out of ten American women, when they are really enjoying penetrative face-to-face sexual intercourse, say to the man who is doing it to them: "Fuck me! Fuck me deep! Fuck me hard! Don't stop!" or something on those lines. In any case, what is the point of having words in a language if you don't use them?

After 12 years of missionary marriage, it dawned on your wife that maybe she was missing out on something, and now that she has found out she was right, there is no holding her back, but you don't have to worry because she has now become the perfect wife according to the old definition: "In public she's a saint, but in bed she's a whore."

Sloth

My wife and I have been married for eight years. After about two years our sex life began to change. She grew more and more fond of having my face between her legs. Her need to be adored and pampered began to get stronger, especially in the bedroom or any room for that matter. She started shaving her pubic hair to make sucking her more pleasant for me. I told her I wanted to stay down between her legs longer and longer. She was happy to hear this, and told me she really loved it and if I could do it she would have me licking away at her all day.

After a while I added to it by dropping my tongue down to her backdoor. This turned her on even more, and soon I was licking her ass as much as her cunt. I can't count how many times I heard her say while I was eating her ass how special it made her feel. But my neck would hurt after hours of this, so I came up with the idea of using a lawn chair. By removing a couple of straps in the seat and adding soft material for her to sit on, while I lay underneath with my head on a pillow, I could go at her pretty butt non-stop. She loved it, and so did I. No more neck pain. She still liked me to eat her cunt in bed, but the lawn chair was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

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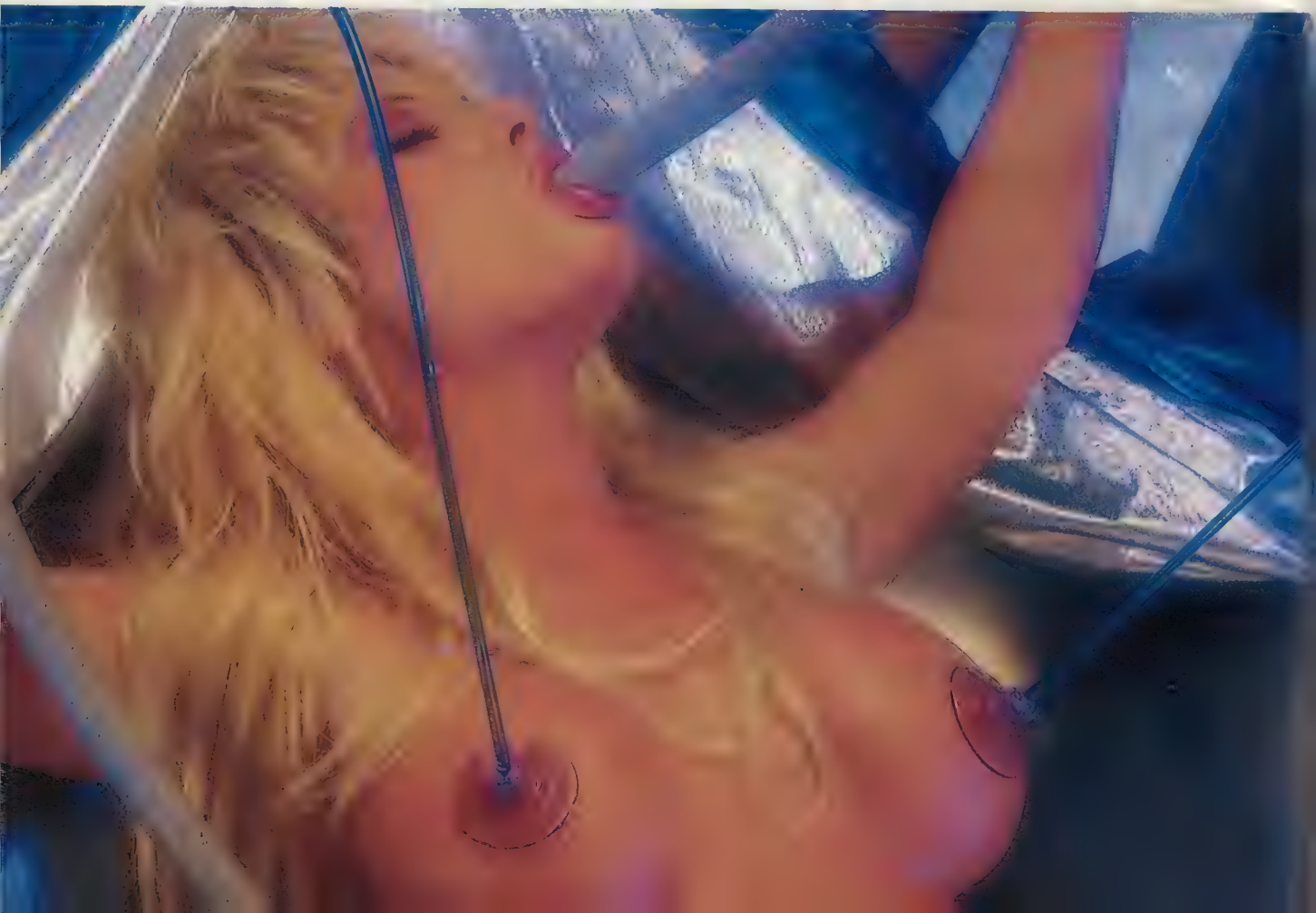
UNIVERSAL WOMAN

Festering jealousy finally sent the evil cyber-sorceress into a fit of virtual rage. With the snap of a finger she ordered her minions to capture Destiny, the platinum princess considered the most beautiful woman in the cyber-verse. Behind a sinister grin she demanded, "Put her in *the chair*!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL L. WACHTER

Destiny's beauty struck the evil queen with merciless warp speed as she writhed breathlessly against the invasive restraints. The girl's sensuous powers left her nemesis weak and defenseless.



Strategically placed tubes and wires stimulate their synapses. They feel each other's pleasure … share each other's passion.

Time to put a more human touch to the test. They tumble together in a hot-blooded tangle of teeth and lips and hair. The lines between good and evil ... pleasure and pain ... begin to blur.

Exploring each other's milky way, they exchanged coveted secrets of both love and war—the ecstasy of one is the ecstasy of both … an almost unbearable multiplicity of sensations.

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Wardrobe created by Levon Mouradian Collections, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from international media

EXTRA

Hard Times

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SHE-MALES OF AUSTRALIA

After copping the Miss Victoria Fundraiser Award in Victoria, Australia, Mr. Brad Rodgers, 27, went on to win the Miss Australia contest by eliciting more than $100,000 for his chosen charity, the Spastic Society of Australia. His stated motivation: to make it easier for men to enter such contests. "I do hope," said Rodgers, "that I'll be the first of many more to come." (*Maclean's*)

Yet another horny Crocodile Dundee type trying to sneak into women's dressing rooms.—Editor

BOBBITT WATCH

After losing and finding and getting his dick sewed back on, John Wayne Bobbitt has had a checkered career, to say the least. Now, after a couple of porn flicks starring his ill-fated schlong, he's seen the light and has been ordained a minister in—where else?—Las Vegas. The Reverend Bobbitt hopes to start marrying couples in the matrimony capital of the West.

Bobbitt's agent suggested this latest career move, but Bobbitt denied that he was in the God game for money. "I want to use my name in a positive way to help other people," he said. (Associated Press)

We're sure that men married by John Wayne Bobbitt are going to think twice before giving their wives any reason to divorce them.—Editor

MODELS BARE BUTTS

A group of well-known Boss fashion models recently bared all to make the point that one's own skin is enough, and it's neither necessary nor ethical to wear other animals' skins. While the point was worthy, the beautiful butts (below) were deemed a bit much for the family-values crowd. Hence the addition of the strategically placed type in the final billboard (above, bottom—so to speak). Now only *Penthouse* readers will be treated to an unobstructed view of these models sans clothes.

Their loss, your gain.—Editor

SIMBUNS

Maxis, Inc., producer of the SimCity 2000 computer game, recently fired a gay programmer after he snuck in a few male studs to balance out the female bimbos in the company's new release, SimCopter.

In the game, players fly a rescue mission through a 3-D city. The females in the city were (in the carefully chosen words of the sacked programmer) "standard female computer-game bimbos with skimpy shorts and big breasts," while the males were all "dumpy, squat middle-aged types." So our disappointed lad slipped through a few hunks with nice buns in swim trunks. The company discharged him for "adding unauthorized content." (Associated Press)

Yo, Maxis! We got your "unauthorized content" right here.—Editor

TO FAKE OR NOT TO FAKE

It appears that more than two out of three single women in Colombia fake their orgasms, according to *Mujer,* a new magazine for women in that country. Among married Colombian women, 40 percent fake orgasms. Commented a Colombian psychoanalyst: "The fact that women fake their orgasms is a sign that they are too submissive." (Reuters)

Nope, it's a sign that they think the Colombian men actually care.—Editor

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W
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"If you had 300 cocks in you, you wouldn't want to go to 325. *Trust me.*"—Jasmin St. Claire, after breaking the world record last year.

ORLD'S GGEST NG BANG II

By Anthony Haden-Guest

It was a starfish formed of wriggling, squirming, heaving, pumping, convulsing flesh. At the core was Jasmin St. Claire, and around her were five men, three plugged into her usable orifices, two relegated to her capable little hands, and, all in all, the naked fivesome was bobbing like a dinghy in a rough sea.

Jasmin St. Claire's couch, or altar—it was nothing so mundane as a bed, not with history in the sticky making here—was on a studio set, given a Hawaiian Blue Moon look with plastic pineapples, palm trees bearing coconuts, and a volcano flashing, as if nature were in sympathetic orgasm. Photographers were skittering around and a movie cameraman was focusing a bucking camera. There were three Betacam screens, and a scoreboard, sports-stadium-style. This was the stuff of sexual legend, live.

The flesh starfish had become sluggish. The five were done. "Next five up!" barked the director. A queue of naked men lurched forward. The ones in front shuffled up and climbed the steps, while their used-up predecessors walked through a tiki-bar-themed hut, dropping their condoms into a giant metal drum. This film was supposed to be about Jasmin St. Claire, who was attempting to write her name in the record books by pleasuring 300 men, but actually St. Claire was only briefly visible to bystanders, and only bits of her at that, and those little visionary flashes aside, the place was a manscape, like a club locker room in megadrive.

All over the set men were putting on condoms taken from a huge wooden barrel, massaging themselves, or giving themselves up to the attentions of a squad of young women whose role it was to keep the body parts erect, and who are fetchingly known as "fluffers."

Jasmin St. Claire suddenly raised her head. "I need a dick in

my mouth," she said nonchalantly, as though ordering coffee. A volunteer was quickly found, an elderly man with spectacles and wild gray hair falling off a balding dome, Mad Scientist-style. There was a stirring as the new starfish settled in and got to it. The cameras whirred on. *The World's Biggest Gang Bang II*, as the producer/director, John T. Bone, calls it, had some of the aspects of a sporting event, in that there was a record to be beaten. Way back in 1991 a woman had taken care of 125 men in Norway, and Annabel Chong, a lithe young person with black bangs like the actress Louise Brooks, had doubled that figure in 1995. Jasmin St. Claire was now proposing to accomplish 300 men, thereby exploring the do-able limit, the wear-and-tear equivalent of an under-four-minute mile.

In cool point of fact, though, one suspected that the *Guinness Book of Records* people were not holding the printing presses for the result. "Three hundred" was a concept, rather than an actual number. Indeed I had spotted several individuals performing, then rejoining the end of the line and going up for seconds. I pointed this out to John T. Bone, a laid-back fellow with a gray beard, sandals, and a diamond stud in his ear. It came as no news to him. "Some are going up for thirds," he said, adding meditatively, "Does that constitute a relationship?"

If records were being set, there was also a clear verification problem, what with the condoms and all. "How can you be sure that everybody has actually done their stuff?" I asked John T. Bone.

"I don't know. Do you want to check?" he asked. I looked involuntarily toward the metal drum in the tropic hut, and turned the offer down. The *Gang Bang* was, of course, a commercial enterprise. It was being filmed. The participants, who had been alerted to the event's existence by ads in videos, on the radio, and in the appropriate print media, were extras, and unpaid—except, literally for once, in pounds of flesh.

Nor was sneaky anonymity permitted. As we watched, a pink and wobbly figure in a black party mask approached Jasmin St. Claire and prepared to do his stuff. She stiffened into alertness, pulled his mask by its elastic, and contemptuously snatched it off. The man's face was suddenly his most naked and vulnerable body part, and you can bet the friends and neighbors will point out its presence to Mrs. Pink-and-Wobbly. As friends and neighbors always, always do.

So it went on, becoming rhythmic, even soothing, like one of those old-fashioned documentaries where you're watching, say, a threshing machine or a cannery, with a mechanical gizmo filling an unending row of more or less identical containers. Then there was a sudden stir, and a platoon of photographers charged past the condom barrel and swarmed on stage.

"Why is everybody crowding around?" I asked. "The come shot," John Bone said patiently.

Of course.

"The come shot," as its name suggests, shows the penis in orgasm, usually erupting into space. It is a focal moment in porno video, the equivalent of landing the killer punch, breaking the finishing tape, or kissing the bride in other videos. The importance it is given is telling, because this hints at Male Performance Anxiety, the fear of wilting. It's debilitating enough among professionals. At a mass conclave of amateurs like this the nervousness was palpable. "Look at them walking around, slapping their cocks," a blonde woman from a local cable station said to me cheerfully, perhaps a bit vengefully. Yes, some of the worriers worked mechanically, as though swatting midges; a few seemed fretful, as if they were the owners of animals who were refusing to perform Stupid Pet Tricks.

The solitary Jasmin seemed to be mistress of all she surveyed, and didn't mind letting it be known, as when she suddenly jerked upright and demanded, "I need a dick in my hand. What's going on here?" like a fighter pilot with losers in her backup crew. Her comely shape was glimmery with semen, like spilled gobs of candlewax on polished marble, but she was looking pretty good, glowing like a racehorse. A tubby guy in a T-shirt tenderly swabbed her with a towel, and she arched back to her endeavors.

"Here's another come shot," a man said on the telephone. "They pull the rubber off. I think I've seen twenty of them. There it goes! It was a little weak. Are you by the

"I need a dick in my **mouth**," Jasmin said **nonchalantly.**

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

"Why, gosh-a-mighty, yes! As a matter of fact, this is *my first visit to the Big Apple."*

The Joke Man

This month's crop of zappers, snappers, and one-line knee-slappers from the comic cosmos of ...

Jackie Martling

• Two whores are standing on a street corner. The first one says, "Things are so bad, last night I had to turn a twenty-dollar trick just so I could afford a place to sleep."

The other says, "You think that's bad? I had to swallow just to get something warm in my stomach."

• Hillary Clinton takes a group of medical students to visit a sexual-disorder clinic. They turn down a hallway and see a patient masturbating.

One of the students says to Hillary, "What condition does he have?"

Hillary says, "He suffers from seminal-buildup disorder. If he doesn't have sexual release 40 to 50 times a day, he'll fall into a coma."

They turn the corner and see another patient with his pants around his ankles getting a blowjob from a beautiful nurse. Another student asks Hillary, "What about him?"

Hillary says, "It's the same condition, but he has a better health plan."

• Mrs. Dell'Abate walks into a sex store and says to the salesman, "Where are the dildos?"

The clerk says, "On the wall over there."

She looks and then points and says, "I want the red one."

The salesman says, "No, lady. The dildos are the ones *next* to the fire extinguisher."

• Professor Yankovic can't help but notice how bright and beautiful one of his students is.

Finally, one day after class he whispers something in her ear. She smiles and nods. Later that day, a few minutes after the prof gets home the bell rings, and it's the student.

She walks in, takes off her shoes, grabs a magazine, and disappears into the bathroom for a half-hour. She walks out of the bathroom, goes into the living room, turns on the television, and stands in front of it, flipping through *TV Guide* for 10 or 15 minutes. Then she walks into the kitchen, opens the refrigerator, and stares in for a while. She opens the freezer, fills the ice-cube trays, makes some orange juice. She pours herself a glass of orange juice, and then sits at the kitchen table, filing her nails and looking at the Sunday comics that were lying on top of the newspapers piled up to be thrown out.

Just as she gets up and starts to walk out onto the porch to play with the dog, Professor Yankovic demands, "What the hell are you doing? I thought you agreed you'd love to come over this afternoon and procreate for a few hours."

She says, "Procreate? I thought you said 'procrastinate.' "

• Norris says to Salem, "This morning I woke up to my wife's kisses."

Salem says, "Oh, yeah?"

Norris says, "Yeah. You should have heard her and the garbage man slobbering all over each other."

• Why did the shit cross the road?
The chicken forgot to wipe its ass.

• DePace is smooching with his sweetheart when he tries to put his hand under her skirt.

She says, "Please don't. My mother made me promise never to let a man put his hand up my skirt. But if you put your hand down my back, it's the second hole you come to."

• When do men want sex twice?
Before they've had it once.

• Caprioglio takes his wife fishing in his boat. He drops anchor, reaches into a burlap sack, takes out a bullfrog, puts a stick of dynamite in its mouth, lights it, throws the frog overboard.

Kaboom! The dynamite goes off and scads of fish are blown into the boat.

His wife says, "Honey, that isn't very sporting, is it?"

Caprioglio reaches into his sack, takes out another bullfrog, sticks a piece of dynamite in its mouth, lights it, hands it to his wife, and says, "Well, are you gonna talk, or are you gonna fish?"

• When is it time for a guy to go to the dentist?
If it hurts when he pulls the hairs out of his teeth.

• Why is sex such a difficult subject?
Because when it's not hard, it's impossible.

• One gay guy says to another, "Your chest is so hairy...."

The second one says, "Well, I put Vaseline on it every night."

The first one says, "That can't be why. If it was, I'd have a ponytail growing out of my ass."

• And remember—one of the most expensive things in the world is a girl who's free for the evening.

For more of Jackie Martling's universe of laughs, be sure to check out JokeLand's World Wide Web page at http://www.jackiejokeman.com. Or if you think you can stump the Joke Man with a joke he doesn't know, send it to JokeLand, c/o Penthouse *magazine, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. If Jackie doesn't know it, you'll receive a free copy of his* Sgt. Pecker *CD.*

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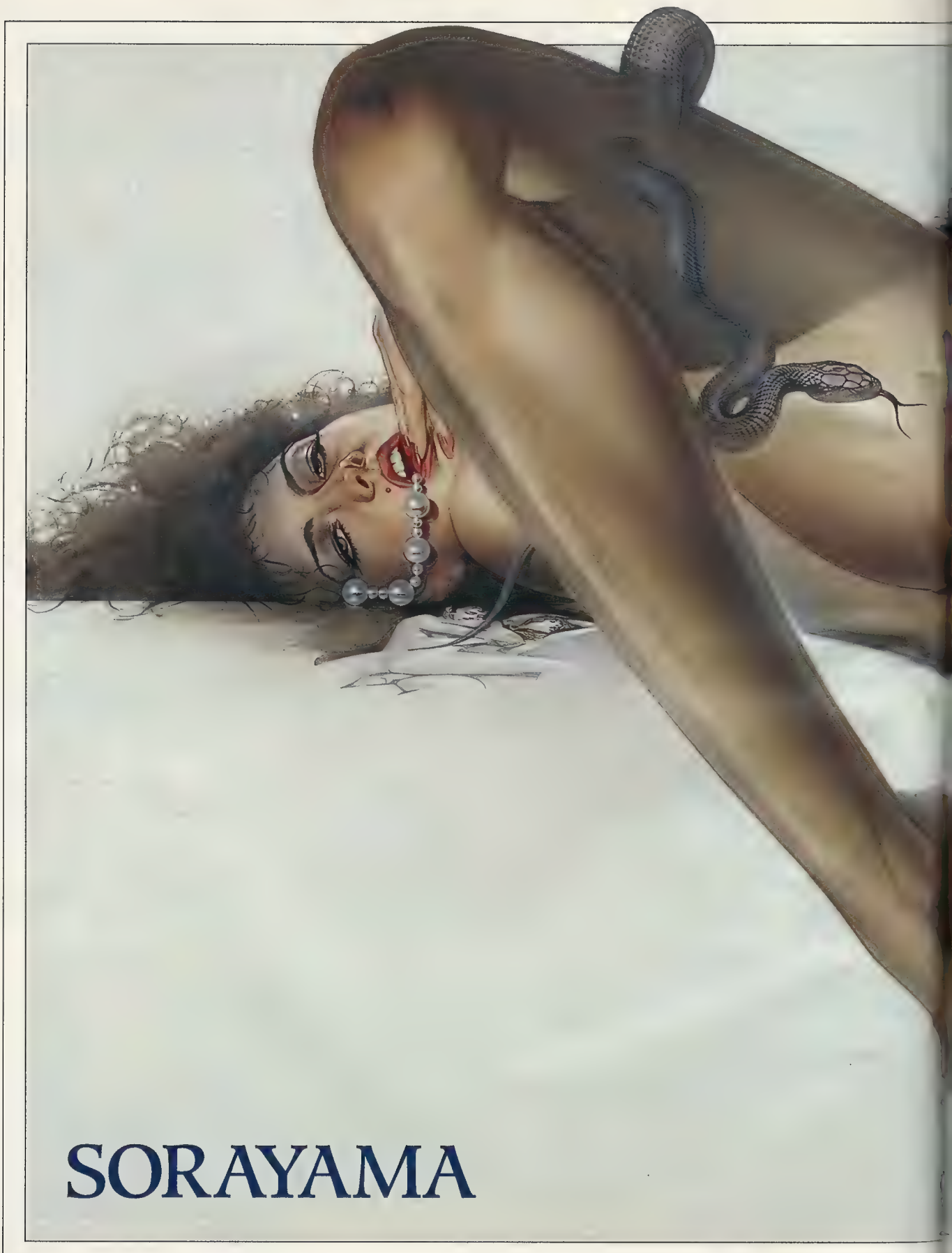

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SWITZERLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

sidered as a potential if not actual German I.S. [intelligence service] agent."

Nazi Germany's international spy setup needed access to hard currency in order to operate in enemy and neutral territories, and Waters says "the Swiss banks were the financial hub of the Nazi espionage networks, which functioned successfully until the very end of the war."

SS General Walter Schellenberg, Heinrich Himmler's chief of foreign espionage, told American interrogators after the war that he had made three or four trips to Switzerland in 1942 and '43 for "discussions with my friends in the Swiss Secret Service. They were purely political." Two friends Schellenberg mentioned in particular were General Henri Guisan, the chief of the Swiss Army, with whom he had "had good relations," and Colonel Robert Masson, chief of the Swiss Secret Service, whom Schellenberg called "a good friend of mine." Other documents indicate that Masson may have aided the flight of Nazi capital to Switzerland, and later tried to save his good friend Schellenberg from being tried as a war criminal at Nuremberg, the object being to keep the SS general from disclosing information that "would painfully touch certain circles in Switzerland."

Willi Korte, a German-born lawyer and historian who has been researching the Nazi era for more than 20 years and is an internationally recognized authority in tracing stolen art, says: "The Nazi war effort became in a sense a plundering war which depended on plundering occupied territories to sustain itself, feed itself; otherwise the whole damned thing was bound to collapse, which it eventually did." But not all plunder could be pumped directly into the war effort. "You cannot make bullets out of gold. You have to liquidate those assets, you have to convert them into currency, and this," says Korte, "is the role that Switzerland played."

The Reichsmark was worthless, so the Germans had to find another way to pay for the supplies and war materials they didn't have themselves. "In both categories [financing and purchasing] Switzerland played a very important role," Korte told this writer. "Without the Swiss and the [other] neutrals [the Nazis] would have run out of material for the war. It is difficult to say how long the war would have lasted, ... but the Germans clearly had financial problems. The war had been extremely expensive, and without these huge gold shipments," said Korte, "and without the plundering of Europe, I don't think the Germans would have been able to conduct the war much beyond 1943."

The War's Deadly Final Year

Most American casualties in Europe —82.5 percent—occurred after D Day, June 6, 1944. The U.S. Army suffered 486,528 casualties—135,576 killed—in the final year of the war in the European theater of operations.

In that final year hundreds of thousands of other soldiers, Allied and Axis, also died, and at least a million of Europe's remaining Jews, nearly half of them from Hungary. As the Allies closed in on Germany the ovens were running overtime, and in the face of the advancing Russian Army prisoners were moved in death marches from extermination camps in the east to others closer to Germany. The SS tried to kill as many people en route as quickly as it could be done, so as to leave no traces. Disease and malnutrition took a toll that continued well after the war.

Hungary's Jews were deported after mid-1944. Nearly 22,000 were slaughtered in Hungary itself; 596,260 others were transported east; 470,760 of these were murdered. The gas chambers at Auschwitz fell behind; the SS resorted to mass shootings, with the bodies dumped into pits for burning and burying. Between 250,000 and 300,000 Hungarian Jews were killed at Auschwitz in one 46-day period in the summer of 1944, says William L. Shirer in *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich.*

For Switzerland, World War II was the worst of times and the best of times. The world may have been going up in smoke, but all things considered, their Alpine island was doing quite well, thank you. "Business was booming, and no one seemed to be concerned about why it was booming," says Willi Korte. "That's why these people have a lot of trouble seeing their lack of morality back then. They were too busy crunching numbers and making deals.

"The Germans had no choice but to see it differently after the war, at least for a while, but the Swiss for 50 or 60 years had the luxury and privilege of not being forced to see it differently. They were able to hide comfortably behind their neutrality and their secrecy laws and their banking laws and God knows what else they came up with, which is why this [the current stir over the gnomes of Zurich's 50-year secret grasp of Holocaust victims' funds] is hitting them so hard and they can't figure out how to respond. It's like the Russians trying to figure out what democracy is. The Swiss now have to struggle with the concept of historical guilt and responsibility for their actions."

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Without a word Gretchen rose from her chair, moved to the center of the room, and began to dance seductively to the music. Her eyes focused on me, then Evelyn, then back to me as she turned around and slowly let the negligée fall to the floor. Writhing, touching herself, and making sounds of pleasure, she grasped the waistband of her panties and slid them down her ass and legs and all the way off. Smiling, teasing, Gretchen then lay on the floor, spread her legs wide, and began touching herself.

I didn't know what to do. The scene before me was captivating, but I also was worried about what Evelyn was thinking. I needn't have bothered. As I turned to look for her reaction, Evelyn put her hand on my crotch, leaned into me, and kissed me passionately. Then she walked over to Gretchen, who rose to her knees and put both arms around Evelyn's waist. For a minute these two gorgeous women swayed and explored each other with their hands. Then Gretchen began to undress Evelyn, who looked at me and said, "Baby, will you help us?"

I will remember the rest of that night forever. First Gretchen tongued Evelyn while I watched. Then I moved behind Gretchen and made those high school fantasies come true. Her wet, warm pussy was even sweeter than I imagined, and then my dick slid smoothly all the way up her ass. That night the three of us enjoyed every possible lovemaking combination. I came so often I was sore.

The whole time I couldn't believe my good fortune. Me? Gretchen? Evelyn? It was unbelievable, but true. Or was it unbelievable?

Just before dawn I went into Gretchen's bathroom. As I passed her dresser in the dim light, I saw some photographs taped to the mirror. Among the shots of her family and other friends were two photos that explained everything. They were of Gretchen and Evelyn cheek-to-cheek and smiling for the camera.

Only later did I learn they had been friends—and lovers—for more than a year, and they had planned our glorious night together. Needless to say, there were many more nights like that, until I had to return to college for the fall semester.—*B. M., Texas*

Love Lessons

A few months ago a friend came to me with a surprising proposition. She told me that her son, Saul, was engaged to be married soon. She said he'd gone through college with honors, and knew nothing but his studies. I knew Saul to be a polite, pleasant, but quiet boy. The point of all this was that she wanted me to teach him "the basics."

I was thrilled to be chosen for the task. Together we plotted the particulars. We decided to have him come to my house to help me with some planting in the garden. To clear the coast I told my very understanding husband of my plans and asked him to get lost the following Saturday.

On that day I wore short-shorts and a light cotton blouse without a bra. My 36C breasts were swaying voluptuously when Saul arrived. While he was digging holes for some shrubs, I talked with him and asked him all kinds of questions. How was college? How was his social life during his school years? Did he have a great many girlfriends? Wouldn't he bring lots of experience to the marriage? These questions did not embarrass him. In fact he answered them simply, saying he had had no girlfriends and therefore had no experience at all. I was stunned by his honesty.

We took a break and went inside for something cool to drink. I fetched *Erotica,* and sat next to him, leafing through it. I asked, "You mean to tell me that you never made love to a woman?"

"That's right," he answered.

"Could you make love to an older woman like me?" I asked, then took his hand and placed it on my breast. "Doesn't it feel good?" One of my hands traveled up his thigh into his shorts, until I felt his warm balls through his jockey shorts. I leaned over and gently placed my lips on his mouth. I tasted the salt on his skin. Gently, I probed my tongue between his lips until they parted. His hand, meanwhile, kneaded my bosom. I cupped his balls with my hand. Our tongues met and started a joyous dance. I withdrew my hand and felt his hardness through his shorts. I opened the zipper and found the tip of his stiff penis above the waistband of his underpants. My heart jumped. *Could it be that long?* I wondered to myself.

Murmuring endearing things like, "You are wonderful. You make me feel so hot. I want you so much," I stripped his pants and shorts off and kneeled in front of a pole of enormous length. "How beautiful. Let's go to the bedroom." With that, I led him by his lance to my oversized bed. My shorts and blouse came off, and I sat leaning against the pillows, my legs slightly bent and spread. Then I asked him to look at me and touch me wherever he wanted to. I lifted my breasts and asked him to kiss them and suck the nipples. He did so gingerly, and I was thrilled. I felt moisture fill my pussy.

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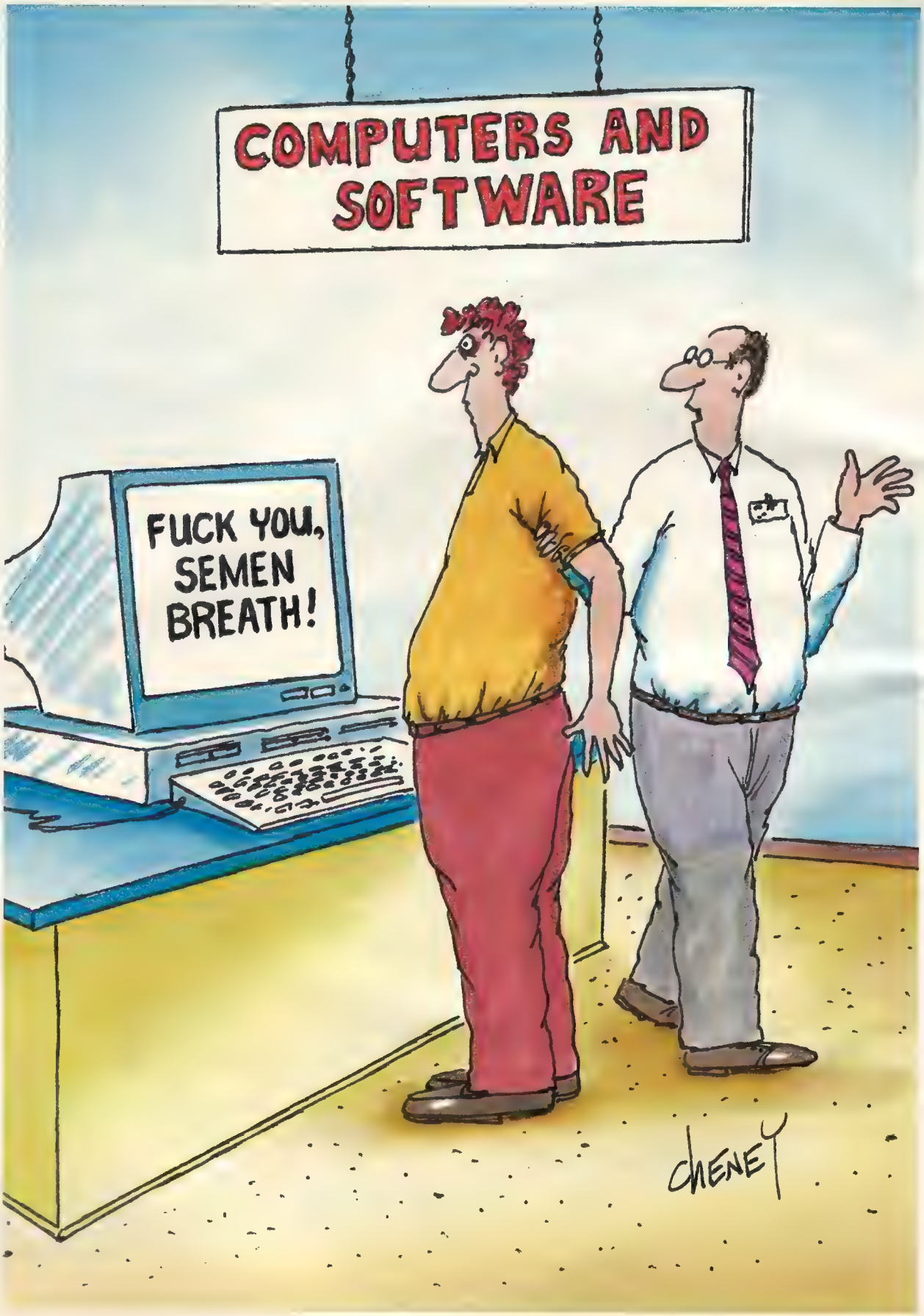

"On the other hand, if you're looking for a model that's more user-friendly ..."

Finally I whispered in his ear, "Please make love to me." I slid down on my back and pulled him on top of me. With ease his cock slid between my pussy lips into the innermost core of my sex. Saul remained still. We kissed deeply. Then I couldn't stand it any longer. I moved my pelvis up and down, and a deep groan escaped Saul's throat. His body went rigid and then quivered intensely. I felt his semen spew inside of me. I held him tight. I wanted him to stay in me, and told him so.

I caressed his back, his buns, and their cleavage. He finally started that familiar fucking motion. His prick glided in and out like a piston. The friction was delicious. I met his thrusts; our pubic bones crushed together, targeting my clitoris. I sailed straight up into a powerful orgasm as he moaned in the ecstasy of his transport.

We spent the next few hours making love in many positions. I showed Saul all the significant—and all the secondary—erogenous zones on a woman's body. He was such a cute and acute student. I taught him how to go down on a woman, and I enjoyed another climax as his lips and tongue played on my erotic playing field. I caressed his sex until he was ready again to enter me in a different position. He showed sensitivity and respect. Finally I asked him if he would like to come back. We spent the following Saturday afternoon together continuing his education.—*C. H., Arizona*

The Ultimate Ride

I come from a small midwestern town, and have always found your articles to be exciting and provocative. I also thought they were just stories ... until recently. About six months ago I finished school and moved to another small town, this one on the central California coast. It is a very fitness-oriented area, and, being an avid biker in excellent shape, I quickly adapted to a new workout routine.

One Thursday morning I was on my training ride, which skirts many of the local beaches, when I stopped to take a break. As I was scanning the beach I noticed two gorgeous women, one blonde and one brunette, with perfect dimensions, looking my way. It wasn't long before my cock began to feel the excitement as well. I felt somewhat embarrassed and tried to look in the other direction, but my cock continued to grow. Apparently they noticed my enlarged member, and giggled to themselves. I noticed one whisper to the other, and they began to walk in my direction. As they approached, their eyes seemed fixated on me above seductive grins.

They introduced themselves, and we engaged in some small talk. They explained that they were legal secretaries who were in town for a week's vacation. They had rented a condo just a block from the beach; their goal was to forget about big-city life for a week and just let loose and have fun. All the while I was admiring their stunningly beautiful bodies. By this time my cock was aching to be let loose from my skintight riding shorts, and the two women couldn't help but notice. I could see their nipples start to become erect beneath their tiny bikini tops. The blonde whispered in my ear that if I needed some help with the tiger in my shorts, she'd be happy to oblige. Taken aback, I didn't know what to say. I started to stutter and babble like an idiot, which I was sure would scare them away, but it didn't. They told me to lock up my bike and get ready to have some fun. I put my arms around both of them, and we walked up the road to their condo.

Just as the condo door was shutting, the blonde stuck her tongue in my mouth, and we began to make out like the world was ending. Meanwhile the brunette was reaching around from behind, feeling my rock-hard cock in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 149

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CARVILLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

ing to the breakup of the family. How did we ever get away from common sense? And then some people say things like, A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle. I don't know where all that goofy seventies stuff came in, and people had the sense the Democratic Party was ambivalent or even sort of encouraging it. And then you go listen to Robert Bork and Charles Murray. I think these people are sort of intellectually bright but kind of slightly misguided. They say, If we didn't have this program of social insurance, then families would sort of take care of each other. Well, they didn't. We had a thirty-percent elderly poverty rate back then, before Social Security. Does anybody ever read a history book? We now have ten-and-a-half percent.

You know what? God is clapping in heaven that we have reduced the elderly poverty rate. It sanctifies Him, it makes Him gleeful, it makes Him joyful. The fact that, you look at today, that emissions, that the air is twenty-eight percent cleaner than it was twenty-five years ago, in addition to all of the growth and the more people we have and everything else. God is happy that his children are breathing cleaner air because of the E.P.A. That's justice. I mean the fact that we had to say God is glad that black people have the same sort of rights that white people have. The God that I know. Now I don't know about Bob Bork's God, or Charles Murray's, or Jerry Falwell's, or Jesse Helms's, or Newt Gingrich's God. But that God that I grew up with is pretty damn pleased at some of the stuff that's gone on in this country with reference to social insurance, with reference to environmental cleanup, with reference to accessibility of education. Okay? And I don't know how we ever lost that. I don't know how we don't articulate that.

But if it's not pornography that's breaking up the family, what do you think is the cause?

I think a lot of people sent a signal that you don't need two parents. People a lot smarter than I are trying to get to it, but there are consequences to family breakup. And liberals, you know, it's our nature to say we don't like to judge anybody. And we don't. You know what I mean? It's your sort of choice. But people need to know that there are consequences. They need to think before they have kids, and when they have kids they need to think before they get divorced. I'm not saying we go back to these sort of restrictive laws. But people have to hear the Democratic Party say the family breakup is something that has to be dealt with. I don't think that's a censorship issue at all.

Isn't there an irony in the fact that this President, who whatever his problems in his marriage might have been, stayed with his family?

There's a huge irony in that. I'm not going to name names here, but I think that one of the things that irritates a lot of the elites, a lot of these people have left their kids and wives, and he hasn't. And they sort of criticize him for character [defects]. What I've never been able to understand is, and I don't know what happened in somebody's ... I have to tell this, first time I told this story. In my book I criticize Gingrich, obviously, a guy who divorced his wife when she was in the hospital with cancer and left the kids, the church had to take his children. The pastor said he was an amoral man. In the first draft I had Dole in there too, and I asked Senator Paul Wellstone to read it over. I did that with twenty, twenty-five people, I guess, showed different chapters. Three days later I get a call from Senator Wellstone, and he says, "Look, do me a favor. You got Dole in there, and he really isn't ... He's not a bad guy, you don't know what happened in his marriage, and he's got a daughter.... You know, you ought to take it out." And I actually do kind of like, every time I've seen Dole he was sort of, you know, pretty nice to me. And I said, You're right. I ain't gonna take Gingrich out because he's just too big a damn hypocrite, but I don't want to ...

Dole never went around posing as a moral figure until he got on his Hollywood kick.

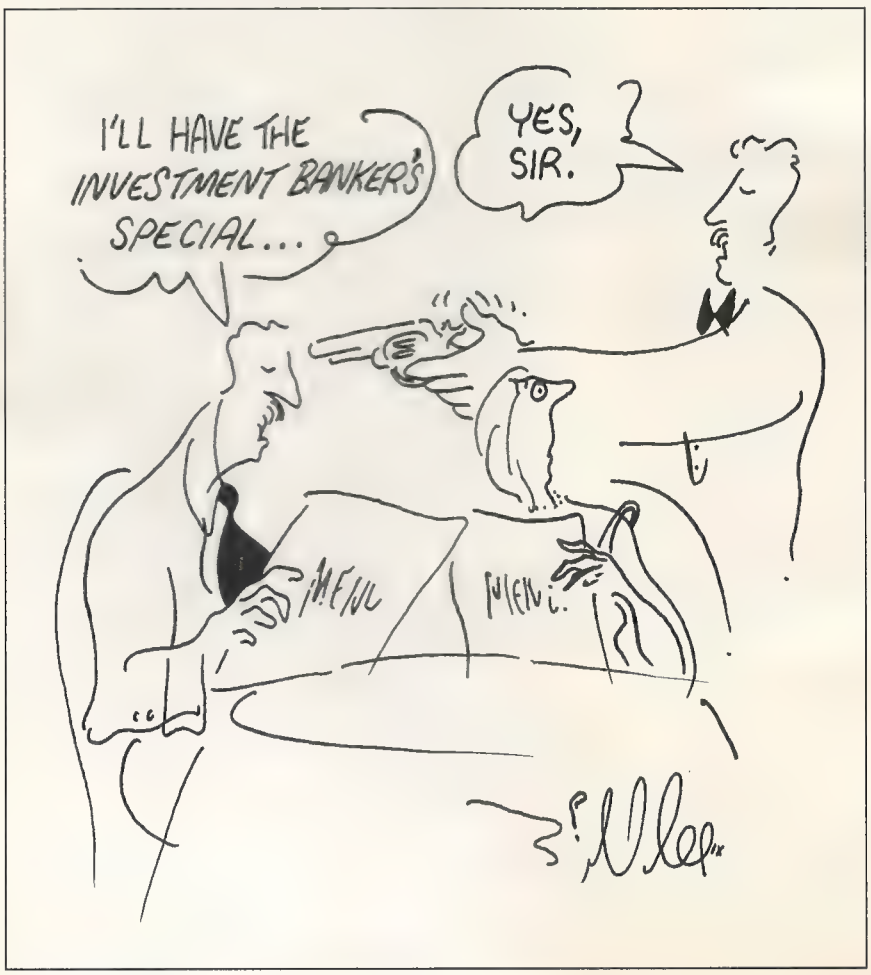
No, he never did. He got wrapped up in it in the campaign, and at any number of junctures I was so tempted to sort of say something, which I didn't, and I'm glad that I didn't, and I think Wellstone's advice to me was good. And I don't want to judge Dole or Reagan, you know what I mean. But when they set themselves up as some symbols for families ...

Against the Clintons.

Against the Clintons. Dole got a pass on it when he said some focus group said they'd rather have the Doles raise their kid than the Clintons. And of course if they took a poll, people remark that Clinton's a wonderful parent. You can imagine what a dad the President is, involved and everything. I think they've raised that child ... I think most Americans ...

She's obviously a happy kid.

Yes. And he's a pretty popular president, and that's what's irritating these people. You understand, at the heart of this thing is a struggle for power. And the people who are fighting the hardest are in the media. When they see people are not really paying attention to *them,* they become crybabies pounding the table, saying, Pay attention to me! Pay attention to me! Pay attention to me!



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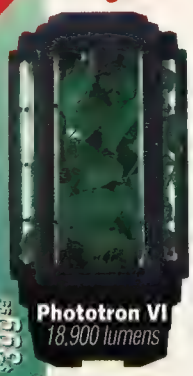

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BALDY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 145

my shorts. Her firm tits were rubbing up against my back, and I couldn't believe this was happening to me. I unfastened the blonde's top and began to lick her cantaloupe-size breasts. She moaned as I circled her tits with my tongue and gently nibbled on her nipples. The brunette stripped off my shorts. I reached down to the blonde's snatch and found it dripping with excitement. I slid my fingers into her love hole, and she gave out a deep, guttural moan. I could tell she was snug. The brunette, obviously starving for attention, took my cock in her mouth and began sucking furiously. I had all I could do to concentrate on the blonde's dripping snatch. By this time we had all fallen to the floor and were one mass of naked flesh, consuming one another. I could feel my balls begin to quiver, and I knew that I was going to come. The brunette released my cock from her mouth, and I came all over her firm breasts. I collapsed into the blonde's arms, exhausted. The girls were not.

The blonde crawled over me and began to lick my come off the brunette's tits, caressing her body as she went. The brunette began to finger herself. Before I realized it the two were caressing each other, and their tongues entwined. As they explored each other's body I could feel my cock come to attention once again. I wasn't finished after all. The blonde was tongue-fucking the brunette, and her tiny ass was sticking up in the air. I got behind her and thrust my hard member deep inside her tight wet snatch. She screamed with surprise and ecstasy as I began to pump her love hole. I reached around and played with her clit as I was pumping her furiously. She began to whimper. I was soon making out with the brunette and fucking the blonde at the same time. I could tell the brunette was wanting a cock, however. I had her lie down right next to me. It was then I noticed her beautifully shaved pussy. I began to play with the brunette's clit as my cock was thrusting in and out of the blonde. Playing with the bald pussy got me even more excited. I took my cock from the blonde and shifted to the brunette. I slowly inserted my cock in her just enough to drive her crazy. She grabbed my ass and thrust my cock deep inside her. We both moaned with ecstasy. The feeling of fucking a shaved pussy was incredible. I was slowly maneuvering my cock in and out to make the moment last.

The blonde, not to be left out, positioned her beautiful snatch over the brunette's mouth, and the brunette began to nibble on her friend's pussy. The two women were screaming as the pace of my fucking increased. I could see the brunette's tongue disappear into the blonde's beautiful pussy, and I began to thrust even faster. Just as the blonde was reaching orgasm and screaming louder and louder, I shot another load of come deep into the brunette's pussy. The three of us collapsed into each other's arms, and gently kissed and licked each other for what seemed to be an hour. We fucked two more times that afternoon. I have never come that much in my entire life. We parted that day knowing full well that we'd never see each other again. Now each time I ride down to the beach my cock rises to the occasion in hopes of an encore to that special ride, but my head knows it was a once-in-a-lifetime experience.—*E. W., California*

Body Shots

She bent backward on the bar stool, exposing the cleavage between her full, erect breasts. I hungrily licked the area just above the cleavage, and slowly worked my tongue down between her breasts and into her blouse. Then I sprinkled salt onto the moist area, and went down where I'd put the salt. I swirled my tongue as I licked up the salt, and then pulled back to take a shot of tequila. After the tequila went hotly down my throat, I began to look for a slice of lime with which to finish off the ritual.

Glancing up, I noticed that she had put the lime between her still moist breasts. I went for it and bit into it with a vengeance. She moaned quietly as I pursued the lime. By now the bartender and some other people had started to take notice, so we left them wanting more. We left the bar and walked over to the place where the band was starting to play.

Off to the right in the back we spotted a long black leather couch. We quickly made our way over to it. It wasn't long before we started kissing and feeling each other's warmth. I reached over and began to softly stroke the still moist area of her breasts with the tips of my fingers. Then we erupted into one passionate kiss after another.

We were slowly losing ourselves, as if becoming invisible to all the other people in the place, and all the noise seemed to disappear as she darted her tongue in and out of my mouth. The lime juice between her breasts was now starting to mix with the sweet sweat of her body. We were tightly intertwined, and my hard penis was firmly pressing into her side. Now my hand began to wander and explore, moving down from

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GANG BANG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

pool? John says you should come down and get a blowjob."

Ron Jeremy came over. Jeremy, who was wearing a cobalt Hawaiian shirt and carrying a tape recorder, has quite a girth, and would not be called a pretty boy, but he is a true porno superstar, the featured player in 1,200 movies. "That's a record," he told me.

He began interviewing a blonde, blue-eyed creature, the most princessy of the fluffers, whose working name was Candy Apples. "The idea of sucking dick is what?" he asked her.

"To get them hard," she said.

"Why?"

"So that they're ready for Jasmin."

"And what happened in three cases that we witnessed?"

She giggled. "They came," she said, and giggled again.

"They're not supposed to have orgasms on you," Jeremy said in mock reproof. "You're supposed to fluff them so that they can be with Jasmin. Why did they come with you?"

Candy Apples got pert and proud. "Maybe I just did a very good job," she suggested.

"Are you just jealous? Are you going to go for the record after this?"

"I'd love it."

"So Jasmin is going to do three hundred guys. What is Candy Apples going to do?"

"Four."

"Uh, really? John Bone! John T. Bone!" Jeremy hollered, "Candy Apples wants it known that if Jasmin does three hundred, she's going to go for four." Bone waved his approval, and Jeremy asked her, "Are you going to fluff some more?"

"Of course I am."

"How many dicks have you had inside that mouth?"

"Ohhhh." Her forehead crinkled. "Well over fifty of 'em. Maybe a hundred. I don't know."

"And how many would you like?"

Another tinkle of laughter.

"Thousands," she said, with what seemed unforced glee.

Jasmin St. Claire, unaware that her record was already under threat, sat up. She was still wearing gold shoes. I asked her how she was feeling. "I like it. Yeah. I'm having a great time," she said. She spoke bravely, but a note of weariness could be detected. How many to go? I asked.

"What's the number on the board?" It was 235. "Maybe I'll go for three hundred and fifty," she told me. "I've got to take a break." She slipped on a pale-blue satin wrap, and departed, shoes twinkling in the hot lights.

John T. Bone spoke to the room at large. "We're going to do another fifteen guys," he said. "At that point we'll be at two hundred and fifty. One off the record. I'm going to take a break then. Half an hour, forty-five minutes. The pizza should be here. Get something to eat, hang out, get your strength back. And as soon as we come back from that we're going to break the world record."

Jasmin returned. Suddenly she squealed, loudly, enunciated an "Ouch!" and said fiercely to one of the current fivesome, "Get the fuck off me!"

"Take five ... take five...," John T. Bone said. The scoreboard stood at 246. It seems that nature did have limits after all.

> "They're not supposed to have orgasms on you," Jeremy scolded. "You're supposed to fluff them so they can be with Jasmin."

The Hollywood Stage, which was the *Gang Bang* venue, is a small studio on Santa Monica Boulevard. It would, I had decided, be smart to meet up with John T. Bone and especially Jasmin St. Claire in advance of all the goings-on, so I had cabbed it over the day before. John Bowen—"The other is my nom de porn," he said—turned out to be a fellow Brit. He explained the rigors that would-be participants in *Gang Bang II* had been put through, the I.D.'s, the mandatory recent H.I.V. test, and said he was fairly new to the biz. In fact in the late eighties he had been dealing in art. "The New York Stock Exchange was a shit camp. Nothing was happening. Corporate money suddenly decided to get into art," he says. "There's people running around desperate to spend millions."

When the stock market came back and the art market went belly up in turn, John Bowen moved to Beverly Hills and started peddling jewelry. "There was one Jewish lady from Brooklyn who had started a business, and sold it for 4.1 million dollars," he says. "She built a mansion in Beverly Hills, and all she did was watch porno movies, and fuck, and buy jewelry.

"She calls me one day. She says, 'I've been offered a business deal I would like your opinion on.' So I meet with this guy, and the guy is pitching her on making fuck movies. She says to me, 'What should I do?' I said, 'All you do is fuck and watch fuck movies, and you've got more fucking money than you can ever spend in one lifetime. So why don't you invest in one? Watch it being made? Then you'll know a little bit more about what you're watching.' "

She agreed, but insisted that Bowen take a job on the movie as art director, to protect her investment. "I said, 'Well, I'm an art dealer, you know.' So she offered me like a stupid amount of money. So of course I took it," Bowen says. "Here's the thing. The girl who's the star of the movie has goo-goo eyes for me. And I started a career in pornography." Thus John Bowen became John T. Bone. It is now about 400 movies later. His new star, Jasmin St. Claire, turned out to be a handsome young woman, a 24-year-old, with brilliant dark eyes, a clear girly voice, and a competent manner. In fact it wasn't hard to envision her in her last job, a junior investment adviser at a bank near Wall Street in New York City, dressed for success and punching data into a laptop. Instead she had chosen to undress for success by a faster route.

Most women, I told her, would settle for just one boyfriend.

"Yeah," she said. "I wish I did. After the *Gang Bang* I probably will...."

Records Are Made to Be Broken

What made her decide to undertake these goings-on?

"I saw Annabel, who did [the previous] *World's Biggest Gang Bang*. And I figured I could beat her record. I wanted to beat her record really bad. I mean, records are meant to be broken, right?"

"Right," I said.

"There you go," she said.

But all those men. How could she manage that?

She misunderstood my question, rather revealingly. "I'm not going to be judging them at all. These guys aren't professionals," she said. "I'll do my best to make them feel as comfortable as possible. But there's only so much I can do, you know. Plus, there'll be fluffers."

Jasmin's manager, Charlie Pride (not *the* Charlie Pride), put in, "They will be given a certain amount of time. And she will do her best, in whatever manner, to please them."

Will she ruthlessly discard people who can't perform?

"I won't discard them personally. But

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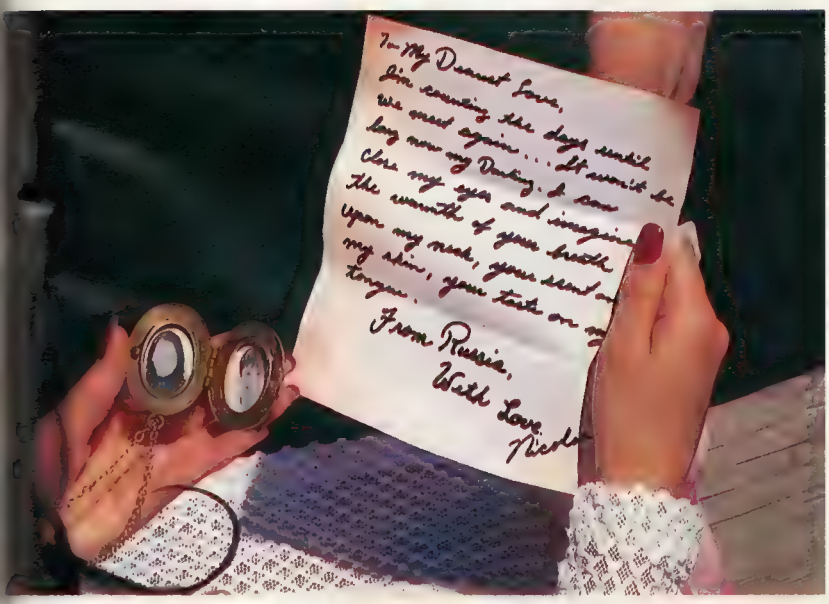
TANIA AND NICOLAI


My Dearest Love,
We meet again. . . It won't be
long now my Darling. I close
Close my eyes and imagine
The warmth of your breath,
Upon my neck, your touch on
my skin, your taste on
tongue.
From Russia,
With Love,

TALES FROM THE DOCKSIDE

There is something about waiting that makes the body boil over with desire. Every time Nicolai shipped out, Tania wept with longing and began to ache for his touch even before his boat dipped below the horizon. Some women might have sought comfort in the arms of another man or in the pleasure of their own strokes—but not Tania. She'd rather endure the exquisite torture of an icy bed than waste one ounce of the warm honey that thickened and swelled in anticipation of her lover's return. For months her lips burned and her insides throbbed, and still she always pried her frenzied fingers from her soft fur before they could reach their destination. By the time Nicolai returned she was like a feral cat in heat.

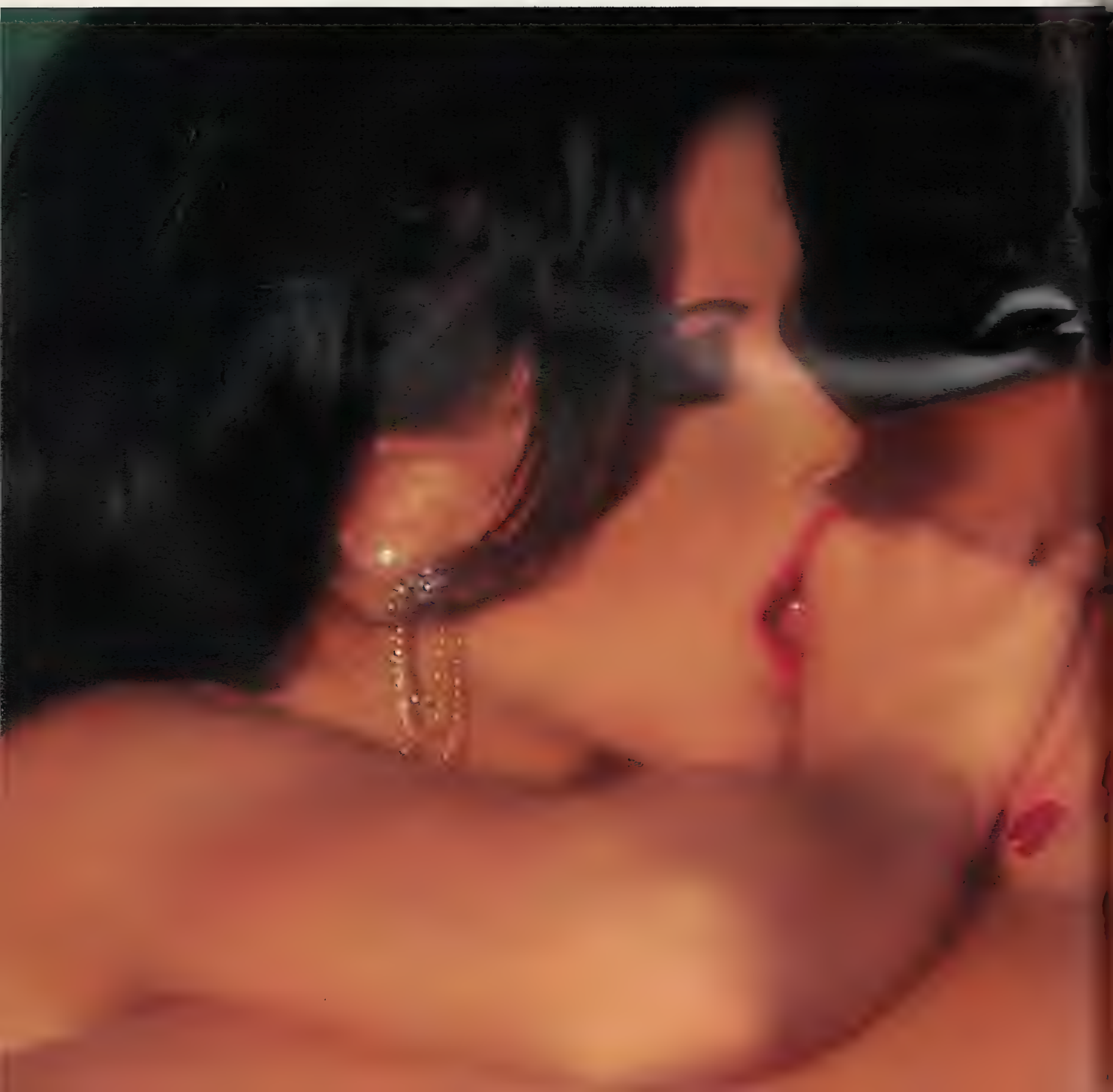
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

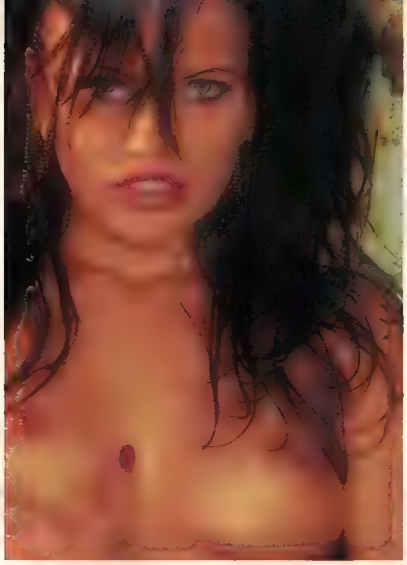
"I have been so long at sea, in the company of men," Nicolai groaned. He groaned anew when Tania pulled his weapon out of its scabbard, and gave him a proper welcoming kiss.

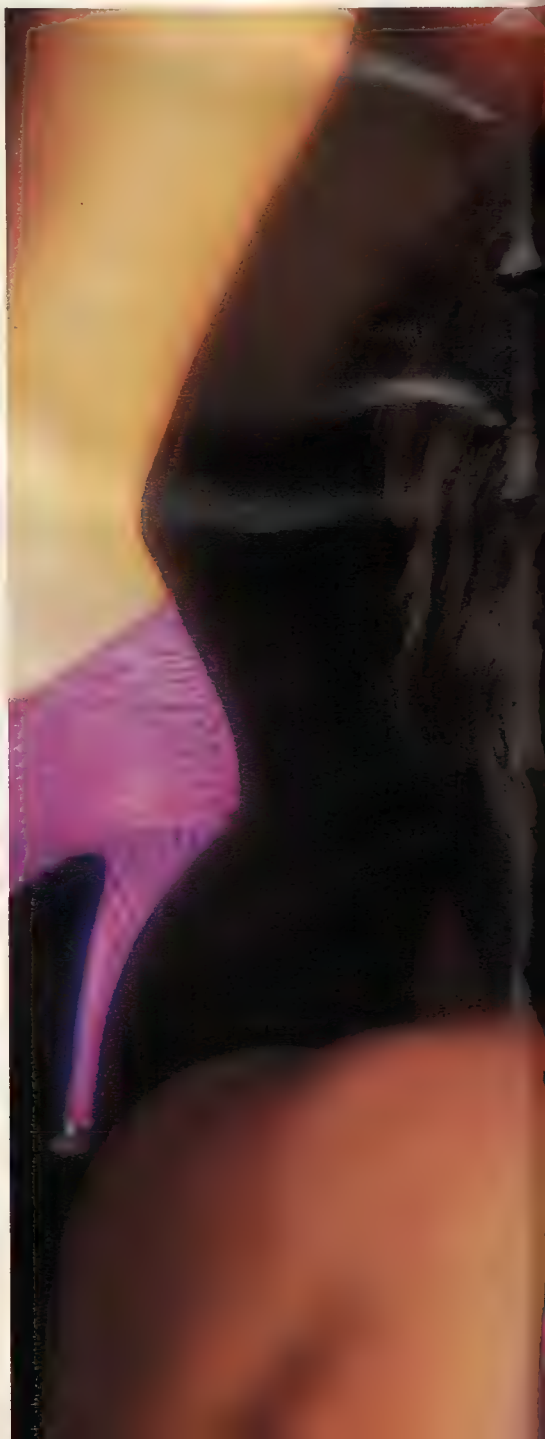
"Oh, how I have longed to feel you in my mouth," Tania gasped.

Savoring every moment, Tania brought her valiant seaman to the brink of ecstasy.

"I never knew you had such skills," Nicolai said. "I have been dreaming about this moment for two long years," Tania replied. Then she fell silent, her mouth engaged in occupations of ardor and romance. Nicolai closed his eyes and felt as if he were soaring while she laved his sac with her tongue. Finally he erupted like a waterspout.

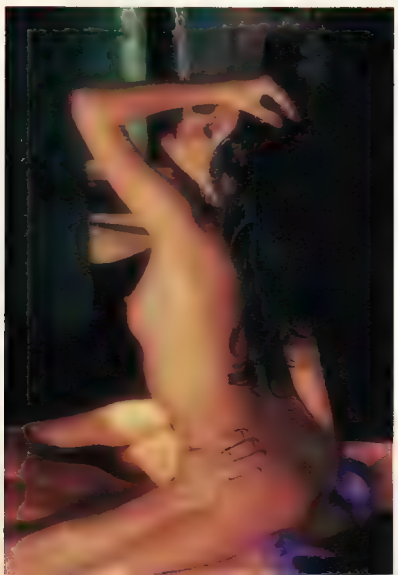






"Now I will please *you,*" the sated seaman told his betrothed. He positioned himself between her silky soft thighs, which quivered at the touch of his calloused hands. He inhaled her pink aroma, and wiggled his tongue against the dewy opening. She sighed rapturously. After so many months of waiting, her moment of climax was not long in coming.

As the boats in the harbor creaked in the waves, the reunited lovers renewed their love. Nicolai slipped within her like a hand into a glove, and Tania could take no more. She upended her sweet seaman and climbed aboard. Down and down she bobbed until a half-year's worth of cresting tides slammed ashore again and again, flooding everything in their wake.



GANG BANG

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they will be discarded."

Not that it's mechanical, mind. Jasmin's manager said, "She's making love to each and every one of them. However, she likes to do it based on the guy and the moment, versus making a perfunctory, scripted performance."

"Right," Jasmin said clearly. She added, "You know the way I see this? A woman goes on her honeymoon and has sex all night and all day long. It's going to be one long honeymoon, all in one day. That's it."

"With a marriage," Charlie Pride said, "to the world! There's guys here from Austria, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Denmark, France.... "

Jasmin St. Claire herself was a wee bit concerned that one of her swains might take the romancing too seriously. "What if someone gets really possessive?" she wondered. "There are going to be a lot of guards there. I have my own personal security guard too. It's almost like a Rolling Stones concert. I kind of feel like the main event."

Pizza, salad, and chicken pieces were served at the 250 break on the scoreboard, as promised; then play recommenced. Suddenly there was a ruckus. A scrawny guy with long stringy hair, a beaky nose, and hooded eyes, like a Central Casting hit man, had been yanked out by Security. Around him there was both goggling and giggling. What was the problem? A woman told me grimly, "He had some surgery done. It wasn't very pretty."

Number 252, the actual record-breaker, was a Hispanic guy, and he was ecstatic. "She is so beautiful. That hair!" he said. "She could have anybody. These guys ... " He looked at the fivesome currently at it, which was indeed a writhing mess of spindly legs and potbellies, but politely didn't say what was on his mind. "I'm sure they're nice people," he said. His thoughts returned to fair Jasmin. "It's very hot up there. After a while I was burning. She's been there all day. It must be hard for her."

I was introduced to a youngish fellow with a kind of whitebread wholesomeness. Call him Jed. "This is our three-hundredth guy," I was told. Jed had, it was explained, won the privilege in a competition run by an East Coast porno mag.

I asked just how his parents felt.

"They don't know," he said.

"*Yet*," somebody interjected.

"Yet," Jed agreed with a rueful grin.

Jed had a degree in economics and had worked on Wall Street, but, much like Jasmin, had decided business was not for him. He was thinking of moving out to California permanently. What will you do for a job? he was asked.

"A porn actor?" he mumbled shyly.

Up on her dais it was clear that Jasmin St. Claire was tiring. Her eyes were hooding, like a little girl who has stayed up too late, but she accommodated another fivesome, as they came and went, then obediently signed T-shirts—"TO CHRIS, I WANT YOU" ... "DAVID, I CAN'T WAIT TO DO YOU"—while she waited for the next quintet.

Drama. Suddenly the thin man with stringy hair, beaky nose, and hooded eyes was up there. The aforementioned surgically enhanced piece of mating equipment was in full view. "It wasn't very pretty" had been too polite. No, it did not precisely resemble a python that has eaten a turtle, a hammerhead shark, or a monkey wrench in a stocking, but you get the idea. "Wolfgang, come here, can you," John T. Bone called out to him sharply.

So they knew each other. Suspicious mind that I have, the phrase "setup" flashed through it.

But Wolfgang was into the breach like a rat up a drainpipe. "Just a minute," he called back.

"Oh, excuuuse me. When you finish fucking," John T. Bone said, amid general hilarity.

But Jasmin St. Claire jackknifed. Her gold shoes fell off. "Put the heels on, Wolfgang," Bone instructed, but Jasmin yipped—not a moan of pleasure either, the yelp of a whipped pup. "Fuck!" she said, meaning the opposite, and sat up, while manpower hustled the offender off into the tropic hut.

A small group of media types formed to discuss Wolfgang, who was said to be married to a German porno actress, and who had appeared in movies himself. A journalist said that Wolfgang's prosthetic enhancement had required complex surgery, of which the removal of the foreskin was only a minor part. How much of the member was now actually real? "I quit asking questions. I got nauseous," the journalist said.

This was a journalist from a hard-core magazine. Jasmin St. Claire meantime had bravely perservered. The scoreboard read 299. "Right. Ron Jeremy, up on stage," John Bone called out. "Sweetie, you better go get ready," a kindly woman told Jed. "There's going to be a lot of pressure on the kid," Ron Jeremy said, as Jed was led away. "A *lot* of pressure," Jeremy added.

Jed climbed onto the dais. Just a twosome: The first actual coupling of the day. The floor was covered with numberless spent tubes of lubricant, and blue and red condom wrappers lay all over like candy wrappers at an ocean resort. Jasmin and Jed settled into a doggie posture, Jed triumphant, and there was clapping as he got going. The lights burned down on their naked bodies, cameras whirred and made insectile clicks, the crowd pressed eagerly in, its faces displaying every sort of expression from curiosity to business-as-usual indifference, but most had odd, satisfied little smiles.

"Right here!" implored a photographer. "Jed! Jed! Jed!" exhorted a writer from a British tabloid, as though trying to wring a goal out of a football team. Jed slapped Jasmin lightly on each buttock.

"Ooh, the confidence!" said a man in a death-metal T-shirt. "Confidence sets in." Jasmin gave a cameraman a lazy wink.

But the confidence was misplaced. A look of worry was settling onto Jed's face as he labored on and on, clearly to less and less avail. Finally he mumbled something and extracted himself. Candy Apples was summoned.

> "A woman goes on her honeymoon and has sex all night and all day long. It's going to be one long honeymoon, all in one day."

Candy's Magic Touch Is Not Enough

"She's gifted," one onlooker exulted.

"And God created Candy," said another.

"She does the impossible," a photographer noted.

All of these comments were within the hearing of the unfortunate Jed, who was submitting himself to Candy Apples while Jasmin, free to relax at last, tickled a cameraman's genitals with a naked foot, chatted, and signed photographs for a gaggle of admirers. Thanks to the magic touch of Candy Apples, Jed got to it again, but again the lights, the cameras, the action all too understandably defeated him. "That's okay. It will look fine in the film," John T. Bone said consolingly. Jed gave a wan smile. I repressed the urge to ask what his second career option might be.

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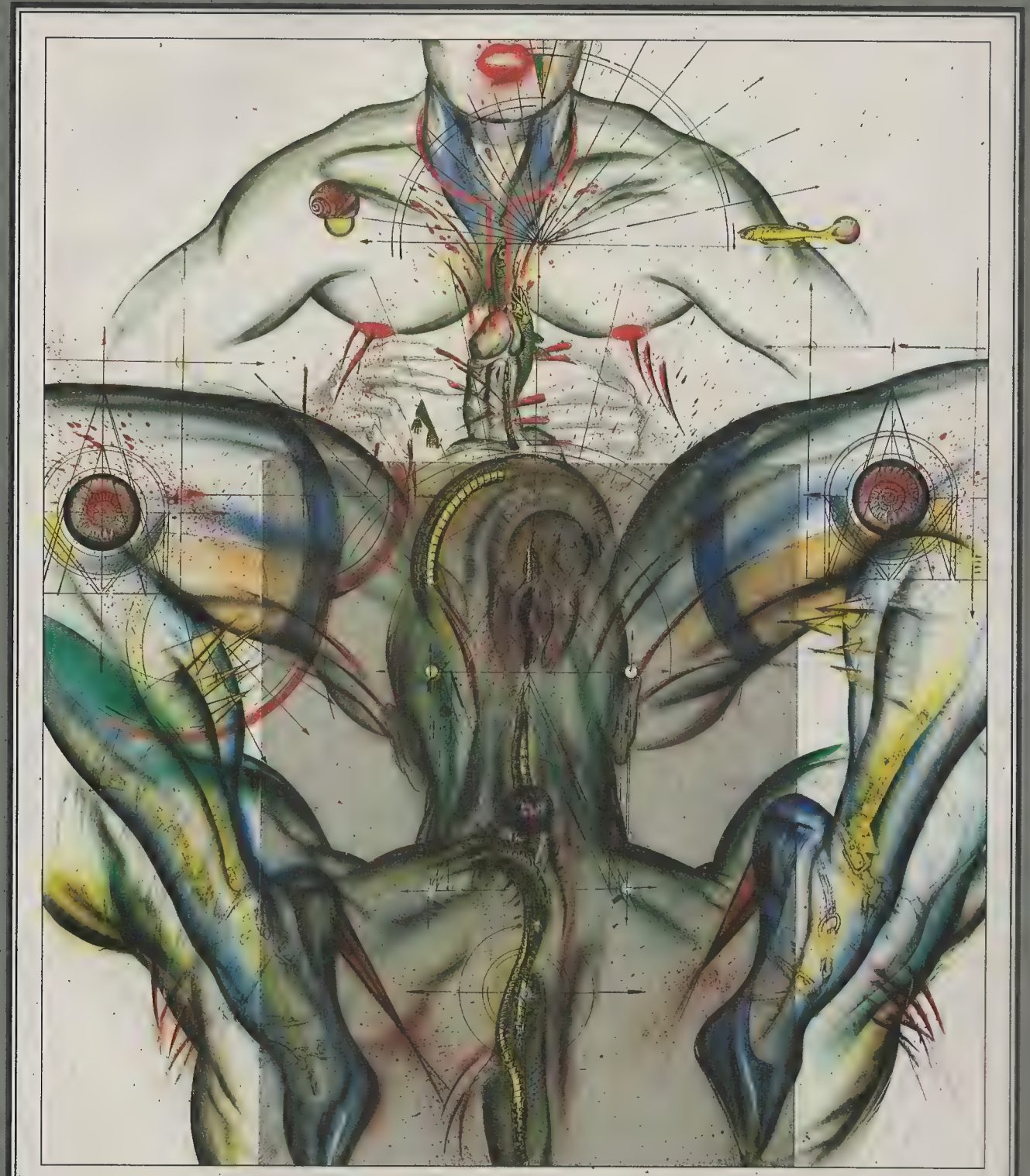
Bedtime Stories



Thumper and The Plaid Rabbits

Erotic Fiction by Beth Leezer ❧ Illustration by Beate Brömse

She walked up the aisle with cognac eyes, stopped next to him, examined her ticket and the empty seat. Greg had no idea it was his lucky day until the redhead lifted her luggage into the overhead compartment, exposing herself. A strange greeting ... but nice.

When the girl reached up, peach garters winked at him. He was eye-level with the silver clasps. Greg accepted the view with astonished pleasure. The pussy curled in its silk cage was like flames reaching for him. He leaned forward to take in a fragrance like the Sonora Desert after a rain.

The naughty dress lowered as she closed the compartment doors. Without so much as an "Excuse me" she slid against his knees in moving to her seat. The strict pleats of her skirt tried but failed to conceal the plump bottom jiggling within. It was a juicy ass, just like a well-fed girl should have. Tiny rabbits danced around the hem of the plaid.

Once seated, she looked left, studying the tightly bunned blonde head of the woman beside her until the woman glared back. To the right the newcomer scrutinized Greg while tugging a curl from a corner of her wire spectacles. Scattered freckles on a cute nose insisted she was innocent. Greg could not help but smile. The aisle lights faded on the midnight flight from Phoenix to San Diego as the plane took the runway.

Greg fantasized a slick pussy rotating atop his cock as the plane ascended toward the clouds. That "Wheeee!" feeling in the base of his head during takeoff might mix with the sensation of a cunt slide-sucking his prick. With any luck it would freak out his brain, and he'd come until the pussy was sprayed white, the chair filled with goo, and he became a babbling idiot.

Greg snorted at this unlikelihood, and chanced a look at the girl, who had turned away from him. Beside her the woman in the bun had fallen asleep with a business publication in her lap. The redhead's legs were curled under, stretching her dress above her ass. She lay sideways against the back of the seat, her head perilously close to the padded shoulder of Ms. Executive. Greg blinked while his mind did back flips. He took a deep breath and wondered how her ice-cream skin would quiver if he rubbed it with his five-o'clock shadow.

Peach straps lined each cheek of that ass, and the pillows pouted as if in prison. She had magenta pubic hair that didn't curl, lying like a horse's mane between her thighs. Greg desperately wanted a comb. This girl was testing him.

But why? Why him? What the hell could he do for her on a plane that was completely full? If he shoved his mouth in the crack of her ass and gobbled the marshmallow flesh, people would notice. The pulse in his prick pounded as his hand strayed to the armrest and pushed it slowly up.

The garters were old silk, the clasps antique, with etchings of flowers on the tarnished clips. Had she bought them used? How many pussies had they framed to be licked? Maybe years ago she had stolen them from the drawer of an older sister, who'd bought them at a vintage shop and worn them thin. Perhaps the older sister's cunt was a golden red and glistened like sun-drenched wheat when it came, whereas the younger's was more a dark, dewy velvet rose.

The girl did not move or indicate that she was aware of Greg's attentions, but he knew she was. She was waiting for his hands, which were beautiful. Greg was vain about them, had the nails manicured twice a month so the tips were white. Tanned and double-jointed, they were perfect for finger fucking, nipple pinching, and of course caressing. He rested a forefinger on her left garter

"Let's see," he said to himself, "if this girl really wants to play."

The finger slipped beneath the silk, and pulled it taut, like a bow. He heard her hold her breath, so he let go. The snap of silk against skin sounds softer than it feels, and as he watched, a red mark surfaced, delicately stenciling her ass.

Uh-oh, he thought. Greg figured he could point to the guy in front of them if she turned around angry. Her backside began to quiver. He gulped. She was moving, but not turning ... no, not at all, merely raising that powder puff farther into the air, exposing a view of her crevice, which was clenching like a hungry mouth, open and shut.

Holy God, was it alive?

That was not a pussy, it was an exotic sea anemone. Glistening pink swirled before Greg's eyes. Its closing and popping open undid his manners. Without thinking, he shoved his finger into the puckering mouth.

"Hello, hello, hello," it said to him, soft as a cloud and slick as a squid. He rested his other hand on her ass cheek for support, because he felt faint at his own luck. He pushed in and out a bit just for the hell of it, enjoying the gooey sweetness, then got down to business.

"Let's see," he silently asked, "where are you, hmm?"

The tip of his finger brushed every part of the deliciously slimy interior.

"Where are you?" he whispered. "Come out, come out, wherever you are—ahhh, there she is. C'mere." His finger rubbed the little thing affectionately, like the chin of a reluctant cat.

The G-spot.

It was a little uneven and tucked beneath a ridge under the belly button. It was prickly.

Her ass hole was fluffy; all he wanted to do was slap on a little butter and some honey and eat this biscuit. It was rutting onto his finger as he teased the G-spot. His pearl-tipped pinkie traveled the rim of the anus, exploring its sensitive ridges—pretending to plunge in, then not. So smug was he at holding her orgasm in the palm of his hand that he dipped his finger into her squishy pussy like a chip to be popped into his mouth. Then Mr. Cool realized *he* could not wait.

The pinkie baptized itself deep into the ass, the forefinger fondled her clit without mercy. Two other fingers spun around inside to relieve the G-spot of its torture.

She came with the quietest of jerks. Cream frothed onto Greg's wrist. Her legs did not stop trembling, even as he rubbed the moisture down her flanks to her curled toes. Greg merrily licked his digits and waited to see what would happen next.

It took a while for her to sit up.

Perhaps he should stop licking his fingers, or maybe extend his hand to share?

The dishevelment of the Ms. Executive blonde wiped the smirk off his face. His redhead righted herself, her own fingers glistening. Her fox eyes looked meaningfully at what he recognized now to be the third party of this porn. The magazine was shredded across the woman's lap. Wetness darkened the crotch of her pants, and the zipper was down. The bun, which had been pulled firmly back, now stumbled around her shoulders in disarray.

Incredulous, he looked to the clever redheaded girl for confirmation, and she held up the prize fingers. In slow motion they glided wetly to his nose. He inhaled a full-bodied pussy aroma that was not the redhead's.

She whispered, "Meet me in the john." And left.

This is getting out of hand, he thought happily, while rubbing come into his nostrils. Whom was he dealing with?

Aw, who cares, he answered, standing in the aisle, knowing his erection was trying to tear like Alien through his pants. He imagined the passengers' alarm if Li'l Elvis actually did fight its way through zipper-land and hiss at everybody, shooting semen everywhere. People would scream and faint; the plane would crash, because the captain would get it in the eye.... But nothing bizarre occurred, and Greg reached the bathroom without incident.

He pulled off his pants faster than Clark Kent. Arranging his jeans on the toilet as a cushion, he sat and spread his thighs wide so his dick stuck straight up like a butter churn The door handle clicked. He had left it unlocked, almost daring someone else to enter. She peeked in and observed his eager extremity. A little slyness flickered at the corners of that shapely mouth. A kisser like Veronica Lake's, he decided: wide, hilly upper lip, and tiny round bottom one, perfect for framing the stem of a prick as the tongue caressed its vein.

Her glasses were gone, and Greg smiled at this mysterious female with the elegant cheekbones, suddenly understanding the predatory look in her eyes. This was no girl, this was a woman. She stepped in, immediately leaning into him, and without ceremony pulled up the bottom of her dress. He kept his fists clenched on his knees, unwilling to touch her yet.

The FASTEN SEAT BELT lights came on outside. There were knocks on the door. Eyeing Greg, the redhead reached back and locked it with finality.

She pulled the plaid garment over her head, and two ice-cream-cone toppers spilled from the material, bounced free a few times, then lay still. Being naturally large, there was a nice swing to them when she arched her back. Their round architecture offered refuge and pleasure. They molded softly around his face. He inhaled and sighed, then took up like a pig at a trough, slurping while she watched and played with his hair.

All the while an emergency was building up in his cock. It began as a glowing ball of sexual energy throbbing between his anus and dick. When she talked dirty, it grew. It remained at the base of his dick and felt about the size of an apricot, at first. But when she reached down and stroked his balls, cooing and sucking, the energy ballooned to cantaloupe size. Yet, for him, the most wonderful thing about sex was not launching that energy too soon.

Finally she placed one bare foot on the toilet-paper rack, the other on a ledge. With thighs trapped in juice-darkened garters, she squatted onto Greg like an Indian mistress, slower than poured honey. He banged his head back against the wall in happy tension as his hands kneaded her buttocks. She was so leisurely about it, he felt he would go insane. It was like his dick was being stirred into something warm, like hot chocolate, or being mixed into somebody's dessert, with melting sugar, milk, and butter. Absolutely delectable.

She put him in a semi-liquid world each time she engulfed him, her nipples bobbing, boobs shining. His ass extended to the walls around them as if the walls were caving in. As the stewardess outside buckled her seat belt and opened a trashy novel, the redhead told Greg she wished there were time for an ass fucking. And would he like to squirt all over her meringue cheeks and rub it in like a lotion? Greg squeezed her waist and pumped her up and down faster and faster. The plane was descending. His ears popped. That Wheeee! feeling hit the back of his head. His eyes crossed. His balls rumbled.

"Holy fucking damn," he moaned, and let it go, lifting her off just before his spasms pumped out the semen. It shot up from the base of his dick and jetted out the tip like machine-gun fire. Later he swore it was about 200 miles per hour. Everything he had, all of it, erupted onto her stomach and breasts.

She kneaded his dick to wring every bit of mellow from it, watching—too intently—the way his jaw quivered as he forced himself not to squeeze her thighs too hard. She admired the Adam's apple in his straining neck. She smiled at his wide-open eyes. It was charming that he did not know what to say.

Sweat darkened their hair at the roots. He luxuriated in her softness, while she licked jism from his fingers like lemon pie. The plane skidded to a stop, forcing her to lean into him. Greg locked her in his arms.

"Tell me your name?" he asked, stroking her vanilla back. She kissed the top of his head and whispered, "Don' t ruin it."

"Not even a name?"

"All right," she said in his ear with a giggle. "Just call me Thumper."

She dressed, gave him a deep kiss, then backed out the door with the same sly smile she wore upon entering.

He just sat on the toilet and glowed for a while. When the stewardess jiggled the handle and inquired if anyone was left, he gathered his spent body and sauntered back to his seat. Greg reached for his briefcase and spied a silver clasp with a few peach strands stuck in the minuscule spring.

He put it in his pocket.

Outside, Thumper jumped in a taxi. She pulled out a cell phone.

"Hello, Helen? Sorry to call you at home so late, but I've changed my mind, we won't have to push back the deadline on my *Erotica* story after all, because I just wrote the last page about five minutes ago. It's a new process of writing for me—exhausting, but definitely satisfying," she confided, unable to suppress a grin as she watched Greg walk past the glass doors and onto the sidewalk to hail his own taxi.

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE
humor@generalmedia.com

DILDO
BY CROTCH EDAMS
I'M NOT BAD..
I'M JUST DRAWN VERY BADLY!
GOOD NEWS, DILDOG, I'M GOING TO SUE MY BOSS FOR SEXUAL HARASSMENT IN THE OFFICE.
BUT YOU'RE A DICKLESS CARTOON.
I'VE GOT A PENIS!
IT'S DRAWN AS BADLY AS THE REST OF YOU...
SHE WANTS TO PLAY HIDE THE PICKLE...
GREAT, NOW WE CAN HAVE SEX IN THIS VERY BORING COMIC STRIP.
HEY, DILDO, I'M OFFERING YOU MY BADLY DRAWN BOD.
IT'S MY BOSS, DILDAME.
UGH.
DO YOU THINK THIS WILL TITILLATE THE READERS?
ONLY IF THEY ARE MENTALLY CHALLENGED.

RIGHT STUFF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

close-ups. Add an external mike for the audio track and the PV-D607 is just the thing for monitoring spaces that you can (or can't) be in. An automatic built-in light goes on when needed—but you might want to disable the light feature for certain covert operations.

TV TO GO

The RCA L2200BC has a 2.2-inch screen providing a crisp image. About the size of a pocket calculator and weighing just a touch over a half-pound, the L2200BC is powered by only four AA batteries. Great for traveling or taking to sporting events, this extremely small TV comes with a carrying strap as well as a locking stand.

VERY FAST FORWARD

Would you like to watch your VCR tapes in half the time but still understand every word that's said? Now you can view them at two or seven times normal speed with normal audio on Fisher's FVH-4950 Hi-Fi VCR. The Speed Watch feature gives real-time audio in the fast-forward mode by speeding up the video while slowing down the audio. The FVH-4950 also includes VCR Plus and Index Plus, which lets you call up an on-screen channel guide and then just point and click on the programs you want to record. The VCR stores the title, length, and location of previously recorded programs so you can find them easily at a later date.

STICK IT IN YOUR EAR!

American Technology Corporation manufactures "The World's Smallest AM Radio" and "The World's Smallest FM Radio." Each of these amazing units is one-and-a-half inches long and weighs less than a quarter ounce. The FM radio comes with digital-scan tuning, auto-muting to eliminate static between stations, and two volume settings, high and low. The AM radio has dial tuning. Both the AM and FM versions have good sound and fit in one ear, leaving the other ear free for conversations. You can't do that with headphones.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149

her breasts to the hem of her skirt. Without thinking, I began reaching back upward beneath her skirt, and felt the moist area between her legs soaking her panties. Her juice was very hot on the tips of my fingers, and I began to stroke her through her panties, deeper into the moisture. Her hand began to search for a way to release my hardness. She unbuttoned my pants and slipped two fingers under my briefs. The tender touch made me jump with excitement as she lightly fondled the tip of my penis. Now my own fingers had wandered under her panties, and I gently opened the soft lips and inserted one of my fingers so that I could explore her soft inner walls. She moaned and cried out for more. She now had one leg behind me and the other on the couch in front, exposing her sweetness fully. I moved without hesitation to take my prick from my pants and insert it into her incredibly wet, hot opening. She cried out as I began to slowly move in and out and from side to side.

Time seemed to stand still. Our kisses heightened the intensity; our tongues intertwined. I finally began to near the point of no return as she began to cry out louder and more rhythmically. She contracted around my solid mass and came on me with an intensity I had never felt before. This brought me to my peak, and I began to shoot hot juices inside her as the tip of my penis seemed to explode. Our bodies continued in their perfect harmonic rhythm as we slowly moved to extract every drop of fluid from me.

As we finished with a final hot and delicious kiss, we soon noticed the noises around us starting to come back. I looked around and saw everybody talking and dancing; no one really seemed to be paying special attention to us.
—D. C., New Mexico

A Page From My Journal

I'd worked hard all day and just wanted to unwind a little. I decided to put on my sexy underwear (the crotchless black leather teddy) and an unassuming denim outfit and hit the road. I felt very sexy. I went to the club looking for some fun, and had the time of my life.

I was sitting at a table waiting to be served when a cute little waitress walked up. She had short red hair and green eyes. I noticed that she had no tan lines. I also noticed that her right breast was decorated with the tattoo of a rose in a triangle. She asked if I would like a drink, and I said sure, a screwdriver would be great. She must have been a new waitress, because I have been going to that club for a couple of years and have never seen her before. She came back with my drink and, needless to say, she got a big tip to ensure her return.

I sat at my table just checking out the action when a beautiful woman at another one caught my eye. She reached into her bag and pulled out her cigarettes, but before she could get her lighter lit, I was there with mine all ready. That is why I carry a lighter. I introduced myself and asked if I could buy her a drink. I looked around for the cute waitress and motioned her over. She and my new

CONTINUED ON PAGE 191

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DICK CLARK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

the bottom line. If the hottest lead singer of the hottest group is a junkie, they just want to keep him alive. They don't care if he cleans up his act, gets straight. That would kill the music. You know, back in the early "Bandstand" days I don't know how many kids in the studio were doing drugs or smoking pot. Undoubtedly some of them were. We didn't deal with it much, but many of the artists were stoned. I was talking to the lead singer of a group where the drummer nodded out. I don't know what he was on, but this was not the best portion of his day. It was nap time. But you see, I was too old for the drug generation, so I could never come to understand it. My heart goes out to all those who allowed drugs to end their young lives so early.

What about a related issue—censorship? You must find certain lyrics offensive. Would you censor them?

You can't censor artists, because it becomes pervasive. My brother died in World War II, fighting in Germany, and he and hundreds of thousands of others were killed to make this a free place. I believe in that. I believe in the First Amendment. But there is another alternative—self-restraint, education, and discretion. The world's not perfect, but we can work in that direction.

Meeting your beautiful wife, Kari, made me think of the great romantic songs of my generation, in the fifties....

You idolize the fifties because of your age. That's very, very common. In terms of music, in terms of everything, you atrophy, you freeze. You return to the music you grew up with. I've been through it all, by good luck and good fortune. I went through the fifties, sixties, seventies, eighties, and now the nineties. You have to stay current, but at my age it's difficult. How to stay current? My wife is the greatest thing ever, and got me a 2,000-play jukebox at home. So, because of her, whatever my mood, I can pick jazz, Brazilian music, R&B, pop, and on and on. Now you know it's Kari who's keeping me young and sort of still cool.

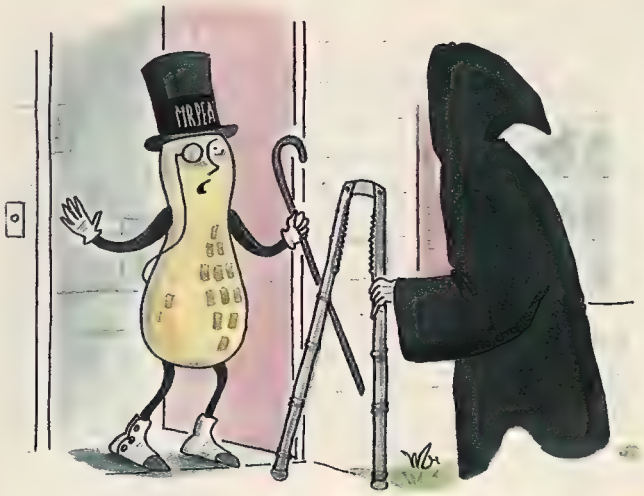
Clark's new book, American Bandstand, *has just been published by HarperCollins. For anyone of my generation, it's a revisiting of the wonder years. For a younger generation it's a visit to why mom and dad keep yapping about a sacred cow pasture called Woodstock. It's also about a man who made life a bit more pleasurable for millions of us who love rock and roll. As long as we have Dick Clark, the lines in "American Pie" are wrong. We miss Buddy Holly, but the music still lives.*

PENTHOUSE
ASKS: WHAT'S HIS SIGN?

"HE'S A LEO!"

SATIRE BY LEO CULLUM

"Order some Chinese food. They'll get here quicker than the police."



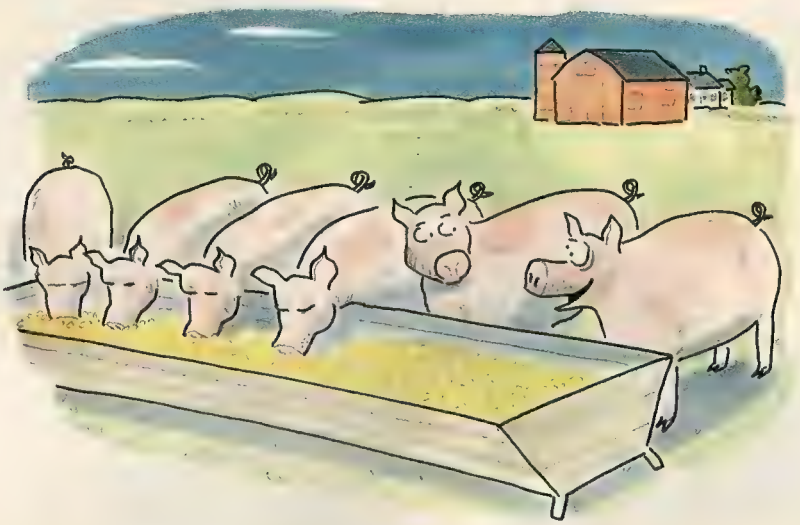
"We believe lemmings make fine employees. We just don't give them window offices."

"I feel I'm as intelligent as the next person."

"Purr, *goddammit!*"

"Arnold! When did you start sporting a cowlick?"

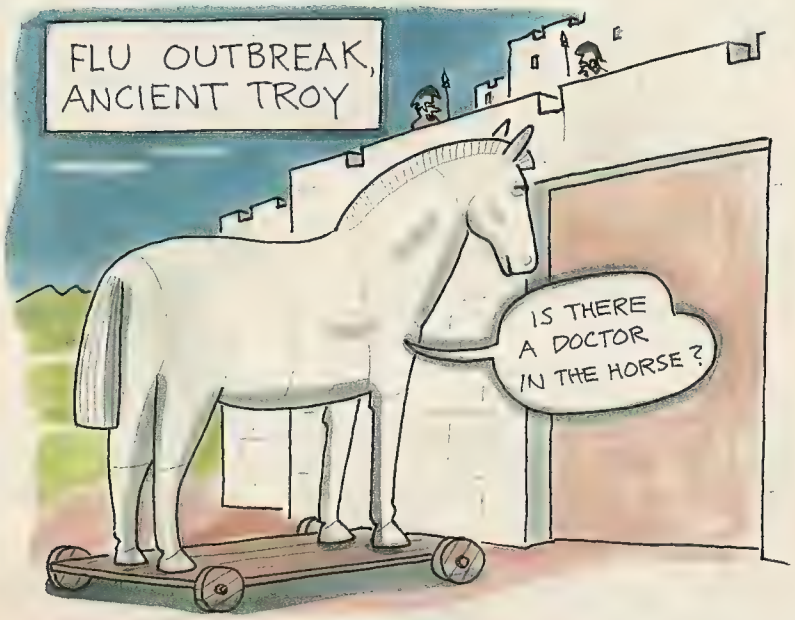
"In deference to the eight hundred people we just laid off, we've switched from wild salmon to farm-raised salmon for the afternoon."



"What's good for pigs is good for the country. Pass it on."

"Well, I've got to get back to the office and put on a happy face."

"Her eyes said, 'Kiss me, you fool!' and like a fool, I kissed her."



"To our surprise, she led us to a room with a computer and asked if we'd ever experienced cybersex."

I've been receiving lots of e-mail from *Penthouse* readers who really know how to get my juices flowing. Recently a man offered to meet me online and fulfill the fantasy of my choice. Since one of the things that makes me hottest is the thought of doing it with another woman, I asked him to bring his girlfriend along.

Marc234: I love you in those spike heels, Kiss. Lean over the table and spread your legs, so I can enjoy the back view.

StolenKiss: Using my hands to spread my ass cheeks, totally exposing myself.

Marc234: I know someone who wants to taste your cunt. Don't you, Andrea?

AndreaDorya: I'm licking my lips at the sight of your pussy, Kiss. Walking forward, tickling your clit with the tip of my black leather dildo.

StolenKiss: Give it to me!

AndreaDorya: Inserting just the tip, kneeling behind you to catch drops of pussy juice on my tongue.

Marc234: Growing hard at the sight of my beautiful girlfriend on her knees with her face in another woman's cunt.

AndreaDorya: Now I'm sliding the dildo in and out, getting your slit ready for Marc's rock-hard dick. You want that, don't you?

StolenKiss: (*gasping*) I want it!

AndreaDorya: Still on my knees, I pull out the dildo and guide Marc's cock to the edge of your pussy. Now I'm nibbling your aching clit as he penetrates you inch by inch, squeezing his balls as he fucks you.

StolenKiss: So hot.

AndreaDorya: This is only the beginning, Kiss. We have all sorts of plans for you.

Tell me *your* plans. Keep those sexy logs and letters coming to StolenKiss@aol.com. And don't forget to check out the too-hot-to-print photos and letters at www.penthousemag.com.

Here Comes the Bride

My buddy and I sometimes pick up extra money doing gigs as male strippers. We recently worked a bachelorette party at the home of a bride-to-be who was a real knockout: long black hair, green eyes, and the biggest, bounciest tits I've ever seen, displayed to advantage in a low-cut silvery sweater. My cock was threatening to burst the seams of my G-string as I did my stuff, and I could see from the way she watched me that my interest was returned. At the end of the evening she approached us and asked if we'd be willing to do something "a little more personal." I was too nervous to answer, but my buddy said, "Sure, anything." He was licking his lips at the sight of those barely concealed boobs, and the short black skirt that didn't quite hide her shaved pussy. To our surprise, she led us to a room with a computer and asked if we'd ever experienced cybersex. Without waiting for an answer, she sat me down in a chair in front of the desk, then sat on my lap while my friend stood behind us.

She signed on to America Online under the screen name "TigerPussy," and went to a private chat room where she'd obviously been before. There was a couple there; she told them she was sitting with two great-looking guys, and asked if they wanted to join in.

TigerPussy: The guys are wearing G-strings that don't hide their massive hard-ons. I want to suck them so bad, I can hardly stand it.

Scott191: Have them fondle your tits.

I didn't need any more encouragement to reach around her waist and scoop her tits out of her sweater. They were even bigger than I'd imagined, with swollen pink nipples. I squeezed them hard, and she moaned. My friend had his dick in his hand. "Tell them to fuck," he said hoarsely.

She typed, "My friend

CONTINUED ON PAGE 195

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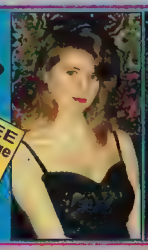

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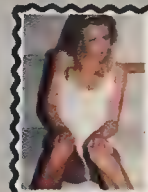
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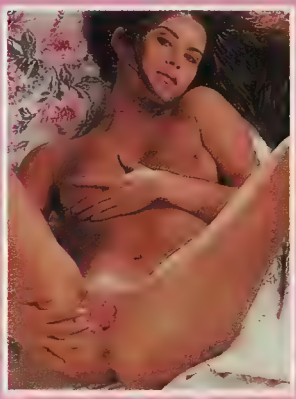

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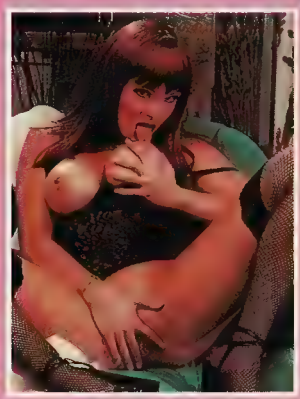

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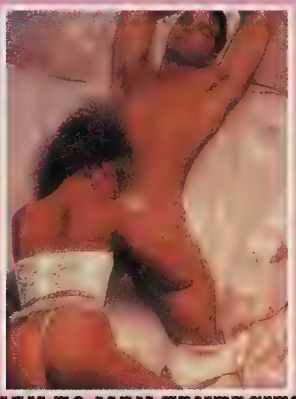

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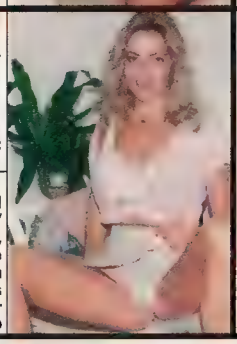

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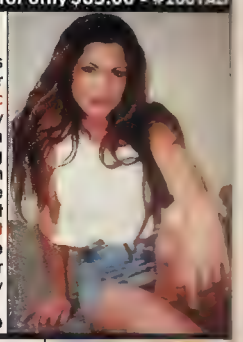

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RATED VIDEO

By Al Goldstein

***The Pyramid* offers excellent costumes, superb on-location footage, and truly hot and nasty sex, just the way it should be.**

Mummy Fuckers

The Pyramid: Parts 1 & 2
(Private) ♙♙♙

Adult-video producers stumble when they attempt costume drama. Maybe everyone's so accustomed to taking their costumes *off* that they don't know how to wear them when they're on. I therefore approached the epic drama called *The*

Pyramid with extreme trepidation, thinking it would feature a bunch of fools with towels on their heads and sand in their cracks. But I was pleasantly surprised. In the first place, *The Pyramid* was produced in France. This is a good thing, because porn producers on the Continent have a skill that so far eludes their American counterparts. They can make a film with excellent costumes and superb on-location footage, and still ladle the sex as hot and nasty as you'd ever want it to be. *The Pyramid* sends up Saturday-afternoon serials in the same way that the Indiana Jones movies did. A husband-and-wife team of archaeologists search for hidden treasure, and in their search encounter an immortal Egyptian goddess. The plot stretches over

three videos, and the third has not been released, but suffice it to say you will not burn out many brain cells trying to figure out this one. Two advisories: The dialogue is in French, with a lame English voiceover, and the majority of the dicks here are uncut. Those are mere quibbles for a video with such high technical values as this one, which features the talents of sexy newcomer Tania Russoff, among others. The homegrown Egyptian starlets add an exotic element to the action, and the flashbacks to distant glories of the pharaohs aren't too ridiculous. The cliff-hanger plot (to be resolved in Part 3) keeps going at a fast enough clip to keep you interested. All in all, I recommend *The Pyramid* both for straight erotic power and as a great couples video.

Penthouse Pick

War Whores
(Elegant Angel) ♙♙♙

Quite unremarked by the mainstream media—which are still stuck in the debate about whether the First Amendment protects porn—adult video is turning out some challenging works. It happens only occasionally, since most smut videos are done strictly by the numbers. Every so often, though, a director comes along like John Leslie, who uses sexual obsession to undercut any basic belief in humanity. Robert Black, the director of *War Whores,* is like that. This tape is no light and frothy day at the beach. Sex represents just another addiction in the vast catalogue of human need. It's erotic, yes, but it's troubling at the same time. In *War Whores,* Steve Hacher plays a Vietnam-vet junkie who is tormented by flashbacks. His sexual history is played out in front of his bleary eyes—and it's not a pretty one. From a Vietnam horror to a three-way incest orgy, the guy has never caught a break in bed. Despite all the women he's fucked, who turns out to be the war whore? Why, he does, of course. Very hot, very unsettling stuff, gut-churning and lap-drenching at the same time.

Uncaged Heat

Sex Penitentiary
(VCA) ♙♙

It was a good idea: Take the well-worn tease of women-in-chains movies like *Caged Heat,* and turn it explicit. Have the prisoner and the corrections officer really get it on—in other words, instead of fading to black. Too bad this B-movie feature from Italy was dubbed with dialogue that sounds like a parody ("The sight of a meat pistol turns you on even more, doesn't it? So suck, bunny, suck!"). On the other hairy hand, the female talent here represents the most luscious-looking Italian actresses to come along since the pubescent Sophia Loren. Turn down the sound and savor the action.

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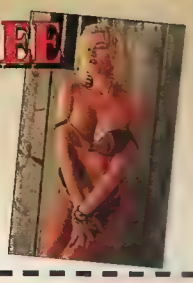

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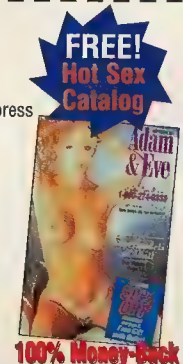

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THE PENIS PAGE

FACTS & PHALLUSES OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE ORGAN

By Adam Baron

"My God," she said incredulously, "your cock tastes just like chocolate!"

I didn't find out about it until I got to the university. Before then my experience with women was non-existent. I couldn't believe it when, all of a sudden during the freshmen mixer, I found myself going at it with a real, live woman. After the dance we wound up in her room. In no time we were naked in bed. She kissed my neck, my chest, my stomach, my ... she stopped.

"My God," she said incredulously, "your cock tastes just like chocolate!"

Melanie wasn't a shy girl. She must have told her friend Susan the first thing the next morning. I realized it later that day when a very attractive girl approached me in the student cafeteria and just started chatting away. Before I knew it she had taken me back to her place and, bingo, we were naked in her bed. I was sure that word was getting around when, after only a few brief kisses, her face disappeared under the blanket.

"It does!" she exclaimed. "It damn well does!"

Two weeks later I had received no fewer than 23 blowjobs from 12 different girls. During this period I heard the words "incredible," "amazing," "Belgian," and "Swiss" exclaimed by mops of hair down around my waist. I had also been requested to immerse part of myself in a glass of warm milk and move it around to see if any of the flavor came off. It didn't. It was a local phenomenon.

I went to the doctor, and she didn't believe me. But she didn't try it out, a failing that I thought unscientific. Still, she did see the state I was in, and prescribed an ointment that should mask the flavor. I threw the slip away.

For the first year it was great. I had loads of curious women anytime I wanted. I was especially popular with thin girls, who never seemed to eat anything except Hershey bars. Word got around, and lots of guys on campus were jealous and said so in no uncertain terms. Those guys not in the know would stare at me when they saw some of the more gorgeous girls on my arm. "What's he got?" they all seemed to ask themselves.

By the time sophomore year rolled around I was tired of it. There was a new crop of girls who wanted to try me out. I felt like a strange sex object. There was something missing in my life. A yearning to be taken for who I was, not what I tasted like. I tried to start meaningful conversations with the girls, but all the time their eyes would be flicking to my crotch. Their tongues would run over their mouths, and they'd say, "Sorry, what were you saying?" Everyone had started referring to me as "Baby Ruth." I say everyone, but that is not quite true. Some called me Willy Wonka.

But I was a person! I was more than just some sexual organ that happened to be flavored like candy. All the girls laughed about me. I heard them talking about me. About *it*. Throughout my junior year I withdrew from all social contact. I didn't have anything else to do, so I studied all the time. I graduated at the top of my class, and went to Columbia in New York City for my master's.

Columbia was great. Nobody there knew about me. I met Laurie after three months. I'd seen her around, but it was at a seminar on New Wave Feminism that I really noticed her. She spoke for 30 minutes on the politics of oral sex.

"Oral sex," she concluded, "is degrading. The worship of the phallus enforces the enslavement of women. Women should never do it. I've liberated myself from this disgusting practice."

She stepped down to rapturous applause from a room filled mainly with women. I was entranced. She had what I needed in terms of attitude. I was determined to get to know her.

I pursued her relentlessly, and we eventually started dating. Having no chocolate flavoring to fall back on, I had to be myself. Finally it all came together—the park, movies, poetry all did their work over time. One night she was lying on my bed. Naked. I started to cover her with kisses. I wanted to adore her, to make her sigh like the wind from a wood across a wheat field....

"No!" she said. She took me by the scruff of the neck. "Not there!"

"Why not?"

"I won't do it to you!" she screamed.

"I want to do it to you. I don't want you to do it to me, ever."

"You will," she said. "You will."

I didn't listen. There was no way I'd let her. Never. I covered the insides of her thighs with my face. I pushed them apart slightly. She resisted for a second, and then she opened her legs wider.

I stopped. I lifted my head. "Cognac," I said. "*Cognac*!"

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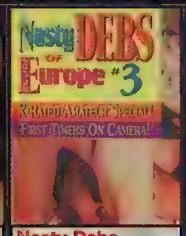

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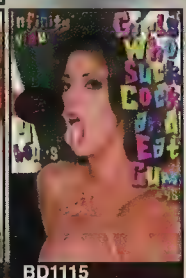

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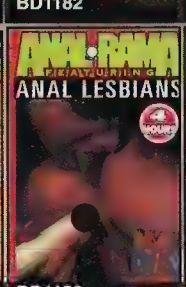

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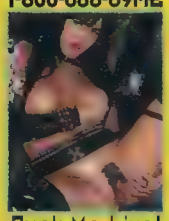
❑ Check ❑ Money Order
❑ MC / Visa ❑ Discover ❑ Amex
Account # _____
Exp. Date ___/___

BACK-ROOM DIRECT
PO Box 8485
TRENTON, NJ 08650
1-800-367-2385
1-609-208-0290

SIGNATURE (I AM 21 OR OLDER) _____

I Suck U
U Lick Me
1-800-688-69ME



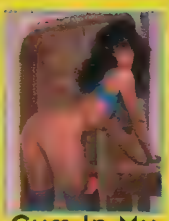
Fuck Me Live!
1-900-WET-0195
1-900-938-0114
$4.95/min.

Anxious Virgin
1-900-WETT 2CUM
ONLY $4.95/MIN.

International Sex Orgy
011-592-246-040
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
011-592-248-173

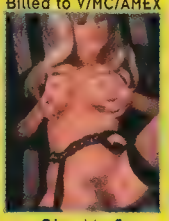
I'M HOT!
1-900-WETT HOLE
$4.95/min. 18+

FUCK MY WET ASS
1-900-WETT REAR
(1-900-938-8732)
$4.95/MINUTE

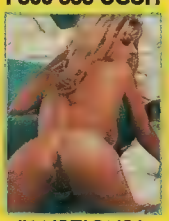


Cum In My
Back Door
1-800-756-LACE
Billed to Credit Card

Wet, Wild
Lesbian Orgy
1-800-304-ORGY
Billed to V/MC/AMEX

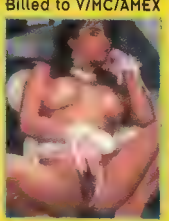


Give Me A
Pearl Necklace
1-800-666-UCUM



#1 NATIONAL
ANAL SEX SERVICE
1-800-685-ANAL
Billed to Credit Card

Lesbian Sex-
4 Women Only
1-800-753-MEET
Billed to V/MC/AMEX



Uncensored Sex
011-592-240-472
International
Rates Apply

Live Obedience
Training Sessions
1-800-955-WHIP
Billed to V/MC/AMEX

Fuck Me Between
My Wet Tits
1-800-678-TITS
Billed to C. C.

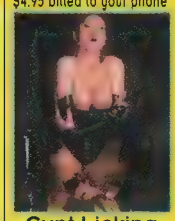
Lick My Love Juice
1-900-WETT BABE
NO LONG INTROS!
NO STUPID CRAP!

CUM IN MY ASS
1-900-938-0111
$4.95/MINUTE

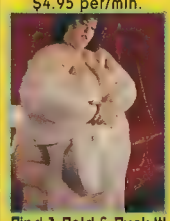
Push Your Cock Up
My Ass!
1-800-876-6116
Or My Cunt
1-800-581-7387

Dominating
British Bitches
011-44-171-814-1327
CREDIT CARD CALLERS ONLY

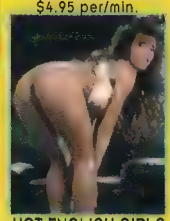
1 On 1
Live Fucking
1-900-WETT 1on1
$4.95 billed to your phone



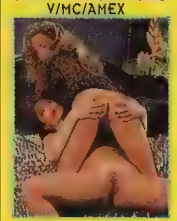
Cunt Licking
Lesbians
1-900-WETT N'HOT
$4.95 per/min.



Find A Fold & Fuck It!
1-900-WET-N-FAT
Totally Gross
1-900-WET-FART
$4.95 per/min.



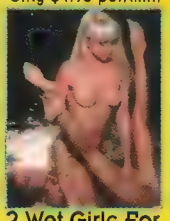
HOT ENGLISH GIRLS
INTERNATIONAL CREDIT
CARD CALLERS
011-44-171-814-1326
V/MC/AMEX



2 Nasty
Girls + U
1-900-WETT 2on1
$4.95/min.

1-900-
WE TIE U UP
(1-900-938-4388)
Caller must be over 18.

1-900-9 FUCK HIM
IN THE ASS!
Only $4.95 per/min.

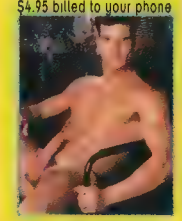


2 Wet Girls For
Every Caller
1-900-WETT 3SUM
$4.95 billed to your phone

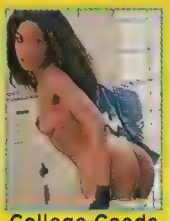
Ram Us With
My Dildo
1-900-WETT DILDO
$4.95 billed to your phone

1-800-605-BUTT
Credit Card Callers
011-68-FUCK ASS
Intl. rates apply

Cum Dripping
Blow Jobs
1-900-WETT BLOW
$4.95 billed to your phone



"MY GIRLFRIEND IS
GONE AND I'M HORNY!"
1-900-WETT DICK
$4.95 per/min.



College Coeds
Need Hard Cocks
1-900-WETT COED
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You Fuck Her
I'll Lick Her
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International Rates Apply

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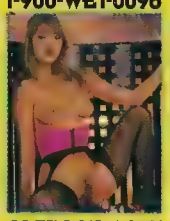
Always Live!
1-900-WETT 4TWO
18+. $4.95 PER/MIN.

Exotic
Beauty
1-900-938-0133
1-900-WET-0096

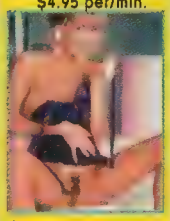


SAFE ASIAN SEX
1-900-WE VD FREE
1-800-284-3363
1-800-717-7388

Sorority
Slut Orgy
1-800-285-ORGY

Live!
Lesbian Lovers
1-800-350-3SUM
Billed to Credit Card

Get Kinky
With Us
1-900-WET-0216
$4.95 per/min.

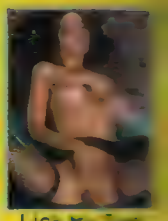


Shove It Up My Cunt
1-900-938-0117
1-900-938-0208
$4.95 / MIN.

Live Wet Girls
1-900-WETT GIRLS
$4.95 Minute
Billed to your phone

Fuck My Wet Clit
1-900-WETT CLIT
$4.95/minute

Obey Or Suffer
1-900-WET-0232
1-800-678-7699
$4.95/min. 18+



Lick My
1-900-WET
1-900-938-

1-800-375-
Lick My
Wet Cl
Billed to

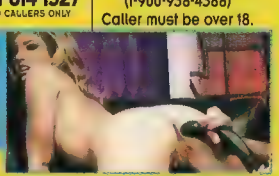
RAW
1-800-590-
Hardcore
1-800-983-

Only Pay
Standard
011-592-240-
International

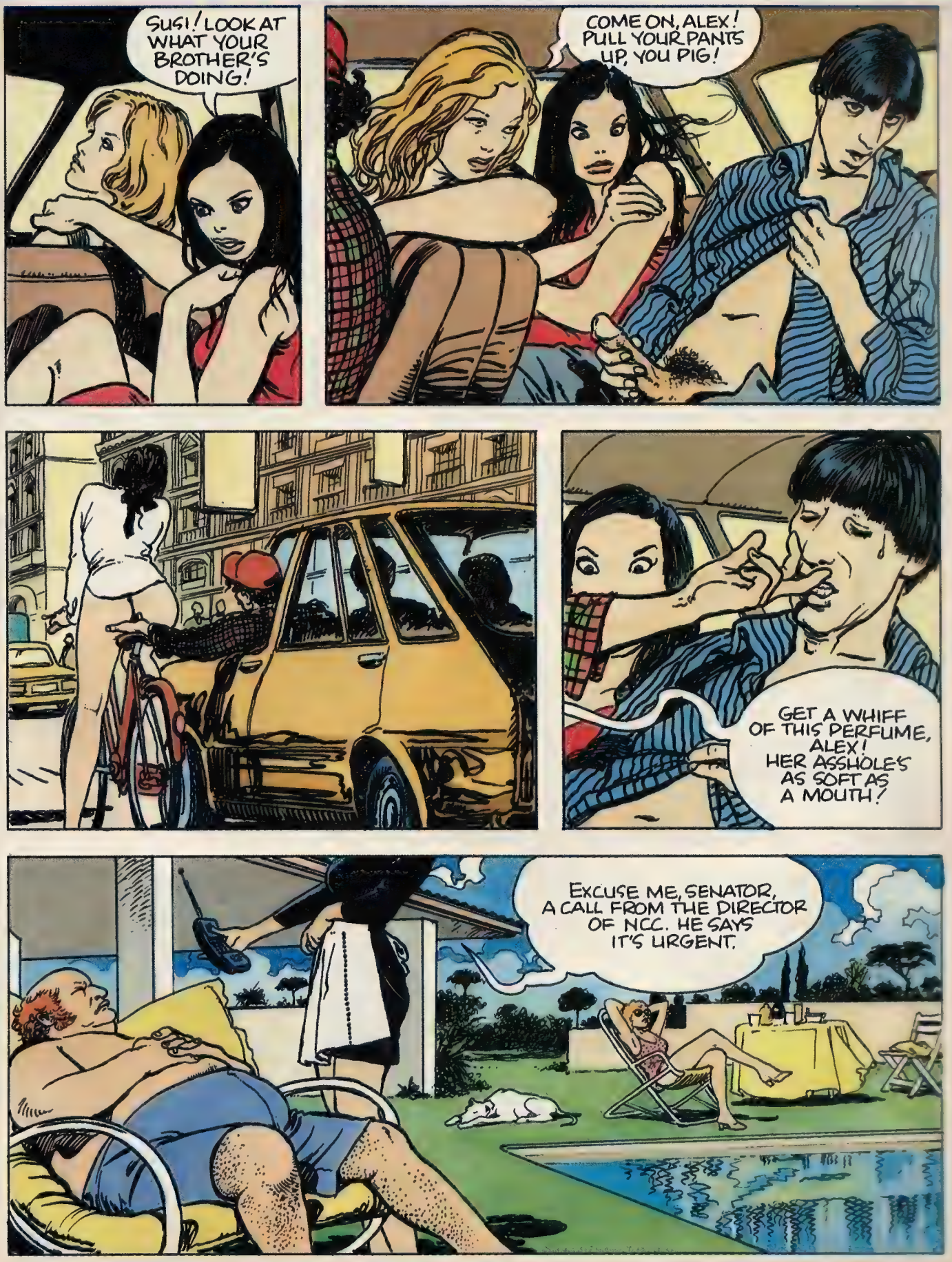
Fuck 2
Kinky Bitches
1-800-395-2on
Billed to V/MC

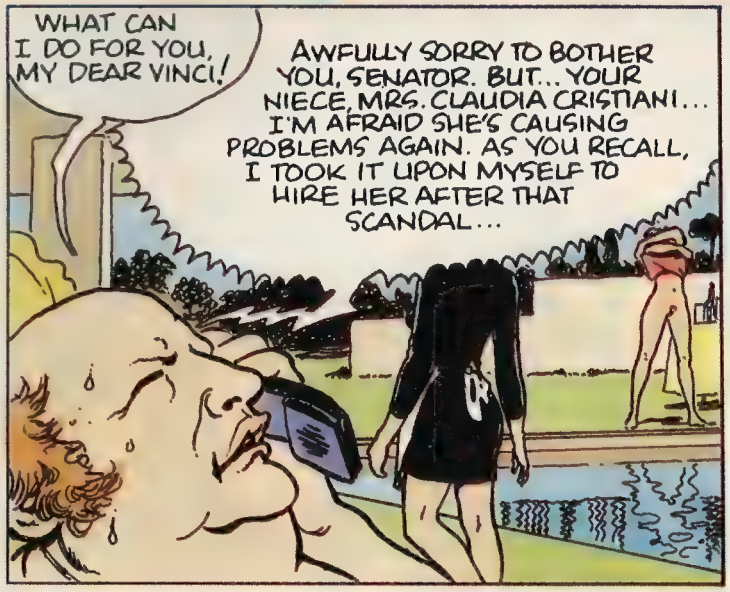
Finger Fuck
My Clit
1-900-WET-0
Billed to Your

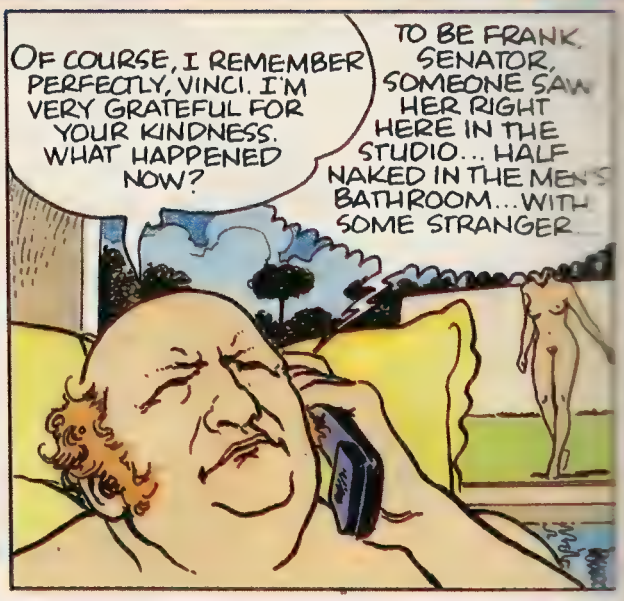
Hard Wet Ass Pumping Action
1-800-354-4ASS
Credit Card Callers Welcome!

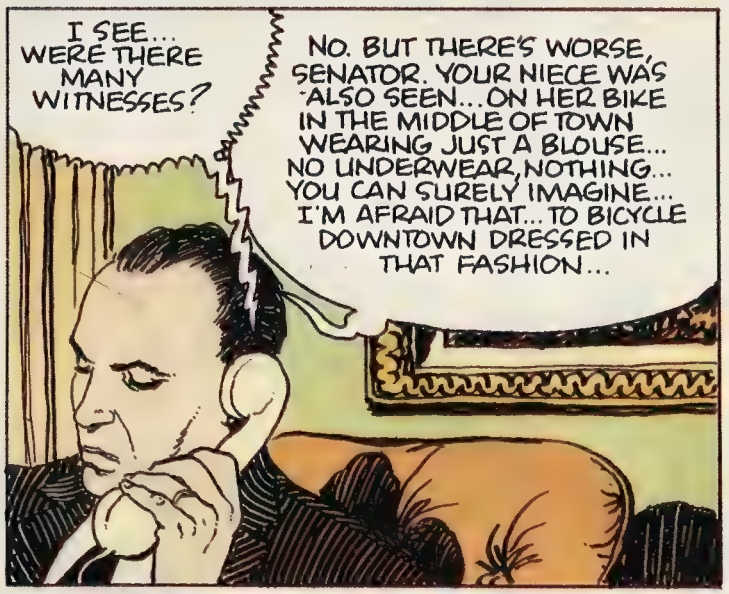


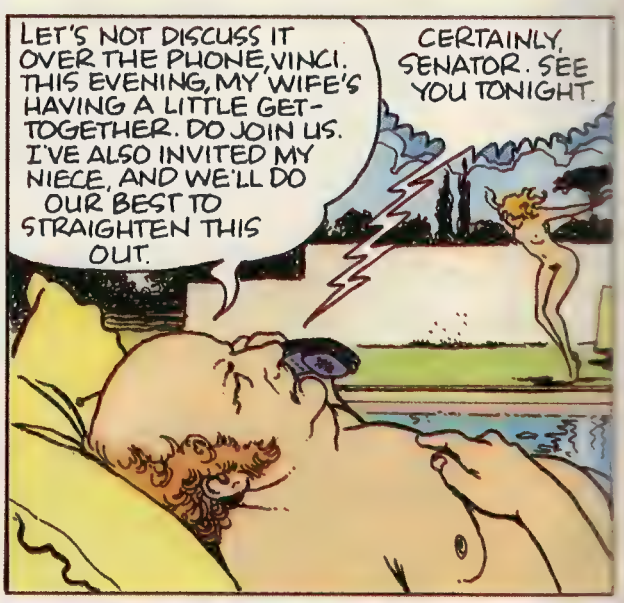
Lick My Juicy Twat. 4 Lesbians Only!
1-800-557-TWAT
Billed to V/MC/AMEX

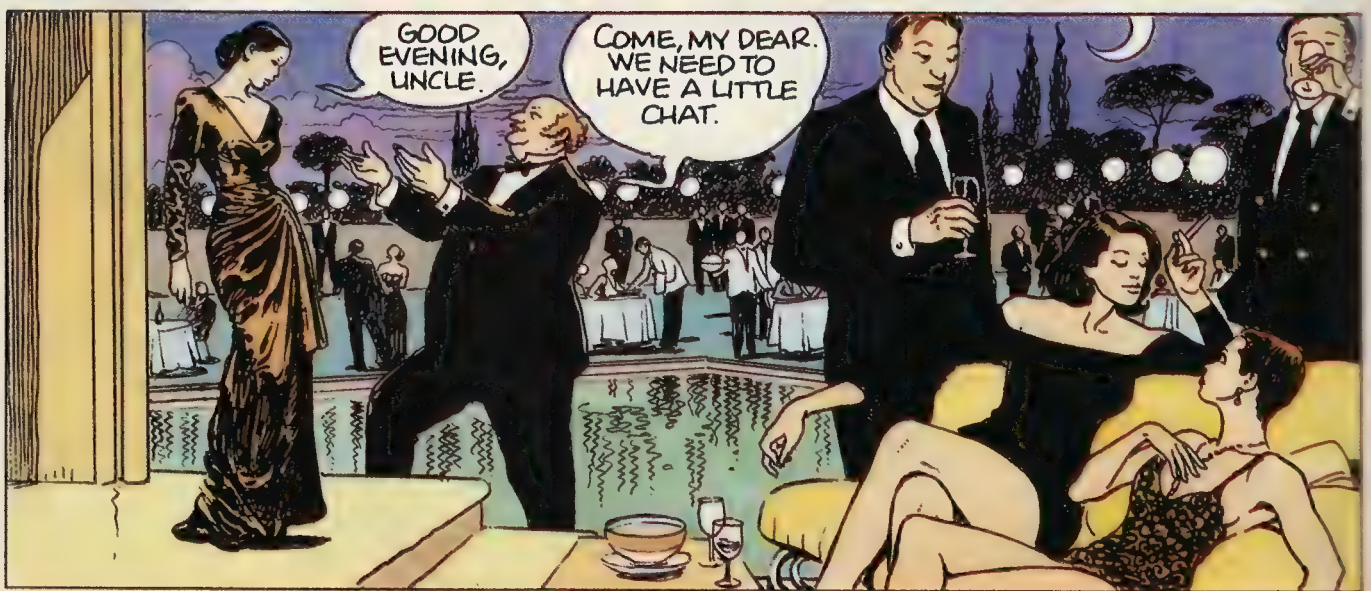

SUSI! LOOK AT WHAT YOUR BROTHER'S DOING!
COME ON, ALEX! PULL YOUR PANTS UP, YOU PIG!
GET A WHIFF OF THIS PERFUME, ALEX! HER ASSHOLE'S AS SOFT AS A MOUTH!
EXCUSE ME, SENATOR, A CALL FROM THE DIRECTOR OF NCC. HE SAYS IT'S URGENT.


WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MY DEAR VINCI!
AWFULLY SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, SENATOR. BUT... YOUR NIECE, MRS. CLAUDIA CRISTIANI... I'M AFRAID SHE'S CAUSING PROBLEMS AGAIN. AS YOU RECALL, I TOOK IT UPON MYSELF TO HIRE HER AFTER THAT SCANDAL...


OF COURSE, I REMEMBER PERFECTLY, VINCI. I'M VERY GRATEFUL FOR YOUR KINDNESS. WHAT HAPPENED NOW?
TO BE FRANK, SENATOR, SOMEONE SAW HER RIGHT HERE IN THE STUDIO... HALF NAKED IN THE MEN'S BATHROOM... WITH SOME STRANGER...


I SEE... WERE THERE MANY WITNESSES?
NO. BUT THERE'S WORSE, SENATOR. YOUR NIECE WAS ALSO SEEN... ON HER BIKE IN THE MIDDLE OF TOWN WEARING JUST A BLOUSE... NO UNDERWEAR, NOTHING... YOU CAN SURELY IMAGINE... I'M AFRAID THAT... TO BICYCLE DOWNTOWN DRESSED IN THAT FASHION...


LET'S NOT DISCUSS IT OVER THE PHONE, VINCI. THIS EVENING, MY WIFE'S HAVING A LITTLE GET-TOGETHER. DO JOIN US. I'VE ALSO INVITED MY NIECE, AND WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO STRAIGHTEN THIS OUT.
CERTAINLY, SENATOR. SEE YOU TONIGHT.

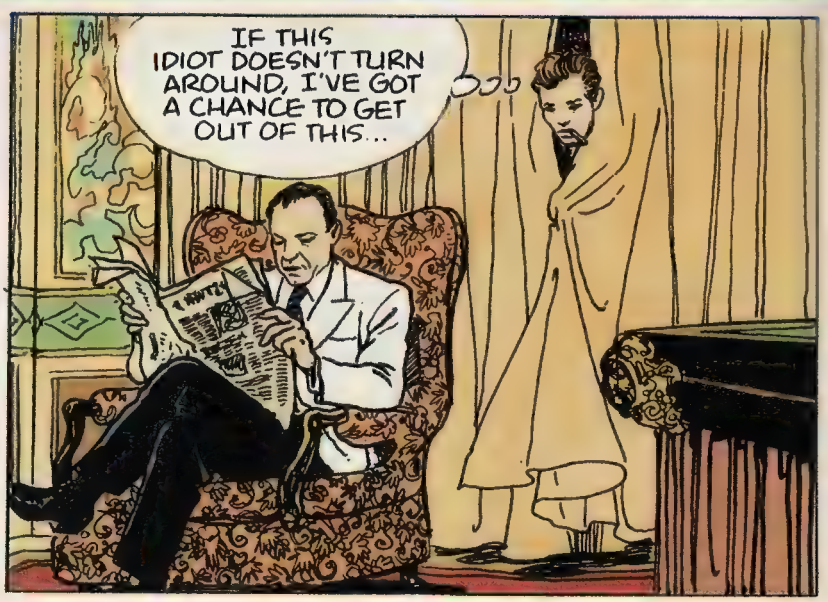

GOOD EVENING, UNCLE.
COME, MY DEAR. WE NEED TO HAVE A LITTLE CHAT.

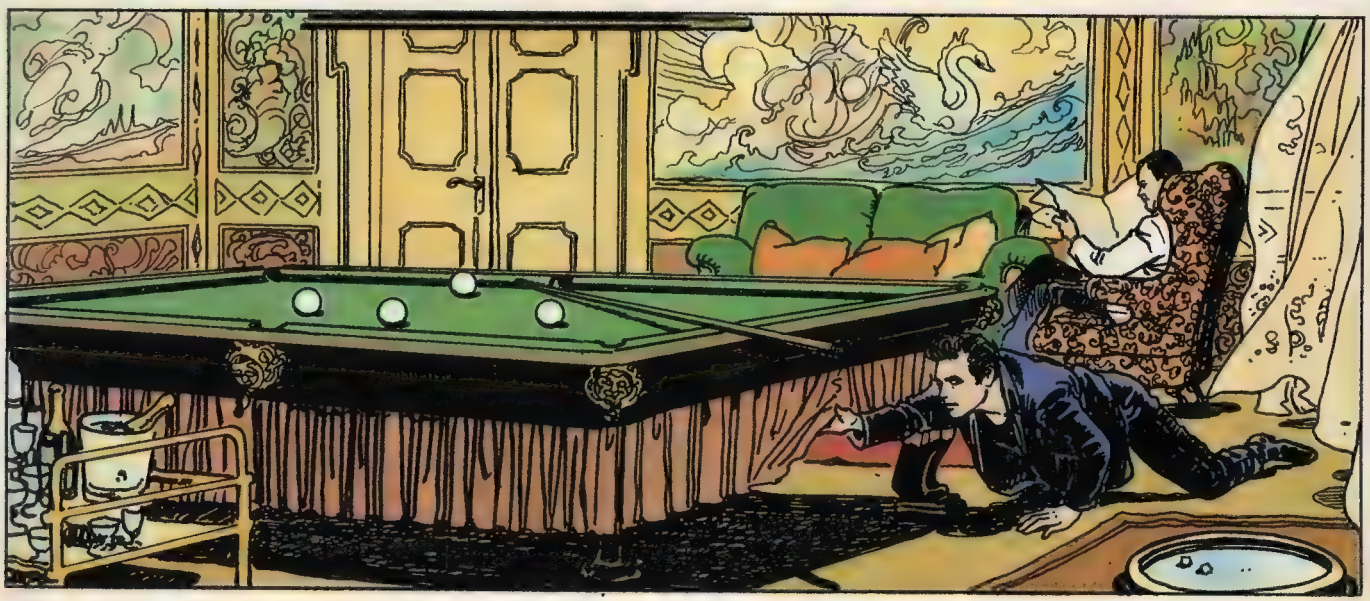
LET'S HOPE UNCLE HASN'T LET THE DOGS LOOSE.

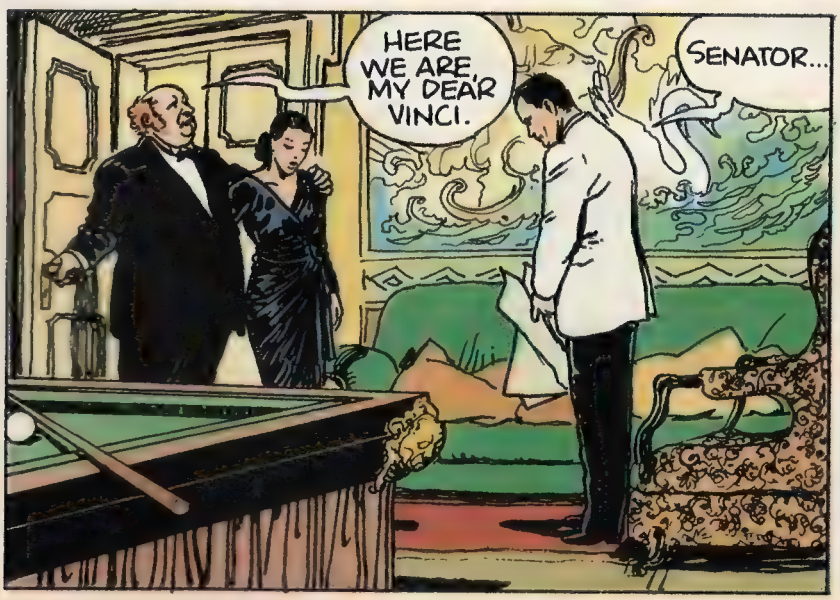
I'VE ALSO INVITED THE DIRECTOR OF NCC. HE'S WAITING FOR US IN THE BILLIARDS ROOM.

SO FAR, SO GOOD!

YOU! THERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
STOP OR I SHOOT!


IF THIS IDIOT DOESN'T TURN AROUND, I'VE GOT A CHANCE TO GET OUT OF THIS...




HERE WE ARE, MY DEAR VINCI.
SENATOR...

JUST MADE IT!
TO BE CONTINUED...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 171

friend Eileen exchanged little smiles as if they knew each other, but I thought nothing of it. We ordered our drinks and talked a little about what we do.

When Kammy, the waitress, came back with our drinks, she said she was getting off in about 20 minutes and she'd like to join us. Eileen and I looked at each other and smiled. I said sure. I didn't mind sharing the table with two beautiful women. When I said that, both Eileen and Kammy got little smirks on their faces, but again I thought nothing of it.

Eileen had an olive complexion and long silky brown hair. I couldn't tell just how long because she was sitting down. She was wearing tight jeans and a short leather jacket with nothing underneath. I was really getting turned on just looking at her (and even now as I think about her). The heat was rising in my jeans, probably because she was inching her hand up my leg. While she was doing this I was scooting forward in my chair to get her hand closer to my waiting mound. When she realized what I was doing she smiled and gave a little laugh, but did not take her hand away.

When Kammy joined us she was wearing the shorts she had had on earlier but, to my dismay, had put a shirt over those perfect little breasts of hers. She walked up to Eileen and gave her a hot tongue kiss. It was at that moment that I realized they were together and had probably been planning to hook someone that night. Eileen must have been the bait, and I was the lucky girl who bit. Well, we sat there and talked for a while, and then decided to go to their place.

When we got there Eileen went in the house before us and turned on some soft music. She was very sexy when she danced. She came over to me and started rubbing against me, and even through both of our jeans I could feel how hot she was. I put one hand on her ass and the other on the back of her neck and started to grind with her. Kammy had moved into the bedroom, where she lit some candles and incense. Eileen and I made our way into the room, and the three of us continued dancing and grinding together.

I slowly unzipped Eileen's jacket to expose first her perfect right breast, which I had to greet with a soft kiss and a lick around its firm dark nipple. Then I let the left one out and, to play fair, greeted it with a soft kiss and a lick also. Then Kammy, obviously not wanting to be ignored, took her shirt off, showing off the two perfect little breasts I had been so taken with earlier at the bar. I took both breasts in my hands and lightly kissed and stroked each one, paying special attention to her hard nipples.

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OVER 1 1/2 HOURS OF X-PLICIT ACTION!
FEATURING THE HOTTEST STARS IN XXX!
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Pay only $4.95 Packaging & Delivery
1.
Squirtin' Sarah Jane Hamilton! After playing with her full, ripe breasts, Jon Dough's treated to slippery fellatio. In an erotic daze, Sarah-Jane has her amazing wet orgasm THREE TIMES ....she's a beautiful mess!
2.
Crystal Wilder! She wiggles her hips and gets down on her hands and knees to get it from behind. Look out, he's gonna explode!
3.
Wendy Whoppers! ...dances nipple-to-nipple with busty Tianna Taylor. Wendy sits queenly as Tianna's tireless tongue tickles her nook.
4.
Her hands grab his hard pink handlebar, urging him to blast off into space. Her firm butt ripples with each poke.
Plus Get 21 More!
5.
Call it cunnilingus, call it what you like, just don't stop! She asks him to try out her backdoor... and just WHAT do you think he does?
6.
Kelly O'Dell! Jonathan Morgan can't keep his mouth off of her. She relishes every moment of every inch of hardness!
Yes! Rush me over 1 1/2 Hours of X-plicit Adult Action in plain packaging under your 30 day money-back guarantee! I've enclosed $4.95 to cover packaging and delivery costs.
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TOLL FREE 24 HOURS

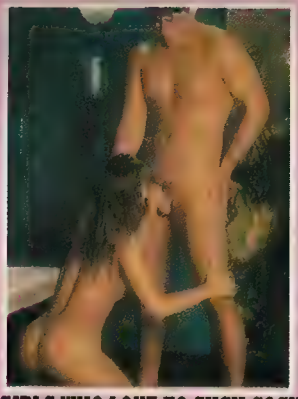
While I was doing this Eileen was undoing my jeans and slipping them off me. She ran her hand over my ass (by this time the leather was extremely wet) and slid a finger easily into my wet hole while her other fingers caressed my clit. With that I began to kiss my way up Kammy's chest and neck to her mouth; then I undid her shorts and slid them down her silky smooth legs. At this point my legs were getting weak and beginning to shake from the rush of sensations, so I suggested we move to the bed. We undressed the rest of the way and climbed into bed. Kammy lay down with her legs spread. I kneeled in front of her between her legs and fingered her slick clit while she massaged her own breasts and squirmed with pleasure.

Eileen moved to Kammy's right side and kneeled facing us, putting her magic fingers in my hole again. I slid forward and sort of straddled Kammy, so we could grind our clits together while Eileen fingered us both. Not wanting Eileen to be left out, I reached over and massaged her clit between my thumb and forefinger. My pussy was easily gliding over Kammy's because we were both so wet. Kammy was the first to reach a thundering orgasm. She began to shake, and pulled away from us to ride out the aftershocks of her orgasm. After the waves passed through Kammy, she sat up and immediately fingered herself to an even more powerful orgasm, saying that the second one is always better.

I love to watch a woman masturbate, especially when she is going to climax. Being fingered by Eileen and watching Kammy sent me into a toe-curling orgasm of my own. After it passed I had an urge to taste Eileen's pussy, so I set her down and kissed up her well-muscled leg while still fingering her clit. When my tongue got to her pussy she let out the softest moan and motioned for Kammy to straddle her face. That was a very pleasant sight; from where I was, I could see Kammy slowly moving up and down on Eileen's face while she played with Eileen's nipples. Finally it was Eileen's turn to rock, and rock she did. She came so hard she started to shake and get goose bumps all over. She was shaking so violently she had to roll over and cover up, so I gladly took her place under Kammy's pussy. Kammy then leaned forward and got into a sixty-nine position with me. She ate me so expertly that I thought I would come instantly, but each time I got close she would back off a little and keep me from coming. What sweet torture I would not have minded her doing this a night long.

Eileen decided to get back into action and kneeled beside us so she could finger her girlfriend. Kammy then sat up so

LESBIAN CLIT LICKING
1-900-WETT-CLIT™
(1-900-938-8254)
1-800-519-6678
1-800-695-2266



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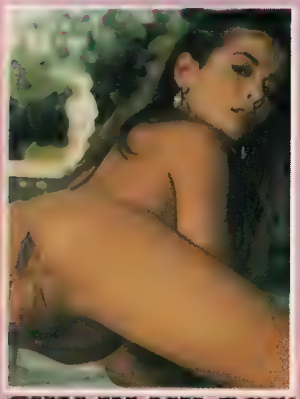
1-900-938-0021
$4.95 / min. billed to your phone

HORNY WET SISTERS
1-800-759-2o6n6l
1-900-938-0020
1-800-442-6670 $4.95



CUM IN MY ASS!
1-800-605-BUTT™
1-800-587-9876
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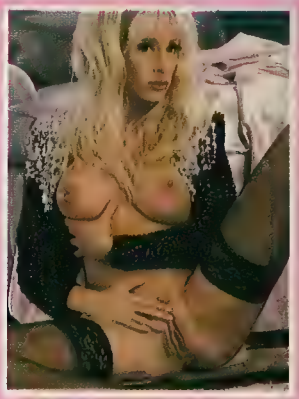

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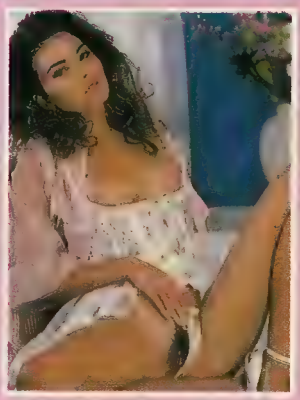

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Eileen could move between my legs and grind her pussy into me. Eileen had an excellent rhythm, and in no time brought me to a very powerful orgasm.

This was the moment to get out some toys. They had vibrators with various-shaped heads, some flat, some round and penis shaped. They also had a wide assortment of dildos. While Kammy was still riding my tongue she took one of the flat vibrators and rubbed it over my nipples. Eileen moved a penis-shaped one in and out of my hole, and used a flat one on her own clit. Before long the three of us were rocking again with hard-hitting orgasms. Mine was so good, I fingered myself to keep it going. I was rubbing my clit with one hand while the fingers of my other hand were going in and out of my hole.

After that we collapsed into each other's arms, too tired to move until this morning.—*K. V., California*

The Cook

It was just like any regular Sunday morning at my fraternity house. Everyone was still recovering from the previous night's festivities. Around 9:30 I arose with an insatiable thirst. Thinking I was the only one awake, I stumbled down the stairs for a glass of cold water. Much to my surprise, I heard noises emanating from the kitchen. They were the soft moans of a woman in passion.

Slyly prying open the door I scanned the room to find the source of these moans. What I saw both amazed and excited me. Lilith, the house cook, was sitting on the counter, legs spread, her fingers going to work on her hot spot. Her moist pussy was oozing all over the place. To appreciate my astonishment, you have to know Lilith—she's not exactly a fashion model.

For some reason I was extremely turned on by this episode. It was all I could do to keep myself hidden behind the door and stay in the role of voyeur. I decided to unleash my rock-hard cock and go to work on myself. Glancing back into the kitchen for another peek, all I saw were Lillith's dark devilish eyes beckoning me. At first I was a little embarrassed, like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar. But soon I returned to my senses and went over to her. I positioned myself between her thighs, where she caressed my throbbing piston before I plunged into her. I pumped like there was no tomorrow, turning her soft whimpers into ecstatic screams. Then I took my cock from her warm love nest, and her voluptuous lips finished the job. I blew my manhood all over her ample breasts, and she lapped it up, lifting each heaving mound of flesh to her mouth to lick the goo.

Exhaustion set in. I grabbed a cigarette and sat down next to her on the counter. All of a sudden a roar of applause erupted from the adjoining room. The next thing I knew, all my fellow fraternity brothers rushed into the kitchen, clapping for me. I was so embarrassed I thought I was about to die, but then I was clued in on the secret it seemed everyone knew: I was the last member of the house to truly experience Lilith's cooking.—*R. C., Virginia*

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HYPERSEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178

wants to see you do the nasty," as I pulled on her nipples. By this point her skirt was up around her waist to reveal her dripping honey pot.

As the couple on the screen described their sex play, I slid my hands down to her cunt and began caressing the tender folds, concentrating on the quivering clit. Her legs were so wide that she was practically doing a split. Quickly I moved aside my G-string, allowing eight inches of throbbing meat to spring free. Maneuvering her in my lap, I impaled her on my rod. "Oh God!" she screamed, as I pounded her pink hole. Her huge tits flew up and down wildly, and she squirmed as I filled every inch of her with cock.

My buddy was jerking off, his eyes switching back and forth between us and the couple on the computer screen. Finally we all came together in a shuddering mass. Before we left I told her, "If your fiancé can't deliver the goods like that, give us a call." Since then I've looked for TigerPussy online, but I'm afraid she's retired from cybersex. Her husband sure is one lucky guy.—*SPockets14@aol.com*

FASHION FINDER

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

perfect for ass licking. The lawn chair started out for sex use; now it's used for something different.

Since we have no children, we set it up in the living room, so she can watch television or talk on the phone while she enjoys my tongue's attention. I know it sounds kinky, but I wonder where this will go from here. She'll ask, "Are you sure you don't mind doing this to me?" and I say to her, "I love it," and I do. I know there are all sorts of stellar sex games we could turn this into, but she doesn't. I'm not sure she should. I'll hear her say during the course of a day I've spent underneath her, "You make me feel so special," or "You make me feel like a queen." Although she's more controlling in the relationship than she realizes, already I'm tempted to introduce more direct games so this doesn't become boring. What do you think?—L. S., Texas

I've just read an article about the seven deadly sins: anger, envy, covetousness, lust, gluttony, pride, and sloth. The writer suggested, quite correctly, that we all commit all of them most of the time, or most of them all the time.

It seems to me that your wife is lazy rather than controlling, which qualifies her for sloth, while you, as you schlurp her various orifices while she is watching TV or talking on the phone, have reduced your status to that of a piece of furniture, rather than a boy toy, and do not represent anything sinful at all.

When she's telling her friends what a marvelous husband she has, she might as well have some mechanical contrivance up her snatch, because less than half her attention is on you. As you obviously enjoy being permanently underneath, I see no reason to change, because according to your description of how it started, you are not into being uncomfortable. If your wife got to know about those "stellar sex games," who knows what terrible discomfort you might have to endure, but certainly something worse than a simple pain in the neck.

In my opinion it would be better for you to continue just as you are, and while you are in the licking mode use the leisure time you have at your disposal to design some more useful sexual furniture, because modern beds are only suitable for missionary-position sex. Good oral sex is better performed on a tabletop, which is also excellent for vaginal penetration with the man standing up, but actual daytime furniture in which one can start fooling around with a new potential lover, apart from the old-fashioned sofa, does not exist.

You could maybe even come up with a design for a machine that would do the same job on your wife that you are doing, and if it were powered by her own efforts she could keep fit at the same time she's enjoying multiple orgasms. But let's face it, the world is full of lazy people, so you'd better work on an electric version as the main deal, with the custom-built pedal model available by special order.

Where Are We?

I'm a successful 27-year-old woman, with a business of my own and a figure that turns men's heads, young and old alike. My sister Christine and I were raised to feel that sex is a beautiful, natural part of life, and that our sexuality was nothing to be ashamed of. Over the years I've had several wonderful relationships. I practice safe and selective sex.

My question concerns my 18-year-old nephew, Kevin. He's smart, mature, and handsome. We are more like friends than aunt and nephew. He was raised with the same openness that I was, so we have had many frank talks. Recently

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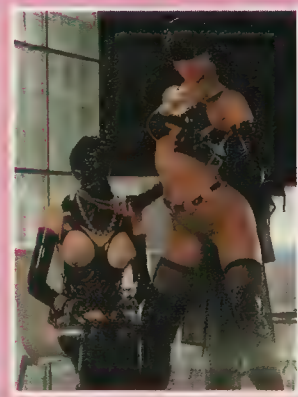

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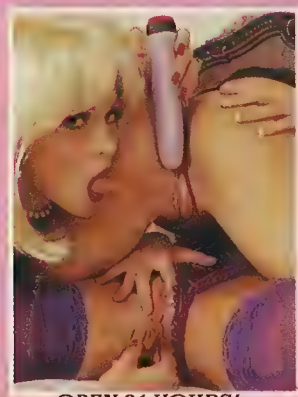

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he was telling me about the attitudes of some of his peers toward sex.

He felt they simply used girls for their own pleasure and then bragged about it later, with no thought to the girls' feelings or pleasure. Standard locker-room talk, but it really bothers him. He said that he couldn't lie or mislead a girl in order to get her into bed. The result of this attitude was that he was still a virgin. Upon hearing this I thought it would be beautiful to teach someone with Kevin's respect for women the joys of sex, but I then remembered our relationship. I assured him that the right time and person would come along.

Two weeks later I was sitting around talking to Christine and Charles, my brother-in-law. I wasn't too surprised to learn that they also knew about Kevin's lack of sexual experience. Charles was toying with the idea of sending him to a "professional" to rectify the situation. He said he remembers an article you wrote a while back, basically in support of an older, experienced woman initiating a young man. Christine blushed for a moment, then said she agreed with the idea intellectually but did not think she could handle it emotionally. Then came the shocker, when she turned to me and said, "Donna, on the other hand . . .," letting the rest of the thought fall. They both looked at me, then someone changed the subject.

The thing is, I've been thinking about the idea quite a bit since then. A professional could certainly relieve the anxiety the boy expressed, but she could not commit the time, care, and patience I could to teach him the art of lovemaking. I feel that a lot of my lovers would have been much better at sex if their early experiences had not been free-for-all experiments.

Xaviera, I'd like to know your thoughts. Should I discuss this again with my sister? If I decided to be teacher to my nephew, should I sit down and talk to him first, or should I plan to seduce him at an appropriate time? How long a time or what experience level should I work for him to attain? I welcome any of your thoughts or suggestions.—D. G., Florida

Despite the so-called sexual revolution, the sexual climate in relation to young people and sex seems to be regressing toward the Victorian code of morals, in which the idea of children knowing anything about sex was considered wicked. This is probably the main reason why America still leads the world in unwanted teenage pregnancies.

In your situation I think it would be cleverer to let nature take its course, rather than assist in the "education" of your nephew. As anyone who reads this column on a regular basis must know, I get countless letters from young men complaining about their difficulties in getting laid, getting blowjobs, or even getting to meet any girls in the first place, but if it is demanded by the society in which he lives that he bullshit his way into the sexual orifices of any of the girls on his campus, then he will not "graduate" with honors unless he becomes proficient in this aspect of the curriculum.

Darwin's most famous law is "survival of the fittest," and although I suppose even this theory is objected to by creationists, it most definitely applies to the adolescents of the human species in today's world. Over the years I have certainly suggested to many young men that one solution to their problem of sexual frustration is to go after an older woman, but it is not going to develop their character traits or their initiative if the older woman goes after them.

A correlative problem is that a young man's first experience of sex should be beautiful, but it rarely is, and it would be much better for him to get over the embarrassment of his inexperience with a stranger than with someone he is going to know for the rest of his life.

I would suggest that you stick with tradition and send the kid to the local brothel. If you don't like that idea, why not bust your family asses arranging for him to meet a whole bunch of girls his own age by giving a few parties, barbecues, or whatever you do for a social get-together in your particular neck of the woods.

Confidence

I hope you can help me. The advice I seek concerns my inability to overcome my lack of assertiveness in sexual matters. Ever since I lost a bet with my girlfriend which ended with me having to cross-dress, I have not been able to get over the sexual high I unexpectedly achieved.

I ended my relationship with her because of the confusion I felt between giving in and my male pride. Since then I have not been able to sustain a relationship, because of my inability to take charge. I know I am not gay; I am very much heterosexual. In my workplace I am perceived as a very strong, assertive guy. To the other guys I work and socialize with I am an equal. Unfortunately, when it comes to women in the bedroom I can't seem to keep this attitude going. I'm lost in a woman's world, and I'm not sure I want to be found.

Could you please offer your advice, as well as recommend a possible sex surrogate, therapist, or confidential group or agency that could help me become more assertive in the bedroom again?—F. P., Colorado

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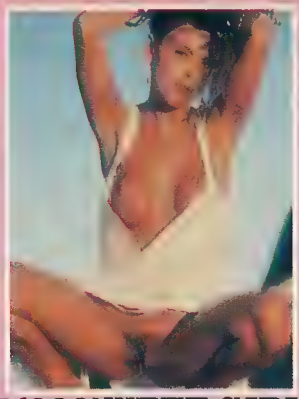

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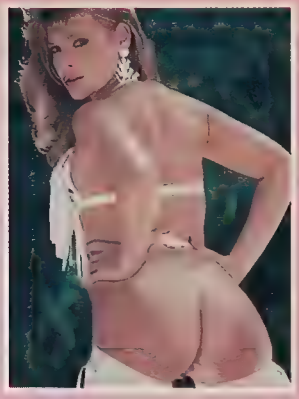

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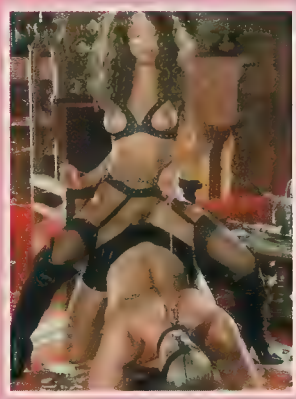

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Your assertiveness at work is a compensation for your lack of confidence between the sheets, or for that matter an equal feeling of insecurity dancing around dressed in your girlfriend's underpants and bra.

Your mistake was to break with her to try and regain your manhood, which you never lost—you only lost a bet. Being right is not that important, unless you happen to be the president of the United States or of a multinational corporation, and even those guys are often wrong. The difference is they cannot afford to admit it or they lose their jobs—but you can.

What you need is the self-assurance to believe that you can be just as assertive with a woman as you are with your fellow employees, so I give you my permission to track down your old girlfriend and tell her she was wrong. It was really you who were wrong, which you can admit later, but first lie to her. Tell her how she has caused you massive problems by her recalcitrant attitude, and that instead of making you less assertive it has had the opposite effect. You don't hate her, in fact you still adore her, but that is not going to stop you from telling her exactly what you want her to do. The first thing is to get her dressed in your clothes and order her around as if she were a new and incompetent clerk in your office.

The next thing, when you have won her confidence, is to go out into the world and find yourself a new girlfriend. By this time you probably won't need it, but this is all part of a standardized sexual survival course.

Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

My question to you is, Where are all the women who love to give head? In story after story men have told of women who love to give head and love the taste of semen. My problem starts there. I'll eat a woman to two or three orgasms, but when it comes to my turn the women say it tires their jaws or they just don't want to do it. When it happens I just want to get up and walk away. Why should it be them who have the orgasms the way they want, and me still on the search for that one woman who will make it real for me? Only once have I come in a woman's mouth, and only because I had to jack off most of the way. It felt so good, better than coming inside a vagina or shooting it over some part of her body. Is it me who just doesn't find the right partner, or is it that I'm thinking if I do it for them they'll do it for me? It's disappointing. During sex I can last a good while; that's why I think when I get head (when I do) it takes me so long to come. What do you think?— F. K., Kentucky

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Is it my fantasy? Am I living in a fairy-tale world, or are the three great lies really going out of fashion? They are: "The check is in the mail," "Some of my best friends are ...," and "I promise not to come in your mouth," but nobody seems to have heard of this third one anymore, in an age when hookers are giving blowjobs to dicks wearing rubbers.

I don't think there is anything new on this scene (although I await my readers' telling me I am full of the proverbial crap), in that the majority of women today, and the majority of women always, have never really got into the delight of giving *great* oral sex. In other words, giving blowjobs is *work*.

So put your knowledge where you would like her mouth to be. You have to do some indoctrination (a.k.a. brainwashing) on the necessity of all young women learning how to do first-class oral sex. It is like driving a car. If you don't learn how to do it while you're young, you're never going to be any good at it.

You have to convince your date that all she really needs in life is a taste of your come to experience nirvana, but before you can even start on this you have to teach her how to do it properly, without treating your beloved Mr. Dick as if he were an underdone sparerib.

In other words, if you want your lovely lady to do all that she should, it is your duty to society, apart from being a lot of fun, to instruct her, indoctrinate her, and generally get her going on the idea that if she wants to go on getting V.I.P. pussy treatment, she has to learn how to do it back.

One of the most unfortunate results of rampant feminism is that the technique of playing hard-to-get on the part of the female just does not work anymore, because men are learning how to do it too. You don't seem to have worked this out yet, but if the present situation continues, I suggest you give it a try. Insist that you get your orgasm first, but then you must guarantee hers.

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse,* 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. All letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse.* Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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THUNDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

through a charming German accent. If automobile racing has a cosmopolitan man of the world, here he is. Yet Kranefuss mingles comfortably with fellows like Earnhardt and Wheeler, whose syrupy Carolina drawls are no less charming.

"If you're a racer, you're a racer," Kranefuss says. "Where you were born doesn't matter. I don't understand everybody all the time, language-wise, and I'm sure they have trouble understanding me. But I certainly don't feel like an outsider in NASCAR."

These days, nobody is. Anyone can be part of the family.

A Furious Finish

And so the whole clan, from France to Wallace to three generations of Pettys, from the sponsor reps who foot the bills to the fans who buy the tickets, convened in Florida for the 39th running of the Daytona 500. After all these years, Daytona is more than just the first Winston Cup race of the season; it is a ritual, a reunion. There are times during the week-long buildup that all of the practice and qualifying seem less important than the idea that the family is back together again, renewing relationships that had stagnated over the winter months.

Every nook and cranny of the big speedway hummed with constant chatter. There was talk of who was running fast and who was not, and of course talk of how far the sport has come and how far it might yet go. And then, at 12:15 P.M. on Sunday, February 16, the green flag dropped and the bullshit stopped, as it always does and always will. The moment of truth had arrived.

A crowd of more than 170,000 filled the place, and they stood as one at the start, looking toward turn four. Down on pit road the crews did the same thing. Then the noise picked up, and everybody watched the cars flash by.

Early leader and crowd favorite Earnhardt was a factor until his car crashed and flipped with only ten laps to go. The unfazed "Intimidator" climbed out of his vehicle and into an ambulance on his own power. A few minutes later, realizing that his car was still drivable, he got back in and finished the race.

Jeff Gordon was the winner that day. For his afternoon's work he earned $377,410. But the biggest winner, one more time, was stock-car racing itself. The CBS telecast pulled an 8.6 rating and a 23 share, the weekend's highest-rated sports broadcast. And NASCAR had driven another 500 miles deeper into the American psyche.

GANG BANG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

Afterward there was a photo opportunity with the newest superstar. She was given a handsome gilt trophy. "Can you give us a soft shot, Jaz?" asked a Brit photographer. She scooped up the trophy and held it between her bosoms, hiding her nipples with practiced forearm while the base of the trophy concealed her crotch.

It was interview time. "Why didn't you go to 325?" she was asked.

"If you had had 300 cocks in you, you wouldn't want to go to 325. *Trust me*," she said, with some edge to her voice.

"Candy might try for your record. What would you say to Candy?"

"Have fun."

"Will you be Rollerblading tomorrow?" I asked.

"Why? Do you want to come with me?" she shot back crisply, but had moved on to the next question before I could reply. Another photo opportunity was being called for upstairs, as I walked out with a peppy blonde TV woman. "She's probably going to do some more guys," the woman said. Why in the world would she do that?

"Why do you think she's doing all this? For the attention."

That attention remains Jasmin's as you read these pages. No further *Gang Bang* is as yet in the offing. John T. Bone's cameras are whirring away. Jasmin St. Claire has made a couple of more movies, *Degenerate* and *Punk Arse*. "I want to tour ... to make as much money as possible ... and to complete grad school," she says.

She's specializing in education. "Ten years from now I'll be through with ... all this," she says. "I'll be teaching."

CREDITS

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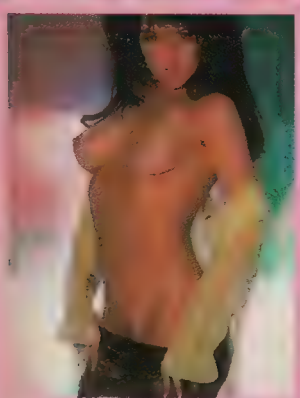

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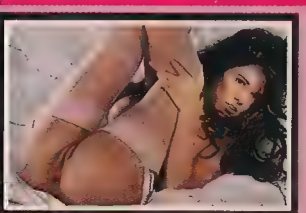

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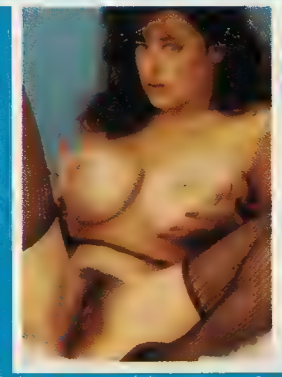
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+

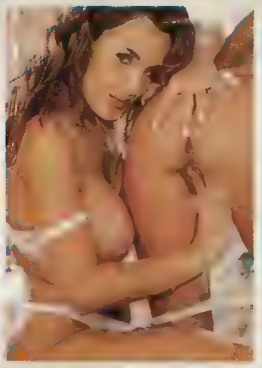


CUM HERE AND F*CK ME
011-592-247-754
011-592-599-533
011-592-588-861
INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY

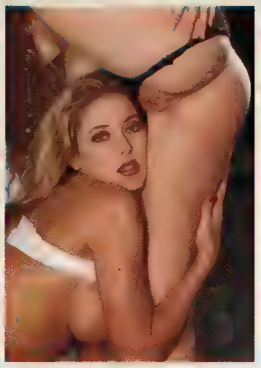
1-800-HOT-GIRL
HORNY GIRLS!!! 1-800-468-4475

Want XXX Sex???
1-800-HOT-4SEX
1-800-HOT-SUCK
18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.99 Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



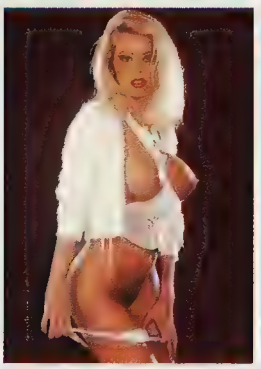
SLIDE IT ALL THE WAY IN
NO LONG INTROS. JUST DIRTY HARD SEX TALK.
WE'RE HORNY AND WE LOVE TO GET YOU OFF!
TALK 1 ON 1
ALL CALLERS GET THRU! NO C.C. NEEDED!
011-683-9700
LIVE KINK HOTLINE! 24 HOURS!
011-592-580-276
011-592-580-274
Int'l. L.D. Rates Apply 18+



COED & MOM
1-900-745-0886
1-800-998-9377
VISA/MC/AMEX/DISCOVER
CANADA:1-900-451-3769
18+ $1.00 - $2.99 1/2 MIN.

Hardest **LIVE** 1 on 1
FUCK
011-683-2770
No Credit Cards
Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+

WE DO IT YOUR WAY!
1-800-680-ORGY
$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL 18+
1-900-537-3030
$2.98 PER MIN 18+
USA 011 INT'L PREFIX **683-9953**
INT'L. RATES APPLY

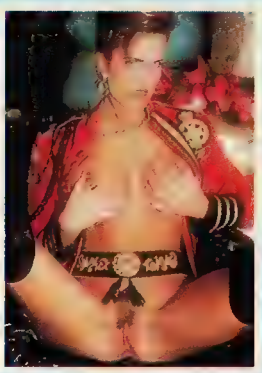


TAKE ME FROM BEHIND
1-800-806-HARD
THE BEST PHONE SEX COMES IN SPURTS
1-800-558-2CUM
TELL ME YOUR DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS
1-800-689-NIKI
TOLL-FREE 800#'S LIVE 1-ON-1 $2.00 PER MIN. CC & CHECKS 18+

MY GIRLFRIENDS GONE
I'M HORNY
1-800-677-MENN
CALLS AS LOW AS 99¢ PER MIN BILLED AS 4600. INC.
MEN-WOMEN-COUPLES
1-800-766-BI-69
BILLED TO V/MC/AMEX/D. MUST BE 18+
CALLS AS LOW AS $2.49 PER MIN.

TWO KINKY LESBIAN LOVERS!
1-800-285-KINK
HOT MAN TO MAN ACTION!
1-800-444-STUD
BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA 18 OR OLDER
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WET-STUD
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

CUNT LICKING BABES
1-800-831-ORAL
ALWAYS 2 LESBIANS TO GET U OFF!
1-800-964-3SUM
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WE TASTE U
900# BILLED TO YOUR PHONE $4.95/MIN. 800# ON YOUR C.C.

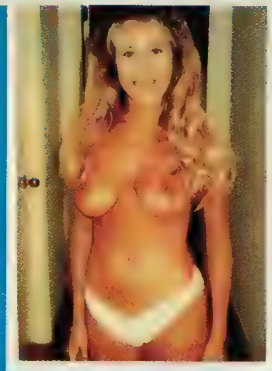


TASTE MY SUCCULENT PUSSY!
1-800-688-69ME
SUCK MY TITS & I'LL SUCK YOU DRY!
1-800-967-ORAL
BANG MY WET CUNT!
1-800-766-WETT
BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA. 18 OR OLDER.

1-800-BLOW-JOB
Licking & Swallowing!!! **1-800-256-9562**

1-800-HOT-STUFF
SEX BI-WAYS!!! **1-800-468-7883**
18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.99 Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



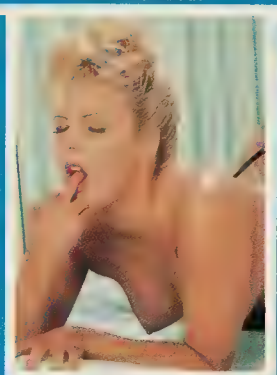
REAL COLLEGE GIRLS
1-800-SLUTS-18
Creative Phone Fantasies
XXX HARDCORE!
1-818-889-8009
$2.50+/MIN. V/MC/AMEX/CHECKS 18+

HOT LIVE PHONE SEX
99¢/MIN.
(212) 741-1202
CHEAP FETISH SEX CALLS! 011-592-592-430

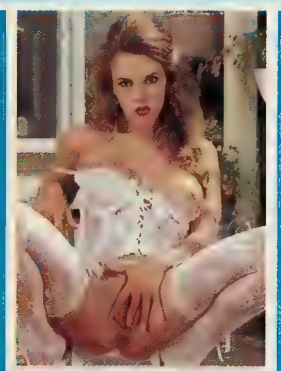
COME INTO ME, YOU WON'T FORGET IT
1-800-991-7733
VISA/MC OR DIRECT TOLL FREE $2.50 $4.99/MIN.
1-900-745-0561
$2.99/ MIN. MUST BE OVER 18+
011-592-1860
LA RATES APPLY

CALL US NOW WE WILL MAKE YOU CUM
1-800-230-4S7E3X9
$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+
1-900-666-1122
$1.98 PER MIN.18+
OUTSIDE U.S.A. OR INT'L. PREFIX **011 592-569-043**
INT'L. RATES APPLY

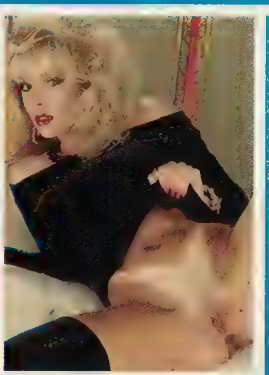
TRY ME, I'LL EXCITE YOU!
1-800-666-SEXY
(7399)
IT'S TOLL FREE VISA/MC.
OPEN 24 HOURS MUST BE OVER 18



Fuck My Perfect Ass
Live One on One
011-683-2871
Fuck My Tight Pussy
011-683-2872
No C.C.'s No Refusals Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+



THE ULTIMATE SEDUCTION!
HARDCORE UNSENSORED LIVE 1 ON 1
1-800-321-4V8I4P7
1-900-666-2288
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING.18+

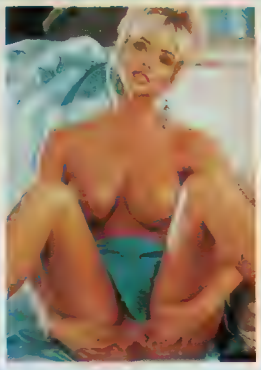


MY HOT CUNT IS WATING FOR YOUR TONGUE!
1-800-571-S7U8C2K5
1-900-674-1166
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING.18+

STRANGE & UNUSUAL
DIFFERENT DESIRES, FORBIDDEN DREAMS
1-800-396-4F3U8C2
1-900-674-1020
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING.18+

PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-588-1810
LESBIAN CONTACT 1-800-720-2230
HOT SEX SAMPLES 1-800-766-4489
KINKY SAMPLES 1-800-748-4420
ADULTS ONLY 18 ONLY

SAFE SEX–THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



LICK MY LOVE JUICES

011-592-599-535

011-592-588-754

011-592-247-751

INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY.

TALK TO HORNY GIRLS LIVE 1 ON 1

1-800-939-1-0$_6$N$_6$-1

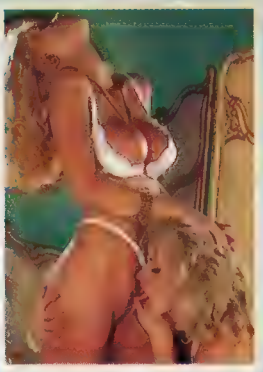
2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+

1-900-666-P$_7$I$_4$N$_6$K$_5$

$1.98 PER MIN. 18+

011 INT'L. PREFIX **683-9979**

INT'L. RATES APPLY



SELECT-A-SLUT

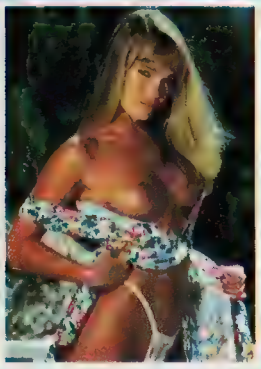
YOU GET IT YOUR WAY EVERY TIME

1-800-218-4V$_8$I$_4$P$_7$

1-900-537-2030

$3.99/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



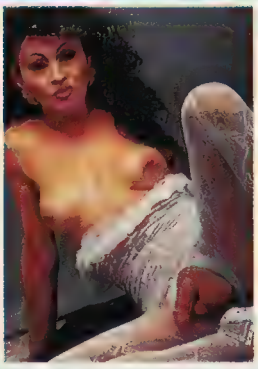
DISCREET SEX SAMPLES

CALL AS MUCH AS YOU WANT

1-800-511-2428

1-800-518-5425

ADULTS 18 & OVER



TWO FOR ONE SPECIAL

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

1-800-779-7319

YOU MUST BE 21 OR OLDER

Fuck Me Good

Live One on One Private Sex

Just Call

011-683-2773

You Don't Need A Credit Card Just A Hard Dick

How About A Blow Job? 011-683-2774

Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+

LIVE 24 HRS. 1 ON 1

ALWAYS WET, ALWAYS WILD

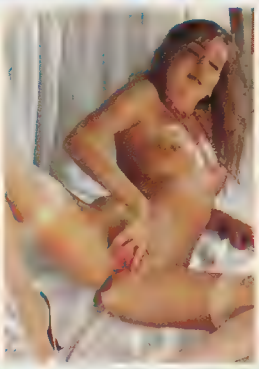
1-800-364-W$_3$E$_3$T$_1$T$_8$

YOU KNOW WHERE I LIKE IT

1-800-213-4A$_2$S$_7$S$_7$

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



HOT & HORNY WOMAN WILL TURN YOU ON

1-800-294-2-T$_8$0$_6$-1

1-900-666-1199

$3.99/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

CUM FEEL MY WET PUSSY!

ALWAYS LIVE! ALWAYS 1 ON 1!

1-800-214-1-T$_8$0$_6$-1

1-900-537-1818

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

Hump my Ass & Pussy

1-800-HOT-BUTT

1-800-HOT-TWAT

1-800-SPANK-ME

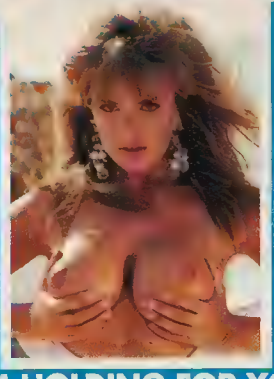
DO IT HARD!!! **1-800-772-6563**

18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.99 Minute

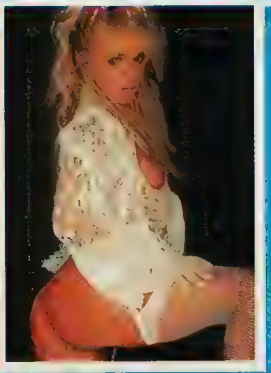
SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

NEW
SEX CALL SAMPLES
1-800-488-0514
1-800-495-7710
1-800-501-7825
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.

MASTURBATE WITH ME!
I'LL MAKE YOU CUM IN 30 SECONDS
1-800-251-1-T$_8$0$_6$-1
1-900-666-1177
$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



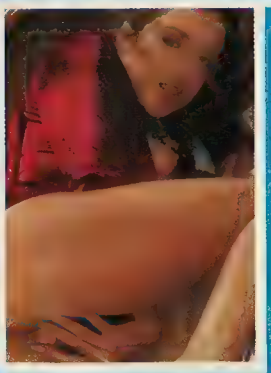
I'M HOLDING FOR YOU
1-800-820-C$_2$H$_4$I$_4$C$_2$
FOR A GOOD TIME CALL:
1-800-424-L$_5$I$_4$S$_7$A$_2$
ALL#'S LIVE ONE-ON-ONE
1-800-956-6598
LIVE $2.00/MIN. CREDIT CARDS & CHECKS 18+ LIVE $2.00/MIN.



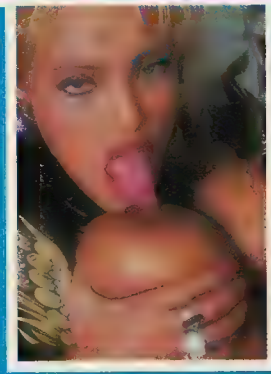
Cock Sucking Coed
Live One on One Just You and Me
011-683-2775
Fuck My Tight Hole
011-683-2776
No C.C.'s No Refusals
Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+

TALK DIRTY TO ME!
1-800-955-5600
LIVE 24 HOURS
MC/VISA AMEX

YOU'LL COME IN 30 SECONDS! 1 ON 1!
YOU DO NOT NEED A C.C. TO DIAL THESE #'S
ALL CALLERS GET THRU.
NO LONG INTROS, NO BORING RUBBISH, JUST DIRTY HARD SEX TALK, YOU'LL BE PAINTING WITH PLEASURE AND EXPLODING ALL OVER THE PHONE.
011-683-9723
011-683-9729
EAVESDROP ON KINKY SEX!
011-592-580-273
Int'l. L.D. Rates Apply 18+



HORNY HOUSEWIVES WAITING FOR YOUR HARD PIECE
1-800-990-4S$_7$E$_3$X$_9$
$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+
1-900-674-2020
$2.98 PER MIN. 18+
USA OR INT'L PREFIX **011 592-569-053**
INT'L. RATES APPLY



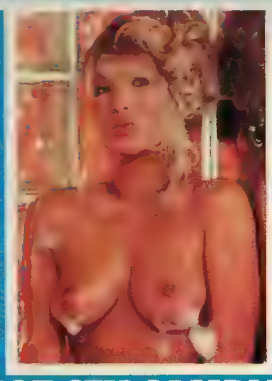
WARM WET LIPS ON YOUR COCK!
1-800-967-O$_6$R$_7$A$_2$L$_5$
WET BLOW JOBS
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$-B$_2$L$_5$O$_6$W
WET, WILD, HARDCORE ORGY ACTION
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$-O$_6$R$_7$G$_4$Y
800#S BILLED/ MIN. TO V/MC/AMEX
900#S $4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+

FUCK US BOTH
1-800-926-20$_6$N$_6$1
DEEP THROAT COCKSUCKING
1-800-285-H$_4$E$_3$A$_2$D$_3$
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$ 4 T$_8$W$_9$O
$4.95 MIN. 900# BILLED TO YOUR PHONE • 800# BILLED TO V/MC/AMEX/DISC.

Hot Sex Action !!!
1-800-H$_4$O$_6$T$_8$-S$_7$T$_8$U$_8$D$_3$
1-800-H$_4$O$_6$T$_8$-G$_4$U$_8$Y$_9$S$_7$

1-800-BLOW-JOB
SUCKING SLUTS!!! 1-800-256-9562
18+ V/MC $2.50 $4.95 Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



HOT SEX SAMPLES

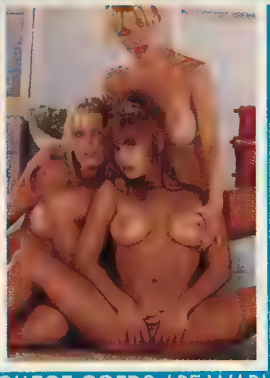
FIND OUT HOW - TRY IT NOW

1-800-488-0517

1-800-506-5425

1-800-508-8255

ADULTS 18 AND OVER ONLY.



COLLEGE COEDS ARE WARM WET + READY FOR YOU!

1-800-980-$O_6R_7G_4Y_9$

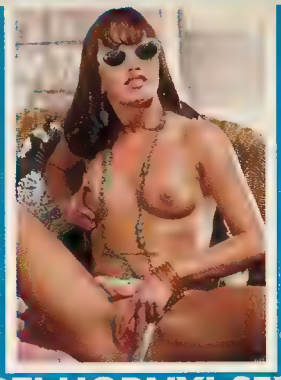
$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+

1-900-666-3555

$2.98- PER MIN. 18+

011 (TRIPLE PREFIX) **683-9998**

INT'L. RATES APPLY



HOT! HORNY! SEXY!

DON'T MISS OUT!

1-800-319-$B_2A_2B_2E_3$

1-900-666-2244

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

Bang My Butt

Or Any Suggestion

LIVE 1 2 1 Private

011-683-2799

Any Caller No Blocking

Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+

I JUST MET OUR NEW GIRLFRIEND

1-800-892-$M_6U_8F_3F_2$

BI GIRLS NEVER SAY NO

1-800-501-$G_4I_4N_6A_2$

WE'RE GETTING OFF SOON, CALL NOW

1-800-831-$T_8I_4N_6A_2$

LIVE 1-ON-1 $2.00 PER MIN. CREDIT CARDS & CHECKS 18+

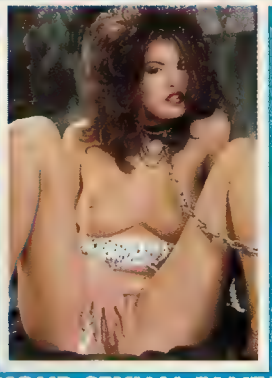
NASTY PHONE SEX

1-800-$N_6A_2S_7T_8Y_9$ T_8A_2LK

1-888-$H_4O_6R_7N_6Y_9$ W_9I_4FE

1-900-725-4242

$2.50+/MIN. V/MC/AMEX/PHONE BILLING 18+



WET YOUR SEXUAL FANTASIES WITH HARDCORE KINK!

1-800-224-$R_7O_6X_9Y_9$

1-900-666-1133

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

JOIN OUR KINKY 3SUM!

1-800-568-3SUM

CROSSDRESSING FANTASIES!

1-800-577-TSTV

UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. LD. RATES APPLY.

011-592-246-208

1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+

STICK IT IN MY WET PUSSY!

1-800-766-$W_9E_3T_8T_8$

I WANT TO SUCK YOUR COCK!

1-800-879-$S_7U_8C_2K_5$

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!

1-900-$W_9E_3T_8T_8$-$10_6N_6$1

$4.95 PER MIN. OVER 18 ONLY.

1-818-609-9141

CREDIT CARDS/CHECKS 18+

$1 XXX LIVE!

HARDCORE DOMINATION FETISH!

1-818-758-9769

ONLY $ 1/MIN. 18+

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

TASTE THE CUM FROM OUR PUSSIES LIVE SEX !

1-800-408-4V$_8$I$_4$P$_7$

$3.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/ CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

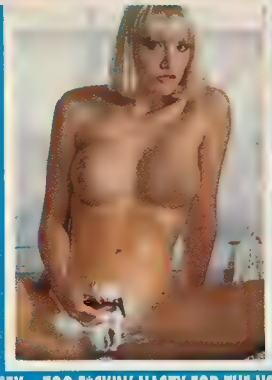
1-900-537-1040

$3.98- PER MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18+

I'D LIKE TO WHISPER IN YOUR EAR!

1-800-274-9999

MC/V/AMEX NO CALL BACKS



☎ 69¢ SEX... TOO F*CKIN' NASTY FOR THE US! 69¢ ☎

DIRTY ANAL BABES	011-592-587-388
YOUNG WICKED CUNTS	011-592-587-488
WET SWOLLEN PUSSY!	011-592-571-050
TENDER & SHAVED	011-592-571-051
HARDCORE 2 GIRL ORGY!	312-422-ORGY(6749)
SELECT-A- SLUT	312-263-SLUT(7588)
FANTASTIC FUCK-A-THON!	312-263-FUCK(3825)

I'LL GET YOU OFF IN MY ASS!

LIVE GAY PHONE SEX!

1-800-795-9996

$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/ CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-666-9996

$2.98- PER MIN. 18+

Are You Man Enough?

Try Me Live 1 on 1 Phone Fuck

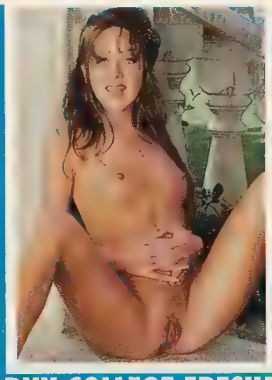
011-683-2800

I'm Ready For Anything

Have You Misbehaved? 011-683-2870

No Credit Card Needed

Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+



HORNY COLLEGE FRESHMEN

800-816-6699/900-993-2700

HORNY BLACK GIRLS

800-504-7474/900-435-5556

HORNY ORIENTAL SLUTS

800-987-9797/900-435-5551

HORNY SLUTS AT HOME 1-818-865-8925

$2.50-$4.99/MIN. MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+

TASTE THE EXOTIC

ALWAYS LIVE 1ON 1

1-800-741-L$_5$I$_4$C$_2$K$_5$

1-900-674-2277

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING.18+

FIRST TIME OFFERED IN THE USA

ALL NEW! ALL LIVE! INTERNATIONAL HOT ENGLISH GIRLS

011-44-171-814-1326

DOMINANT BRITISH BITCHES

011-44-171-814-1327

CREDIT CARD CALLERS ONLY!

KINKY 2 GIRL PARTY LINE!

1-800-254-KINK

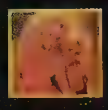
LIVE OBEDIENCE TRAINING SESSIONS!

1-800-955-WHIP

BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA. 18 OR OLDER

1-900-WE TAME U

$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE



PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-588-1750 SCREAMERS 1-800-717-1150

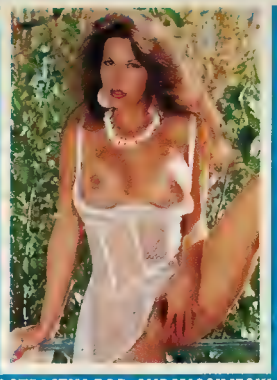
BIG ONES ONLY 1-800-724-2280 BEST PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-449-1003

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

SAFE SEX–THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

College Girl Available
For LIVE 1 on 1 Phone Sex
No C.C.'s Needed
011-683-2772
Direct Dial
Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+

FLAMING DESIRE
WRAP YOU LIPS AROUND THIS!
1-800-407-C$_2$L$_5$I$_4$T$_8$
1-900-674-1144
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



☎69¢ !!! STRICTLY FOR SUBMISSIVES!!! 69¢☎

NYMPHO SEX SLUTS-59¢!	011-592-592-426
NASTY SUCK OFF-59¢!	011-592-592-427
BACK DOOR BITCHES!	011-592-592-428
WET SWOLLEN PUSSY!	011-592-571-050
DOMINANT MISTRESSES!	312-263-WHIP
FANTASTIC FUCK-A-THON!	312-263-FUCK

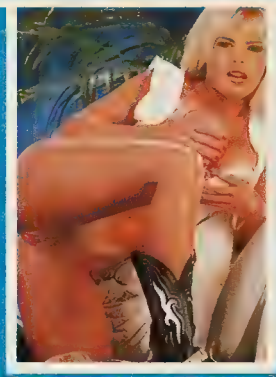
LICK MY WET CLIT
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$-C$_2$L$_5$I$_4$T
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!
WET, WILD, HOT F*CKING PETS
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$-4P$_7$E$_3$T$_8$
UNCENSORED ORGY SEXLINE!
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$-0217
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+

LIVE HORNY, KINKY GIRLS WILL GET YOU OFF.
1-800-605-O$_6$R$_7$G$_4$Y$_9$
$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+
1-900-666-4400
$2.98 PER MIN. 18+
USA 011 OR INT'L PREFIX **592-569-127**
INT'L. RATES APPLY

KINKY LESBIAN SEX!
1-800-395-2on1
CUM BETWEEN OUR TITS!
1-800-678-TITS
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. LD. RATES APPLY.
011-683-8071
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+

MY GIRLFRIEND'S GONE & I'M HORNY!
1-800-842-HUNK
BILLED TO V./MC/AMEX/DISC. CARDS
HOT MAN TO MAN ACTION!
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WET-4-GAY!
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

MY PUSSY'S DRIPPING WET!
1-800-365-WETT
SLIDE IT INTO MY HOT CUNT!
1-800-923-CUNT
UNCENSORED FANTASIES!
1-900-938-1155
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# MC./V.



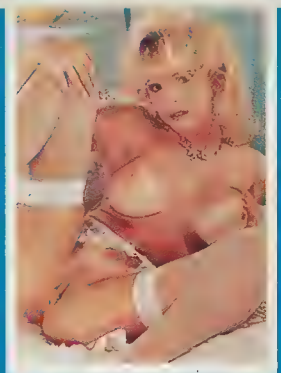
ALL ANAL FETISH!
1-800-376-4ASS
STICKY, WET & NASTY!
1-800-WET-4PET
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! NO C.C. NEEDED
1-900-938-2300
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# MC./V.

Lickem & Suckem
1-800-HOT-TITS
1-800-HOT-LICK

1-800-HOT-SLUT
SLEAZY SLUTS!!! 1-800-468-7588
18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.95 Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

YOU'LL COME IN 30 SECONDS! 1 ON 1!
YOU DO NOT NEED A C.C. TO DIAL THESE #S ALL CALLERS GET THRU.
TALK 1 ON 1
NO LONG INTROS, NO BORING RUBBISH, JUST DIRTY HARD SEX TALK, YOU'LL BE PAINTING WITH PLEASURE AND EXPLODING ALL OVER THE PHONE.
011-683-9703
011-683-9710
EAVESDROP ON HARD ANAL SEX ACTION!
011-592-580-273
Only Int'l. LD. Rates Apply 18+



TASTE MY WARM PUSSY
1-800-716-L5O6R7A2
$3.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/ CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
1-900-537-1007
$3.98 PER MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18+

LICK MY ASS!
1-800-873-LICK
FUCK MY WIFE IN THE ASS
1-800-666-U CUM
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WETT 4 CUM
900# BILLED TO YOUR PHONE $4.95/MIN. 800# ON YOUR C.C.

ALWAYS TWO HOT CUNT EATING LESBIANS!
1-800-840-L5I4V8E3
$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+
1-900-666-9090
$2.98 PER MIN. 18+
USA 011 OR INT'L. PREFIX **232-923-57**
INT'L. RATES APPLY

2 HORNY GIRLS
24 HOUR ORGIES
IT'S TOLL FREE
1-800-999-6117
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS MUST BE OVER 18

COED AT HOME
GENUINE
LIVE 121 SEX
ALL CALLERS CONNECT—GUARANTEED!
NO REFUSALS—NO BLOCKING—NO CCs
011 683 2873
INTERNATIONAL LD RATES APPLY

WE WANT YOUR MEAT
011-592-588-752
011-592-247-750
011-592-599-534
INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY

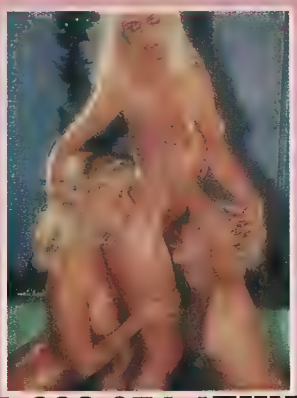
WET CUM DRIPPING BLOW JOBS
1-800-879-W9E3T8T8
I WILL SUCK YOUR DICK
1-900-W9E3T8T8-O6R7A2L
F*CK MY WET HOLE!
1-900-W9E3T8T8-H4O6L5E
800#S BILLED/MIN. TO V/MC/AMEX
900#S 4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+

FUCK MY GIRLFRIEND'S MOUTH
1-800-831-O6R7A2L
2 HOT GIRLS TAKE YOU ON!
1-800-945-2 O6N6 1
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WETT-2 ON 1
1-900-938-8266
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE•800#S BILLED TO C. CARDS

PETITE & INNOCENT GIRLS 1-800-808-**1-O6N6-1**
WILL GET YOU OFF FAST $2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR C.C. DIRECT BILLING OR CHECK BY PHONE 18+
1-900-666-**2S7U8M6**

USA 011 OR INT'L PREFIX **-592-569-024**
1-900-666-**SEXY**

1-800-570-2234
GIVE IT TO ME!
1-900-WETT-TRASH
$4.95/PER MIN.

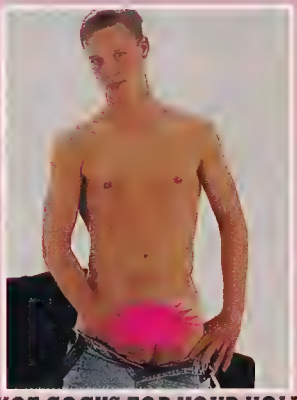


1-800-374-4FUN™
3 WET COEDS WANT
YOU TO JOIN THEM
011-68 FUCK 2™

PERSONAL ATTENTION TO YOUR NEEDS
1-900-WETT-1on1™
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO PHONE
1-800-470-4550
800#S Billed per min. to MC/VISA/AMEX

1-800-685-3SUM™
2 GIRLS & YOU!
NON-STOP ACTION!
1-900-WE TIT FUCK™
(1-900-938-4838) $4.95 / MIN

BLOW JOBS 1-900 HOT ORAL
BEDTIME STORIES (468-6725)
1-900 HOT LACE (1-900-468-5223)
LOVE JUICE 1-900 FUN TWAT
(386-8928)
2 GIRLS + YOU 1-900-847 2on1
ALL #s $4.95/MIN.



HOT COCKS FOR YOUR HOLE
1-800-444-STUD™
1-900-WET-STUD™
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO PHONE
011-592-593-740

1-900-WET-BODY™
1-800-873-2661
1-800-962-6649
1-800-846-LICK™
011-592-248-173
900#s $4.95/min. billed to phone

SWEET SNATCH WAITING FOR YOU
1-800-887-4MUF™
1-900-938-0027
$4.95 /MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

INNOCENT GIRLS
011-68-FUCK-SEX™
TRY A LITTLE KINK
011-592-240-471
011-592-248-178
24 HOURS A DAY • INT'L RATES

ASS & PUSSY FUCKING
1-900-WETT HOLE™
PRIVATE BACKDOOR LINE
1-900-938-0030
$4.95 / MIN BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

FUCK US WITH A...
1-900-WETT-DILDO™
CREDIT CARD CALLERS
1-800-449-6650
011-6836-SEXX™

"I'M ALL YOURS!"
1-800-420-PETT™
SIZZLING STRIP SEARCH
1-900-938-PETT™
$4.95 per min. billed to your phone

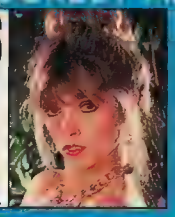
WET GROUP SEX
1-900-WETT-ORGY™
(1-900-938-8674)
1-900#S $4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE
1-900-938-5843

QUICKIE BLOW JOBS GET YOU OFF! 1-800-695-HEAD
HORNY HOUSEWIVES NEED IT 1-800-442-6670
ORGY GANG BANGS - 24 HRS! 011-592-248-176
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA/AMEX.
YOU MUST BE 18 OR OLDER TO ACCESS THESE SERVICES!

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

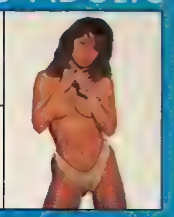
INTIMATE, DISCREET AND UNINHIBITED FOR DISCRIMINATING ADULTS

HOT SEXY SAMPLES
1-800-340-4990
1-800-373-3041
Adults over 18
NO MAJOR CREDIT CARDS NEEDED.



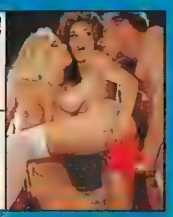
DO ME NOW
CALIFORNIA DREAM GIRLS
415-788-GIRL
4475
1-900-344-1112
$19.95/CALL

KINKY OLDER WOMEN
1-800-781-5565
18+ $1.99-3.99/MIN
HOUSEWIVES AT HOME
1-818-597-2600

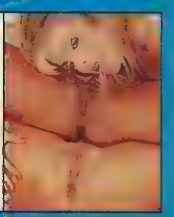


OVER 100 HORNY GIRLS
Housewives-Asians- Older Women
They do it for fun!
1-818-597-2600
Real Sex with Real Girls
Oral - Anal - Big Tits - Shaved
Anything You want! 1-800-781-5565
18+, $2.99/Min. 1-900-745-3404

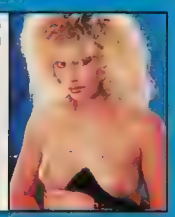
COME TASTE BOTH WORLDS!
1-800-945-BI-BI
1-800-756-BI-SEX
CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN.
V/MC/AMEX/D MUST BE 18+
WET, JUICY & DEEP!
1-800-568-NASTY
1-800-999-6666
CALLS AS LOW AS $2.49/MIN.
V/MC/AMEX/D MUST BE 18+



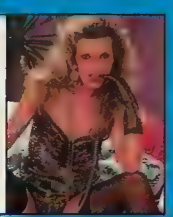
CALL US NOW!
WE WILL MAKE YOU COME!
1-800-W9I4L5D3 S7E3X9
$1.98/MIN MAJOR CC. CHK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL 18+
1-900-666-3700
$1.98/MIN. 18+
USA 011 OR INT'L PREFIX 232-923-34
Int'l. L.D. Rates Apply



PHONE SEX PARTIES
1-800-741-4480
1-800-742-4450
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.



SAMPLE THESE TRAMPS NOW CALL
1-800-997-4780
1-800-258-5231
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY



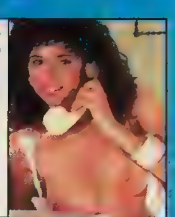
FIND OUT HOW BEST SEX SAMPLES
1-800-997-4790
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.

COLLEGE GIRLS
Live, Uncensored, & Enthusiastic - 24 /hr.
$1.99/min. CC/CHECKS BY PHONE/MO
614-263-2633
1-900-382-2633 3.99/Min
FRESH PUSSY 1-800-SLUTS-18
LIVE FUCKING 1-800-807-FUCK
CHEATING HOUSEWIVES 1-818-597-9181

TRASH TALK COLLEGE GIRLS
LIVE, UNCENSORED & FUN!
1-216-226-7874
1-900-382-0001
1.99/MIN.-MAJOR CC/ELECTRONIC CHECKS
3.99/MIN.-PHONE 24 HRS. 18+ C&R
1-800-WILD SLUT
1-800-LIVE ORGY

WANNA GET LAID?
1-800-48-FUCK U'S'
3825 8
011-683-8074
800# $4.95/MIN. INT'L TOLL RATES APPLY 18+

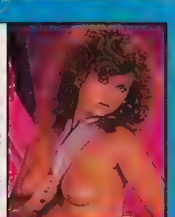
PRIVATE SAMPLES
HOT, NAKED & WAITING
1-800-967-0112
1-800-811-9500
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY



HOT SAMPLES
1-800-588-2180
1-800-770-6230
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

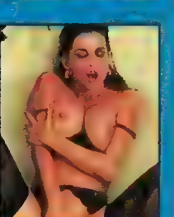
SAMPLE THEIR SEX BY PHONE
1-809-563-0551
011-237-737-115
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
INT'L LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY

SPECIAL SEX
HOT PHONE SAMPLES
1-800-815-6670
1-800-440-9150
ADULTS OVER 18



SHE-MALES
BIG BREASTS, BIG COCKS
1-800-361-3280
Donna's LIVE Phone-Sex
(Since 1982) 15 Min. call $9.95 MC/V/MO
No Gimmicks
203-931-7825

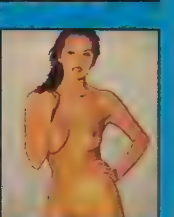
DIRTIEST STUFF EVER
1-800-207-8105
1-800-720-2290
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.



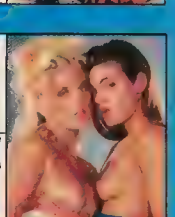
Personal Erotic Consultants Answer Every Call!
1-800-496-7680

PHONE SEX SAMPLES
1-800-997-4740
1-800-871-1131
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

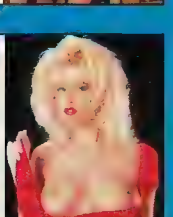
WE DO IT YOUR WAY
HARDCORE, 1-ON-1 & ORGY
1-800-200-O6R7G4Y9
$1.98/MIN MAJOR CC CHK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL 18+
1-900-666-4700
$2.98/MIN 18+
USA 011 OR INT'L PREFIX 592-569-027
Int'l. L.D. Rates Apply



HOT HORNY WOMEN CALL FOR SAMPLES
1-800-210-8802
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
TWO TRAMP PHONE SEX
1-800-230-1452
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.



PICK YOUR PLEASURE
1-800-588-1840
1-800-731-3370
ADULTS OVER 18.

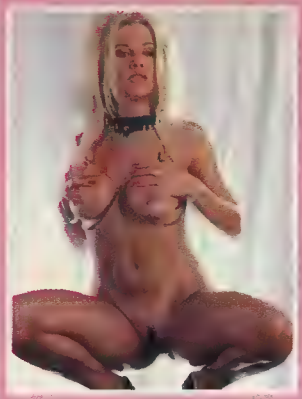


SIZZLING PHONESEX!
We're friendly, hot & so horny!
Only $14. 2 girls $25. Credit Cards
SUE OR JENNY 415-575-4884
CALL FOR A SPOILED SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COED!
1-900-W9E3T8 B2R7A2T8
$4.95 PER MIN! BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

$1.00 per minute Live! 1-310-274-CUMM
OR CALL 011-239-8724 L.D. ONLY Fantasy • Fetish • S&M 2866

FILL BOTH MY HOLES
1-900-WET-POON
900# $4.95/MIN.
1-800-937-BUTT

1-800-955-WHIP
SLAVE TRAINING
& HUMILIATION
1-900-WE TIE U UP
(1-900-938-4388) $4.95



HOT YOUNG GIRL
TITTIE FUCK
1-800-678-TITS
1-800-945-FOXY

2 GIRL LESBO ACTION
1-900-WE TRY BI
(1-900-938-7924)
1-900-938-7954
$4.95/min.

NASTY ORGY FEST
1-800-234-2on1
011-592-246-042
INT'L RATES APPLY

I NEED A GOOD SUCK
1-800-280-69ME
1-800-590-SUCK
V/MC/AMEX 24 HRS.

FUCK 2 PORNO STARLETS
1-800-354-4ASS
1-800-395-2on1
1-800-304-ORGY

BOYS WILL BE GIRLS
1-800-753-TSTV
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-938-TVTS
011#S $4.95 /MIN. TO PHONE
011-592-592-306

FIND A FOLD AND FUCK IT
1-900-WET-N-FAT
NOT FOR THE WEAK OF HEART!
1-900-WET-FART
$4.95 PER MINUTE

WE WANT YOUR MEAT
1-800-76 FUCK US
1-900-WETT-ORGY
$4.95/min.

FUCK MY WET TWAT
IN THE SHOWER
1-900-WETT TWAT
$4.95 PER MINUTE BILLED TO YOUR PHONE.
CUM SUCKING MAIDS 011-592-592-311
GIANT JUGS 011-592-592-324

LESBIAN NYMPHOS
WE WANT YOU TO JOIN IN!
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(5425)
011-683-ORGY

WE LOVE TO SWALLOW YOUR CUMM! 1-900-WETT-2-CUM
PICK A HOLE & DO IT QUICK! 1-800-923-CUNT
HUNG MAN TO MAN ACTION 1-800-444-STUD
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA/AMEX.
1-900 $4.95/MIN. BILLED TO PHONE. INT'L RATES APPLY
YOU MUST BE 18 OR OLDER TO ACCESS THESE SERVICES!

$4.95/MIN. TO PHONE
GOOD GIRLS GONE BAD
1-900-WETT 1ON1

TOTALLY CHEAP PHONE SEX
011-592-247-495
1-900-725-2330
FRESH PINK PUSSY
011-597-6700

TALK TO ME LIVE!
1-900-993-1576
NO CC. REQ'D - CHEAP LIVE PHONE SEX
011-592-1620

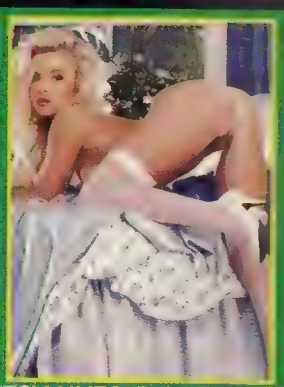
HOLD IT OPEN & RAM IT IN!
1-888-DOG STYLE
3 6 4 - 7 8 9 5
UNCENSORED NASTY 1 ON 1
011-592-1ON1
6 6

LIVE SEX
99¢/MINUTE
1-900-725-HOTS
4 6 8 7
CHEAPIEST 1 ON 1 IN MAGAZINE!

THE BEST PHONE SLUTS
1-900-725-3437
GET OFF WITH CLUB 69
1-800-359-0069
011-592-1393

FETISH CONNECTION!
1-800-294-FUCK
3 8 2 5
CALL NOW WE'LL MAKE YOU CUM!
1-900-725-SINS
7 4 6 7
011-592-1695

SHAVE MY PUSSY
011-592-1098
SILK SMOOTH BUTT HOLES
011-683-ANAL
2 6 2 5
"LICK MY ASS"



BETSY LIKES IT IN THE ASS
1-888-FUCK BETSY
3 8 2 5 - 2 3 8 9
SHE'S A CUNT FUCK HER HARD
011-597-6777

RAM BOTH MY HOLES HARD
1-900-993-2WET
9 3 8
CUM FUCK MY TIGHT ASS
1-888-FUCK-HOLE
3 8 2 5 - 4 6 5

CALL ME! AND FUCK MY TITS
011-592-1977
BLOW YOUR WAD IN MY MOUTH
1-900-725-8774

2 GIRL SEX ORGY
1-900-993-1296
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1-800-316-LIVE
5 4 8 3
011-592-1WET
9 3 8

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COMING IN THE JULY

PENTHOUSE

TREADING ON RED ICE

The demise of the Soviet Union has opened the floodgates on its vast repository of hockey talent. By last year no fewer than 161 athletes from the former U.S.S.R. were listed as active players in the National Hockey League or its farm clubs. But on the golden anniversary of Soviet hockey, the game in Russia is teetering on the brink of collapse. State financing has dried up, leaving clubs ripe for the plucking by criminal syndicates. Millions of dollars in transfer fees from the N.H.L., intended to shore up Russian sports clubs on the verge of bankruptcy, have vanished. Teams have been left to scrounge in strange places for scarce funds and sponsorships. Next month investigative reporter Scott Wallace tells for the first time how rampant graft, greed, and corruption have conspired to stymie even the most promising efforts to keep the Russian hockey business afloat.

BOYS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN

Alternately accused of being a bunch of middle-class phonies and lauded as the Great White Hopes of the indie-rock underground, the members of the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion maintain that all they want to do is have a good time and make some noise. Their latest album, *Now I Got Worry,* is winning them the largest audience of their careers, as well as garnering respect from folks like R. L. Burnside (whom the band backed on the album *A Ass Pocket of Whiskey*) and Rufus Thomas (who guests on the new Blues Explosion tune "Chicken Shack"). Music reporter Jim DeRogatis interviews the band to find out why so many critics say these Ivy League punks don't have a right to sing the blues.

SHOW HIM THE MONEY

Outspoken and outrageous, 30-year-old Drew Rosenhaus loves being known as "the Howard Stern of sports agents" and "the most hated man in pro football." He was a consultant on and had a bit part in *Jerry Maguire,* and he claims the film is based on him. This youngest, hottest agent in the N.F.L. thrives on being called names. "Hey!" he shouts, "that's the game, the way it's played. It's like poker. I feed off of people calling me a liar and cheat. I've negotiated more than $170 million in contracts during the past three years. I'm not the number-one agent in the N.F.L. right now, but I intend to be before long. I work seven days a week. I love my work, and I do for my clients what is necessary to succeed." Reporter Linda Marx hangs out with Rosenhaus, a lifelong Miami Dolphins fanatic who considers players to be his best pals and admits to remaining a little boy at heart who loves football more than life.

THE HOOKERS OF THE N.Y.P.D.

When he was elected four years ago, Gotham's in-your-face crime-busting mayor, Rudy Giuliani, declared war on the small but corrosive urban crimes that he called "quality of life" offenses. Operation Losing Proposition is what his New York Police Department calls its sting operation against the world's oldest quality-of-life problem. Next month our Unrepentant Voyeur, Ralph Gardner, Jr., hits the streets to give us his firsthand report on the latest law-enforcement tactics of the N.Y.P.D. blues. "The real news isn't that gentlemen are willing to risk incarceration to get their rocks off," Gardner found, "but that these days the cops recruited for the sting are often drop-dead gorgeous." Many of these *faux* hookers, Gardner discovered, are finding Operation Losing Proposition a winning number—professionally and personally.

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